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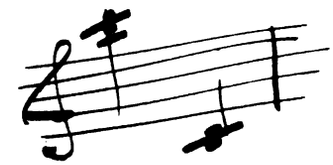
KING DODO

AN ORIGINAL MUSICAL COMEDY, BY THE WRITERS OF THE BURGOMASTER

LYRICS BY
FRANK PIXLEY

MUSIC BY
GUSTAV LUDERS

To my dear friend, Ed.
with best wishes
Gustav Luders



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KING DODO

A MUSICAL COMEDY
in Three Acts.

Book and Lyrics by

FRANK PIXLEY

MUSIC BY

Gustav Luders.

Price $2.00

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King Dodo.

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Book and Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Cast of Characters.

King Dodo I., a ruler by divine right only	WILLIAM NORRIS
Pedro, a court chamberlain	MIRO DELAMOTTA
Dr. Fizz, court physician	ARTHUR WOOLEY
Mudge, court historian	CHAS. W. MEYER
Sancho, an innkeeper	ALBERT JUHRE
Bonilla, Prime Minister to Queen Lili	WILLIAM PRUETTE
Lo Basswood, a sign of better times	GEO. W. CALLAHAN
Lopez, Citizens	W. J. WILSON
Diego, Citizens	JOHN BARRY
Jose, Citizens	G. B. JACKSON
Unio, Citizens	RAY ALDRICH
Piola, soldier of fortune	LILLIAN GREEN
Angela, the King's ward, betrothed to Piola	CELESTE WYNNE
Queen Lili, ruler of Spoopjus	MAUDE LAMBERT
Annette, daughter of Sancho	GURTRUDE QUINLAN
Pursuivant	LILLIAN LANCASTER
Heralds	LILLIE SIEGER
Heralds	TILLIE SIEGER

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I—Exterior of King Dodo's Palace in Dodo Land.

ACT II—Gardens fronting Queen Lillis Palace in Spoopju Land.

ACT III—The Spoopju Spring.

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ACT II.

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ACT III.

18	OPENING CHORUS (SERENADE)	117
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21	FINALE III	129

King Dodo.

No 1.

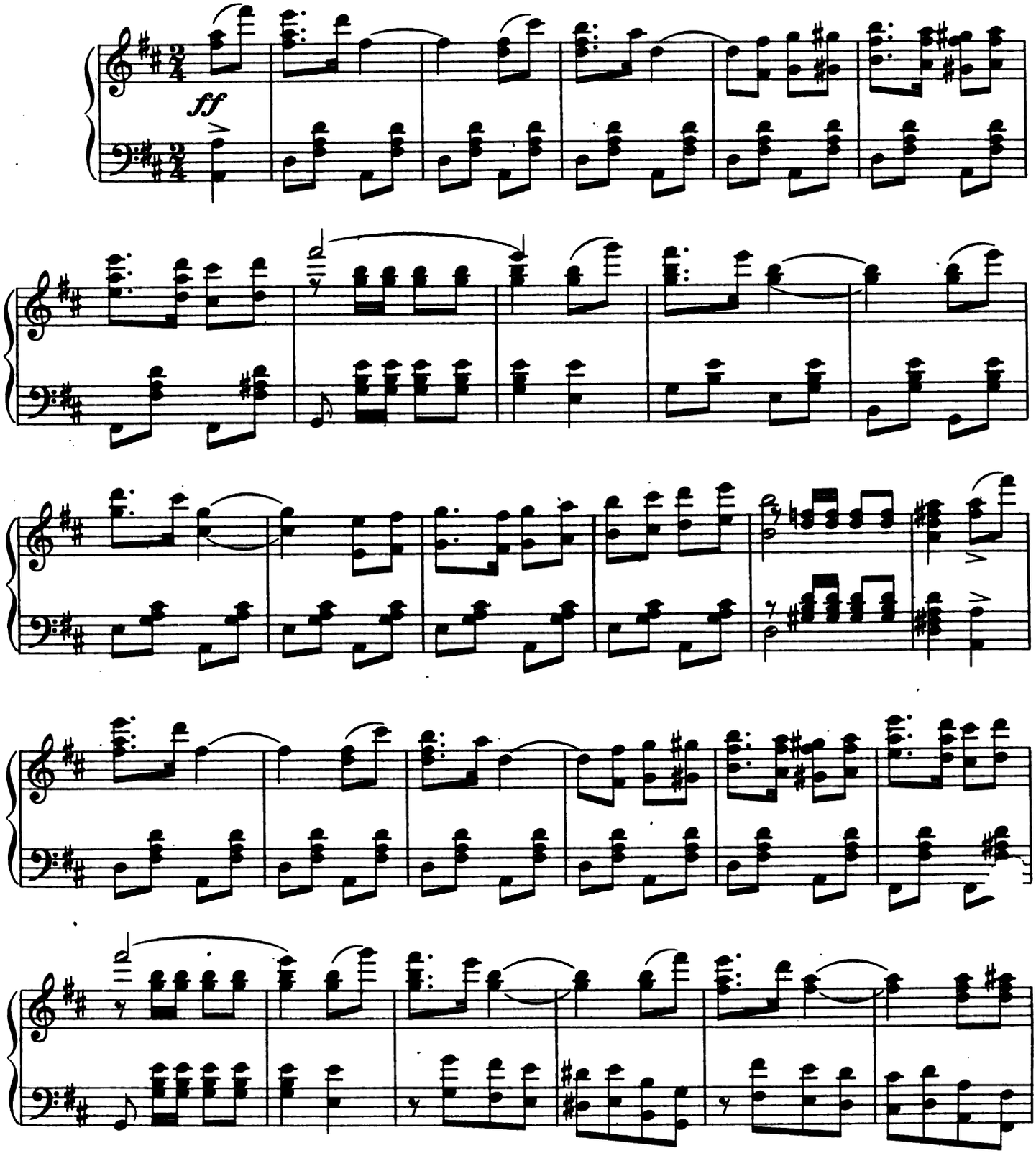
A MUSICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Overture.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Marcia.



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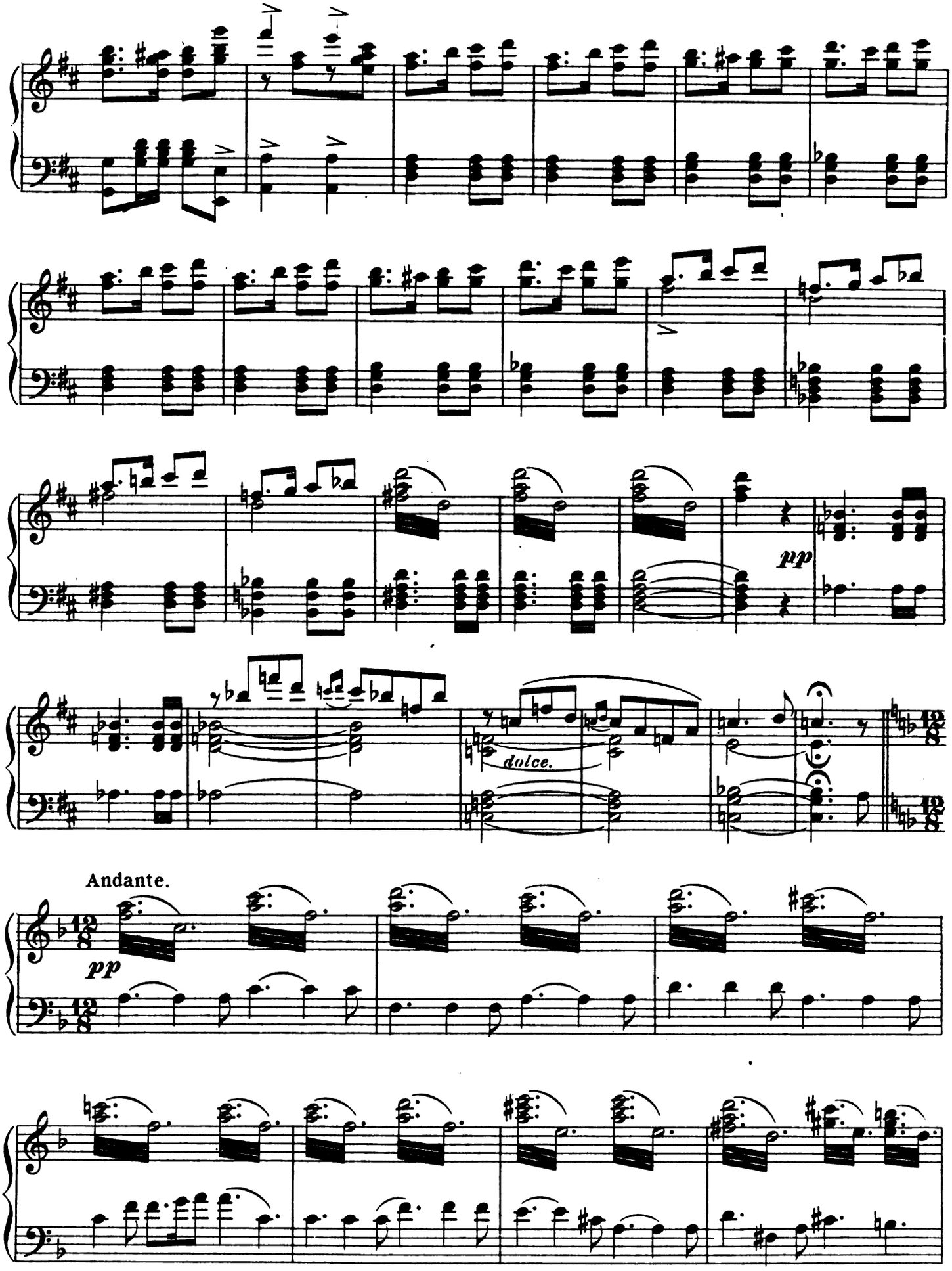
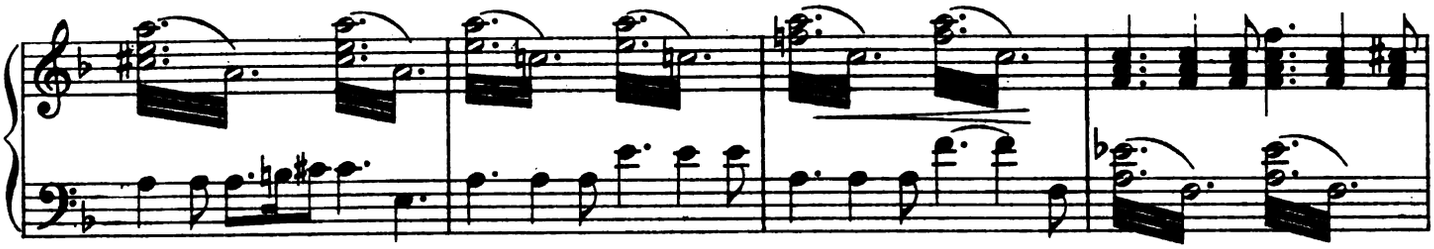
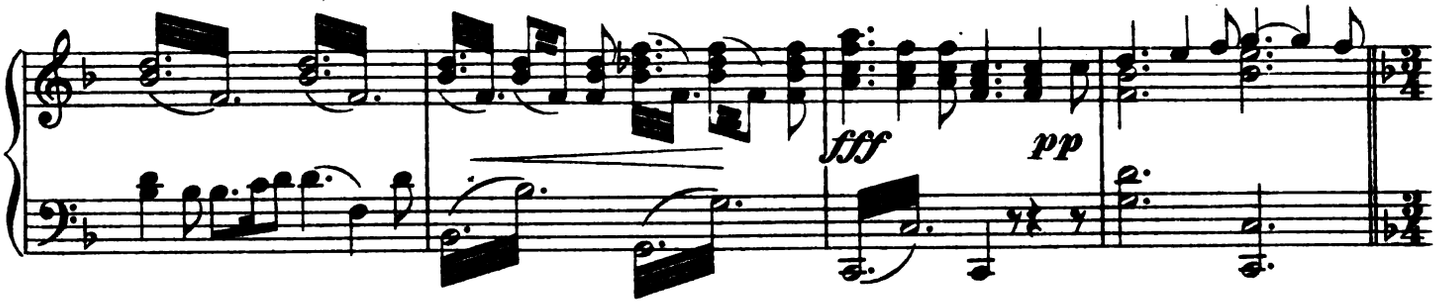
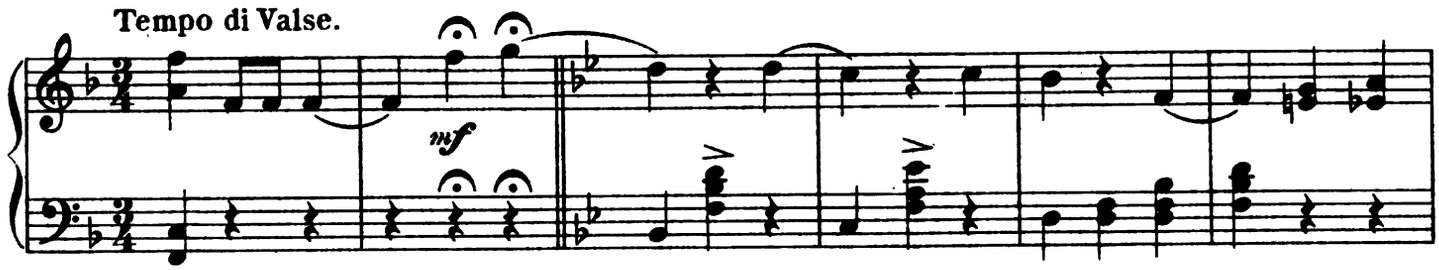
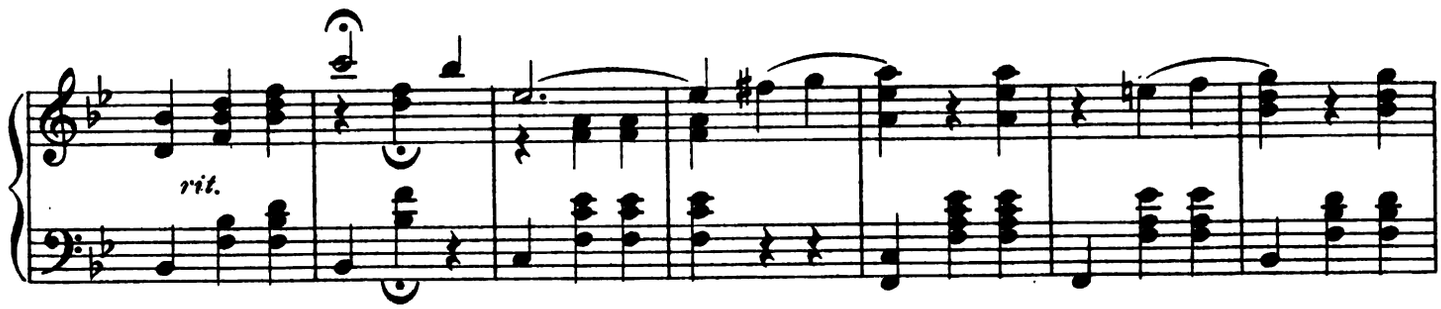
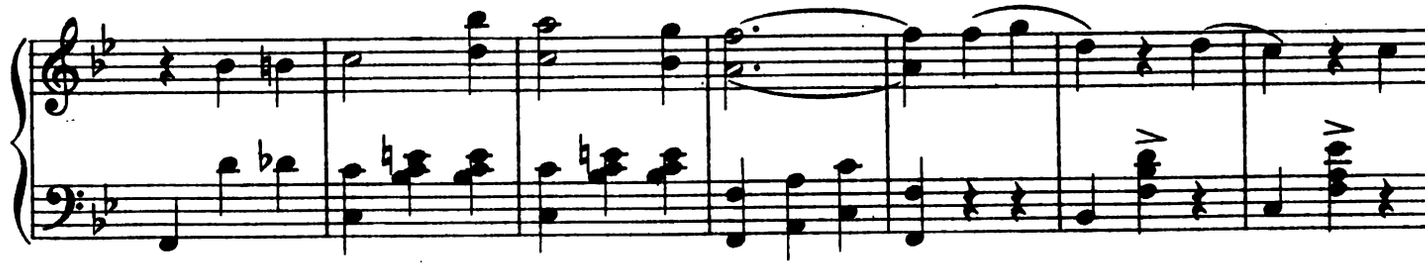

pp
dolce.
Andante.
pp

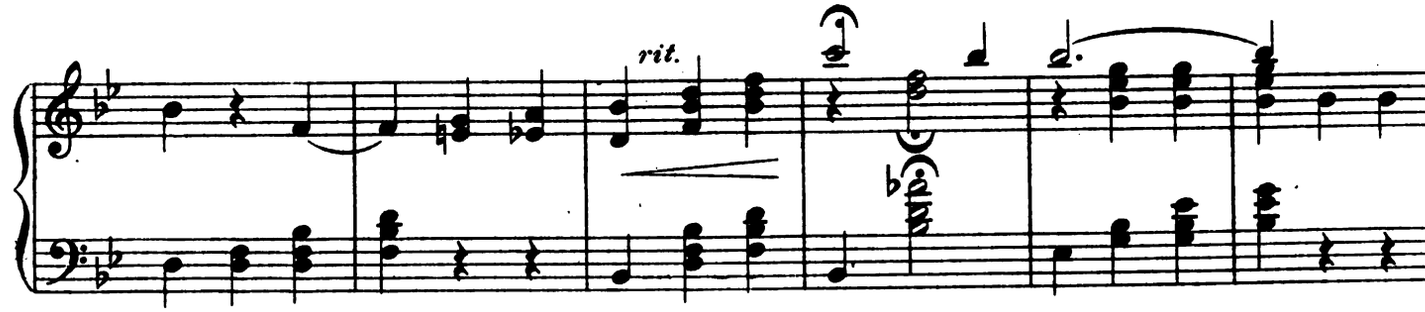


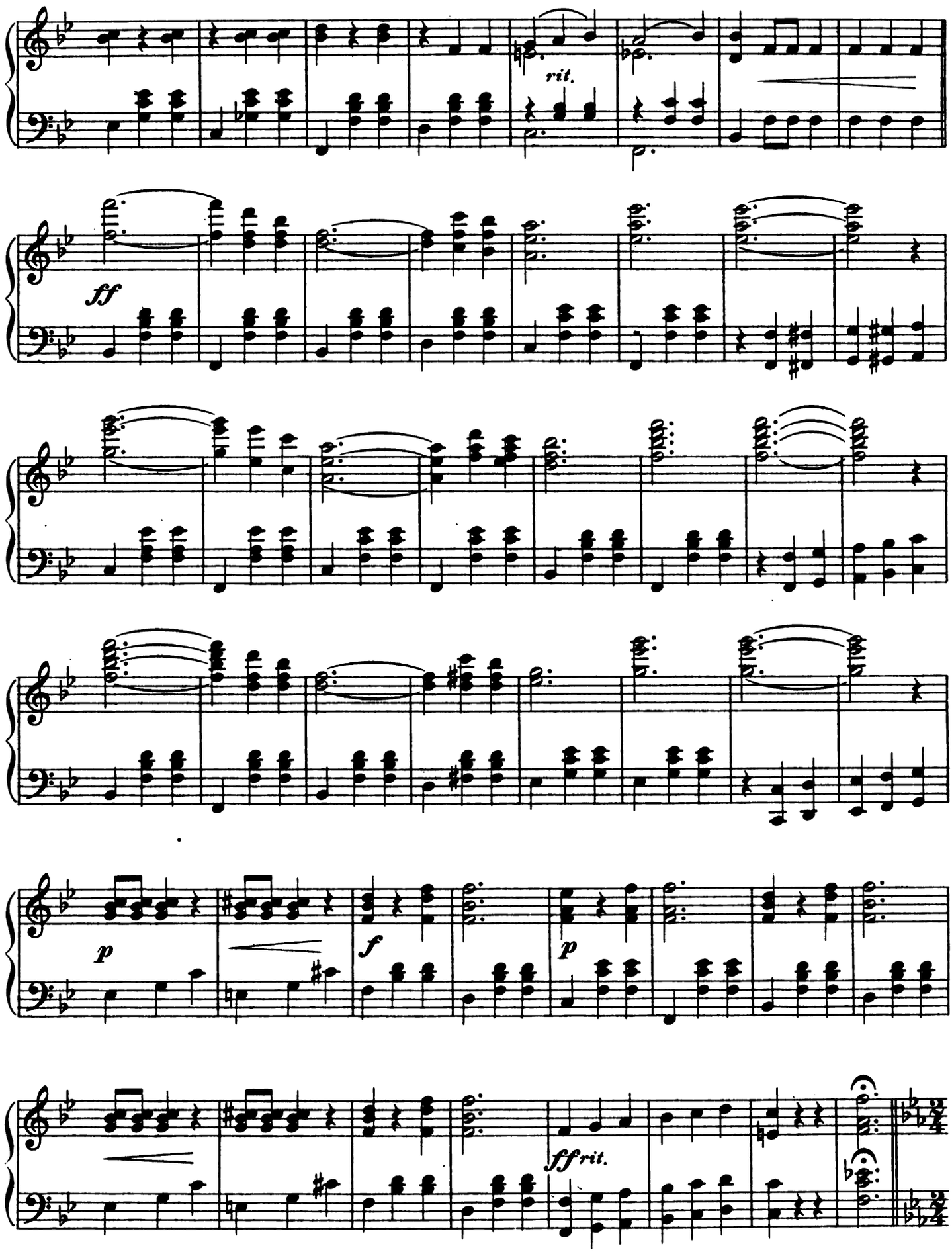

fff
pp

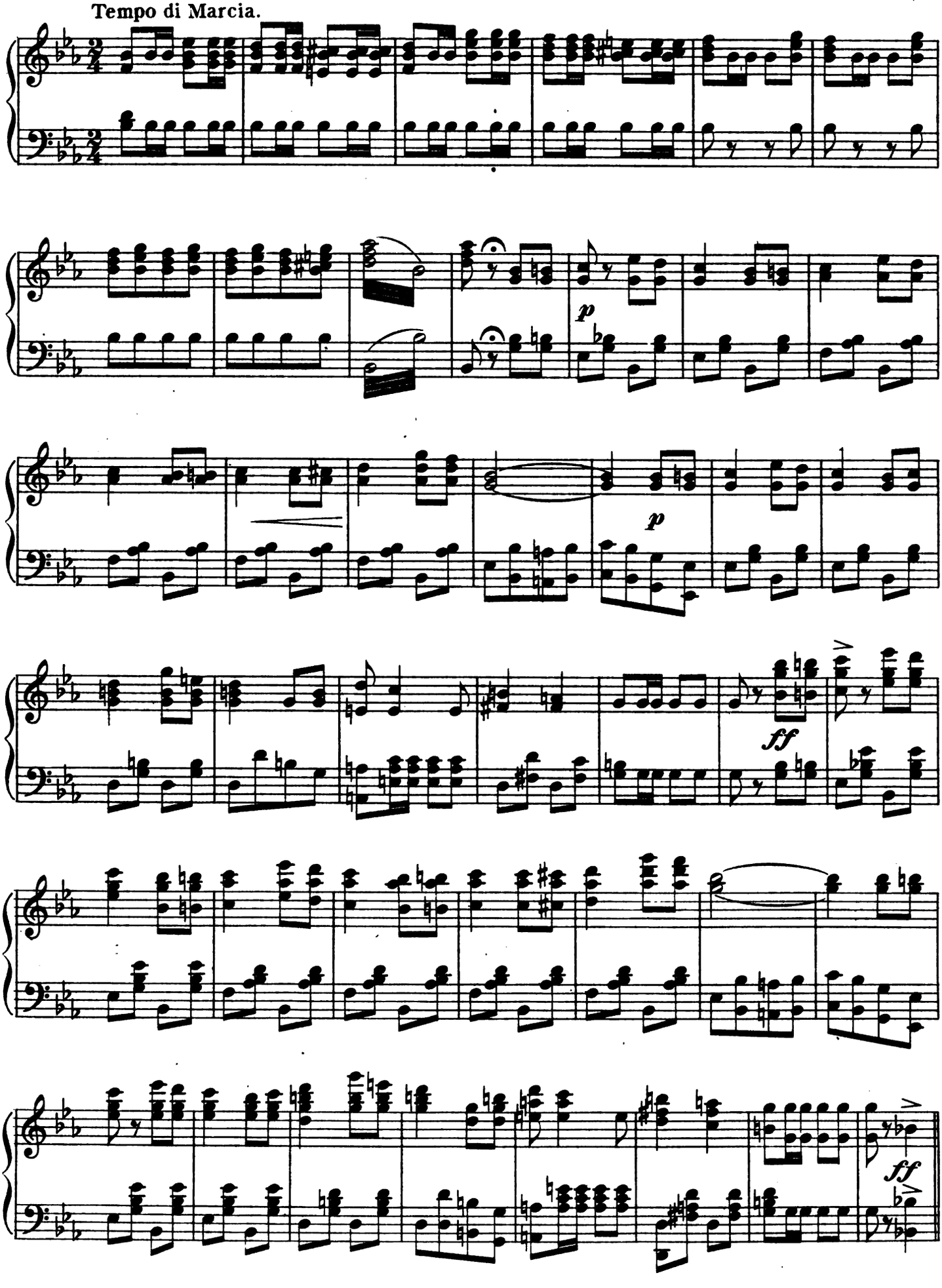

Tempo di Valse.
mf

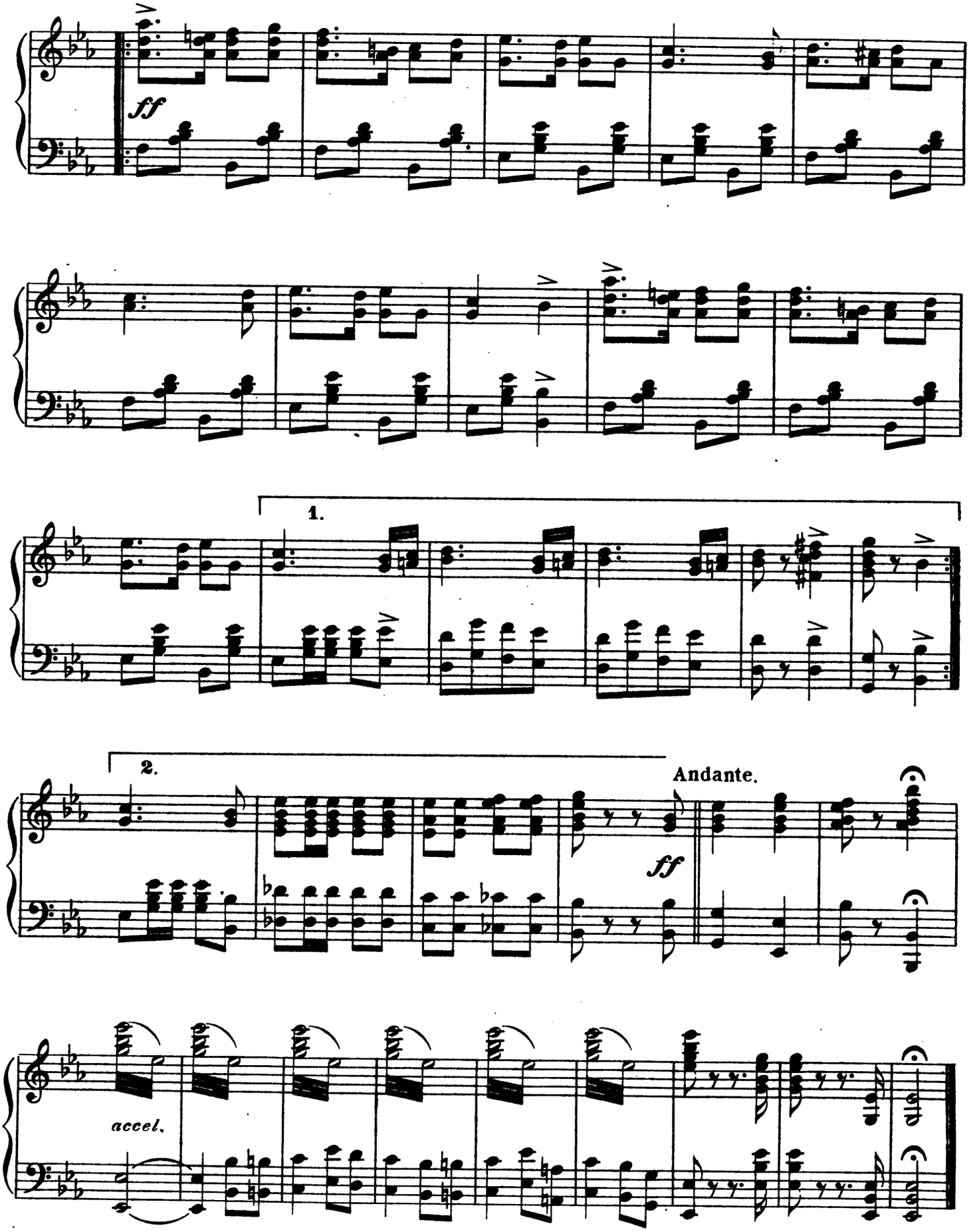

rit.




rit.


rit.
ff
p
f
p
ff rit.


Tempo di Marcia.
p
p
ff
ff

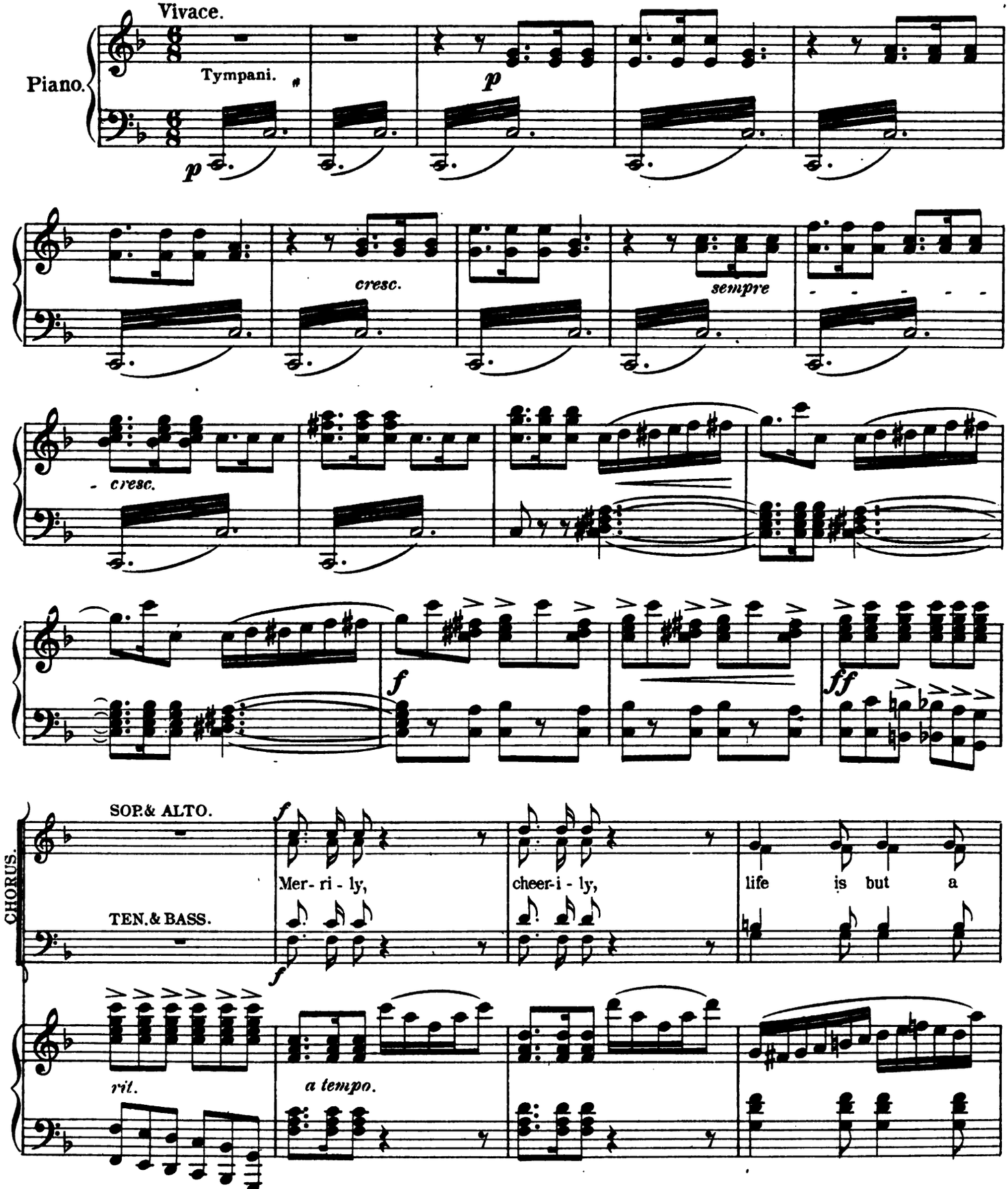

ff
1.
2.
Andante.
ff
accel.

Act I.

No 2. Opening Chorus.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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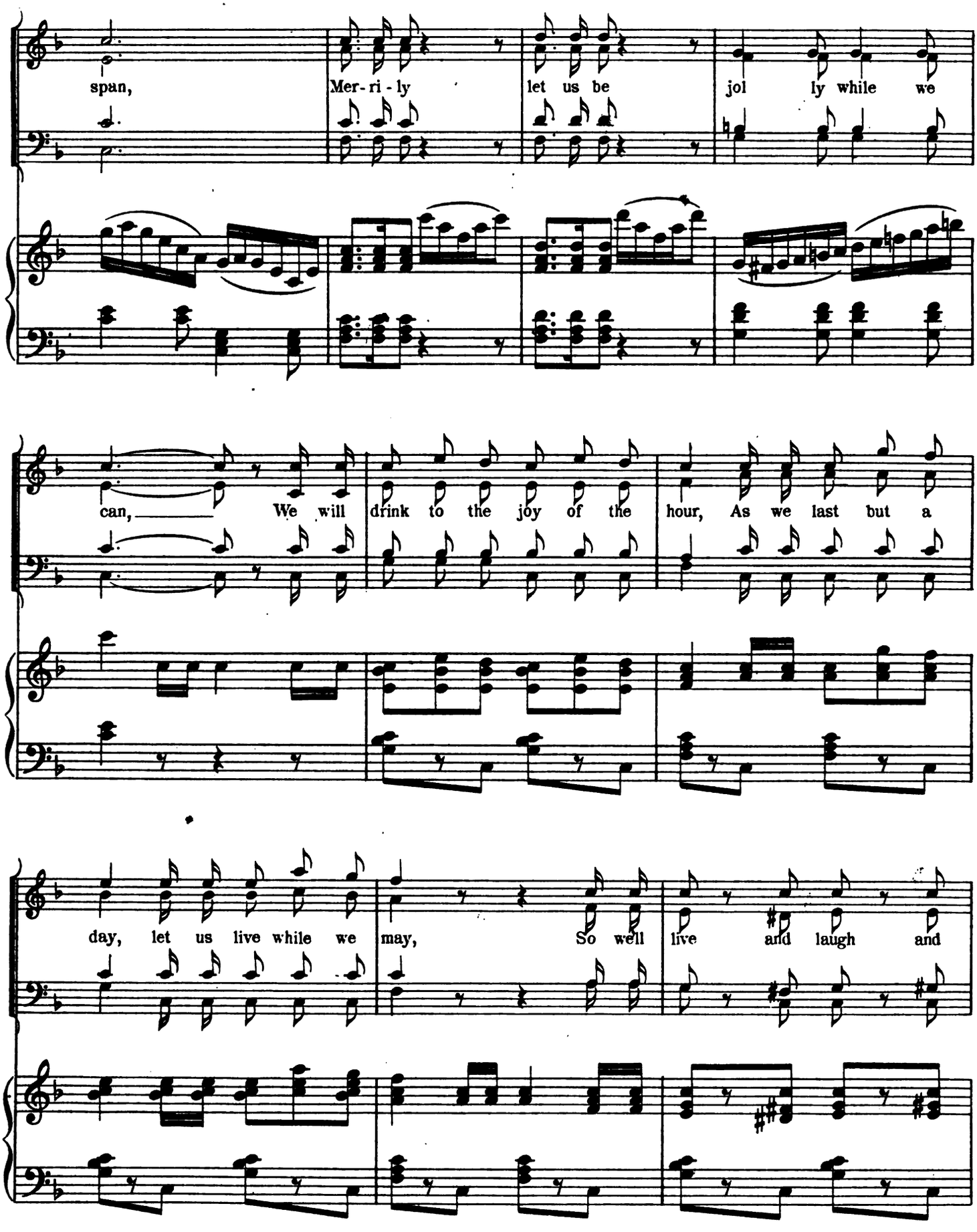
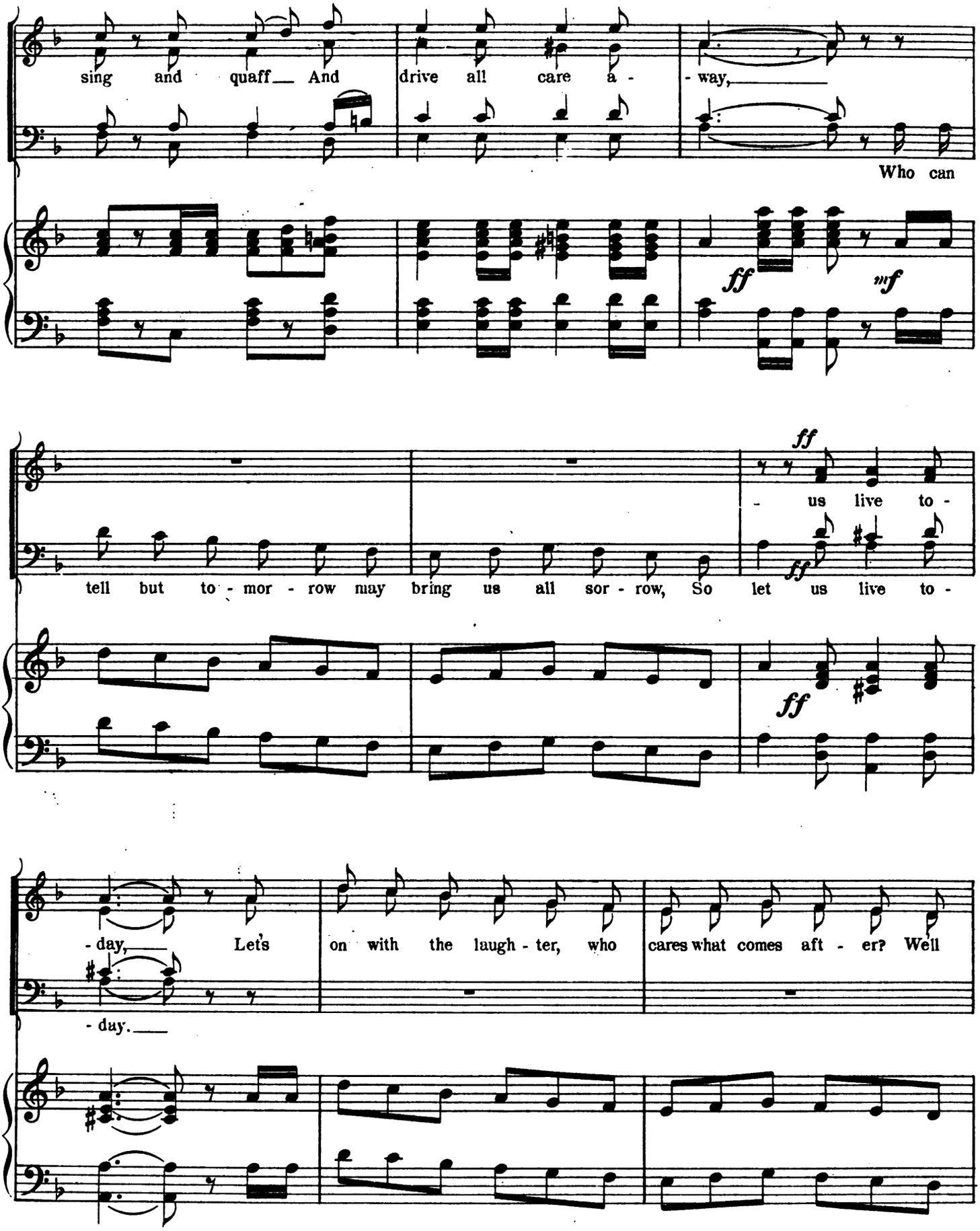
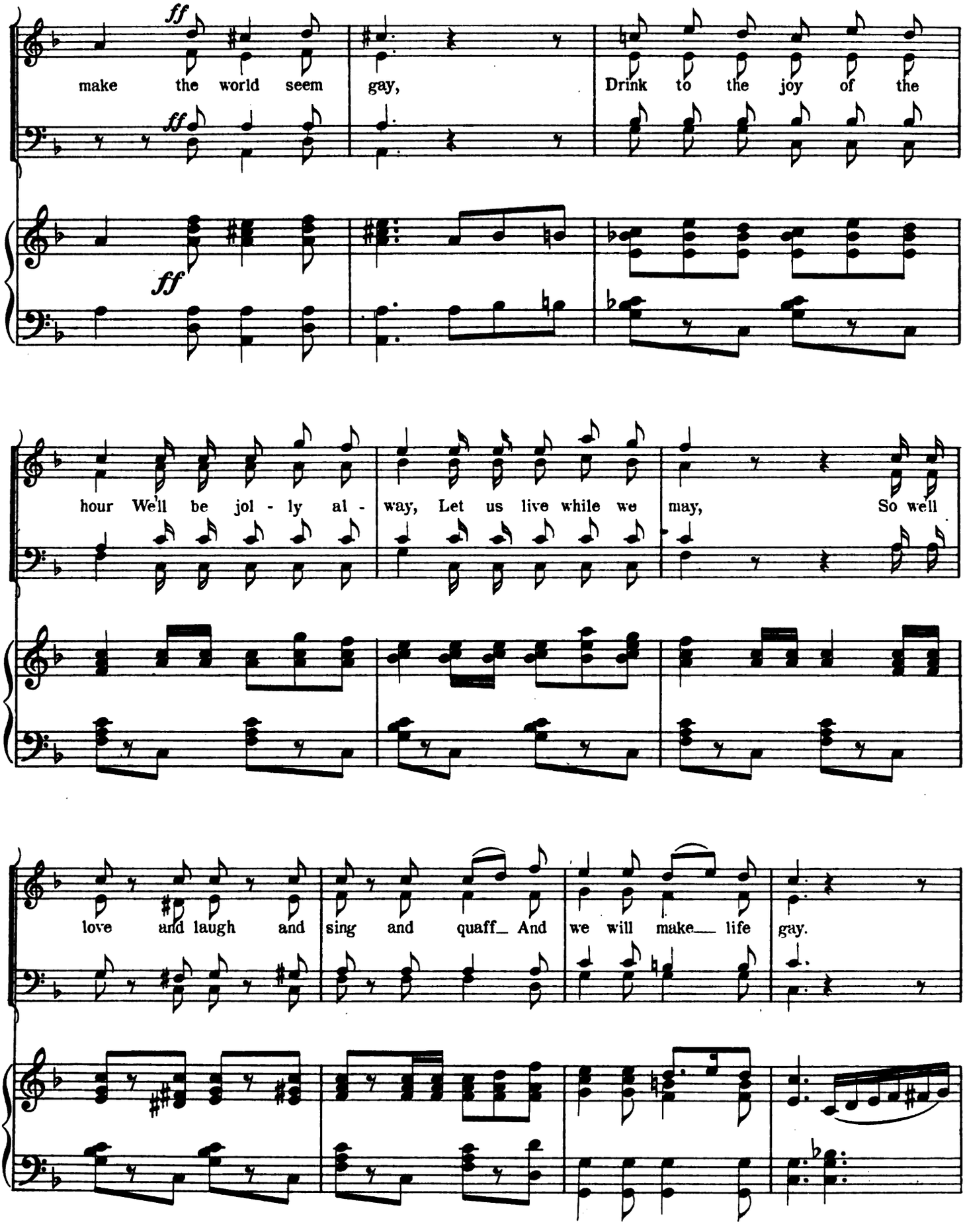
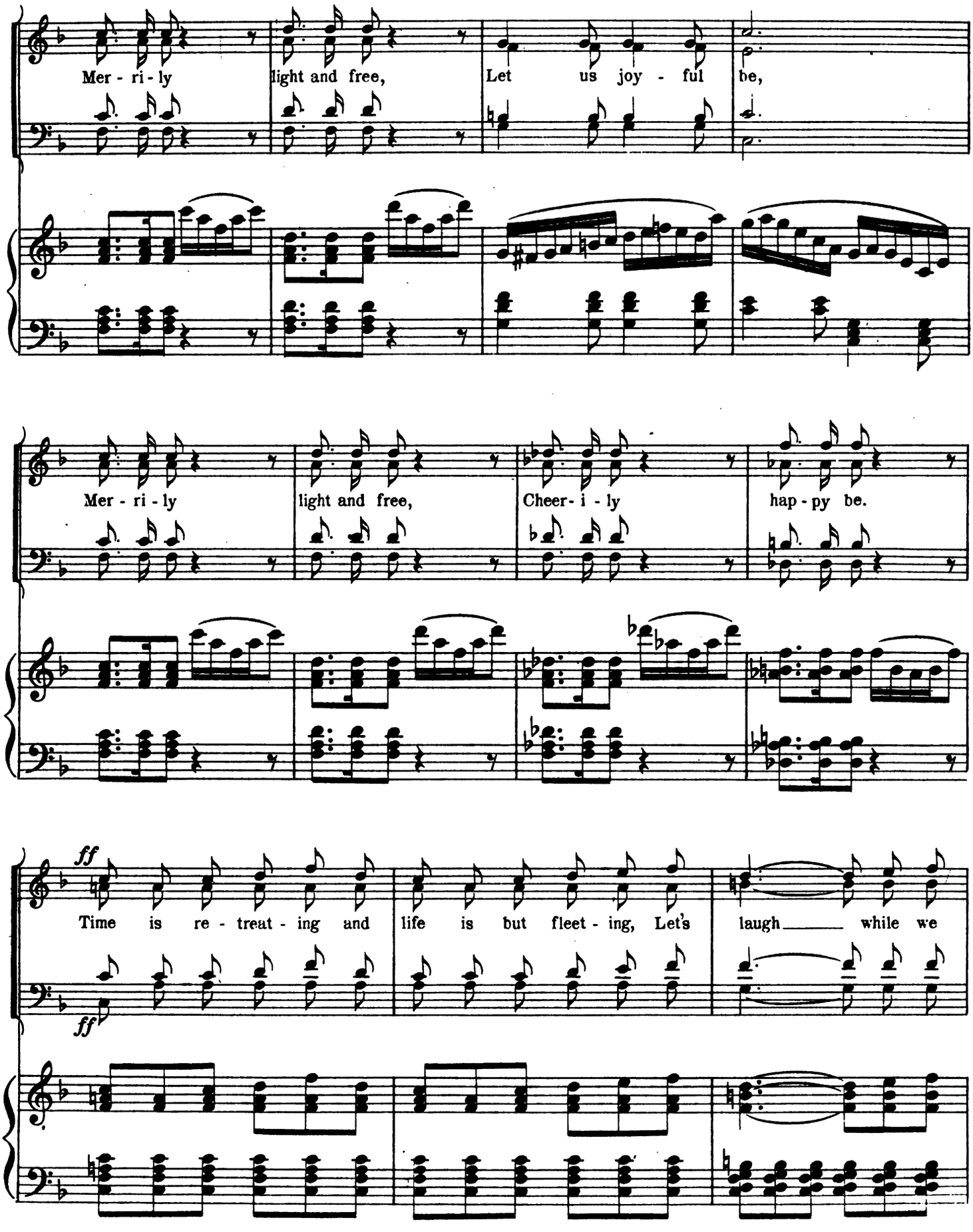
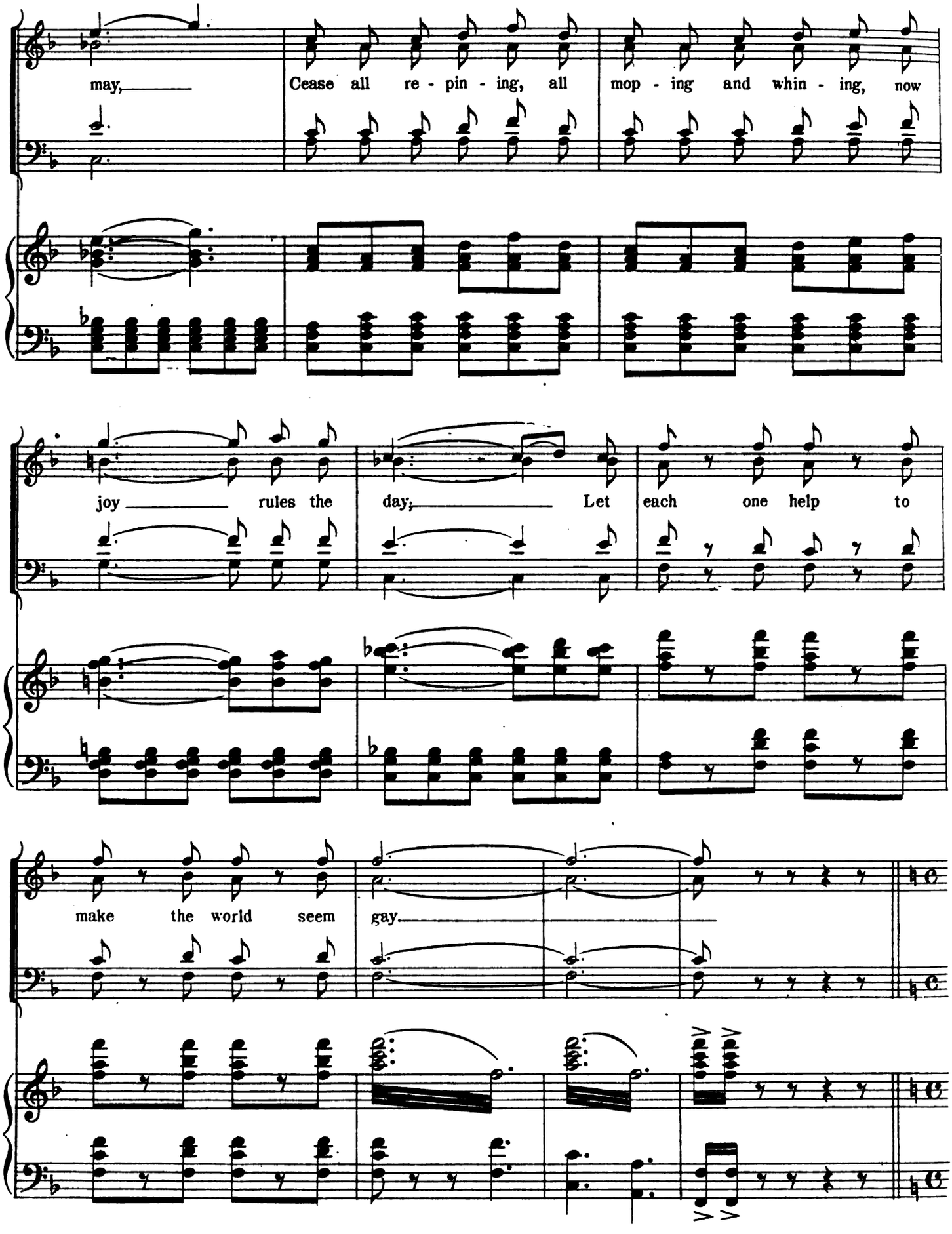
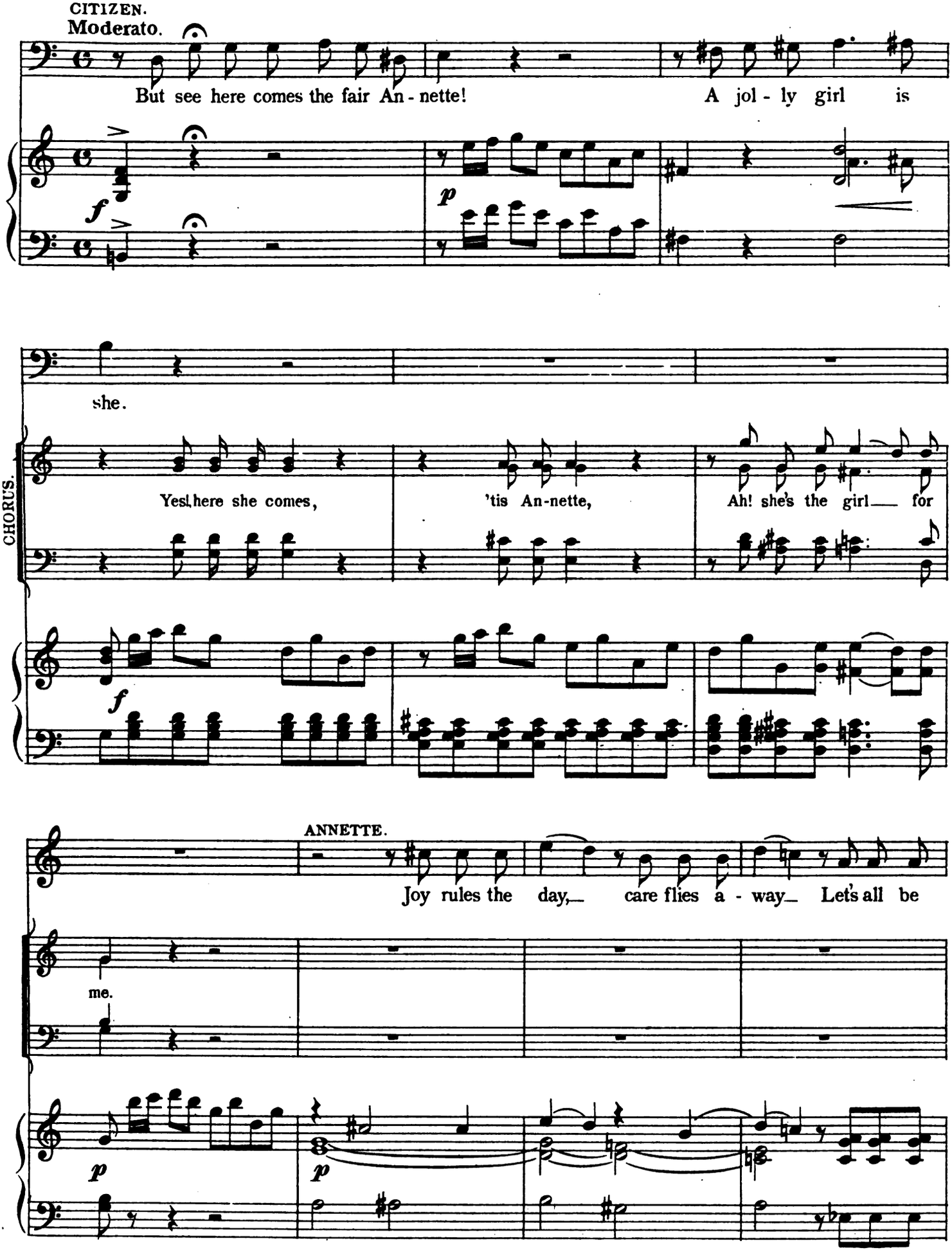

span, Mer-ri-ly let us be jol ly while we
can, We will drink to the joy of the hour, As we last but a
day, let us live while we may, So well live and laugh and

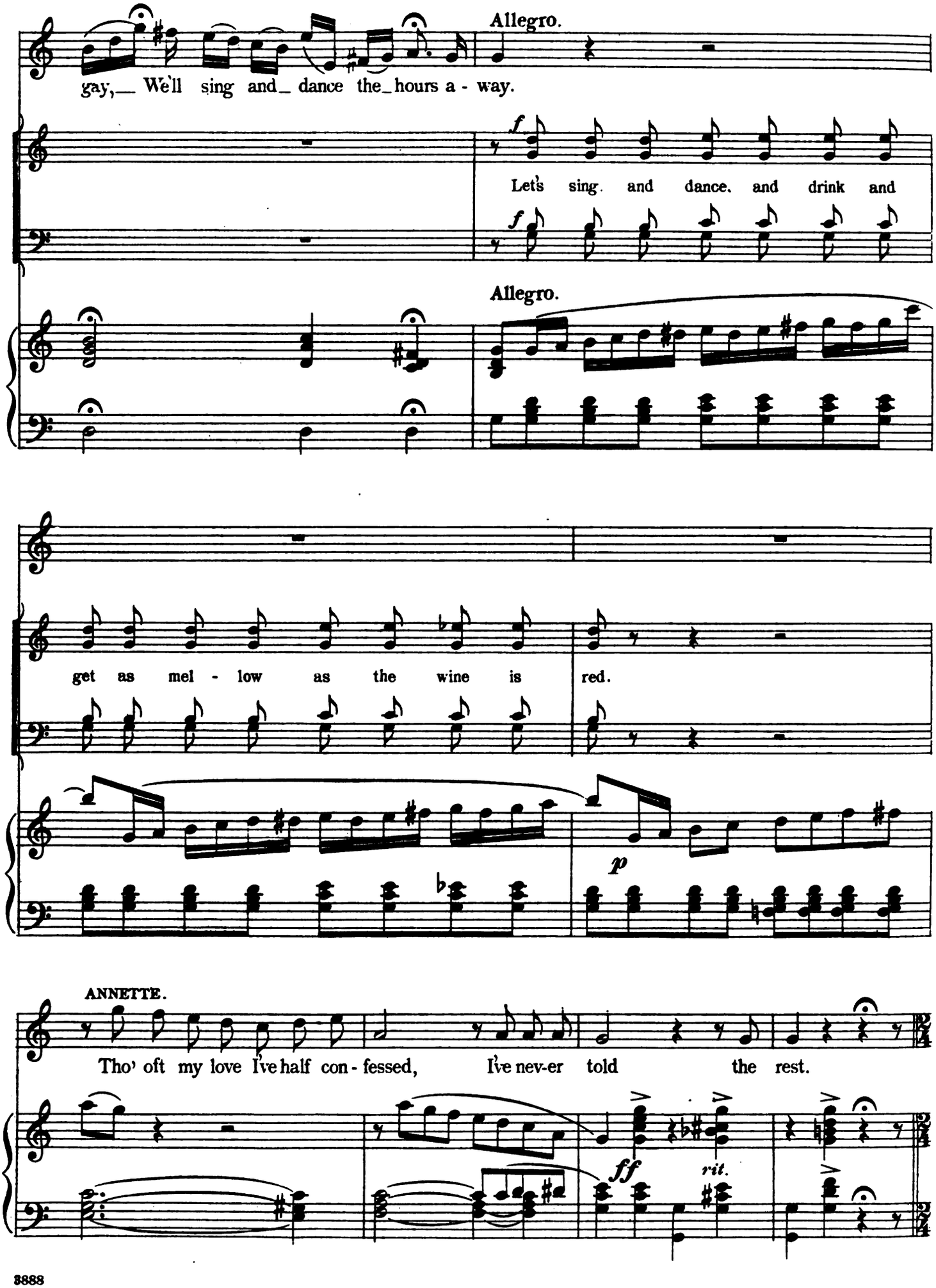

sing and quaff__ And drive all care a - way,
Who can
ff
mf
- us live to -
tell but to - mor - row may bring us all sor - row, So let us live to -
ff
ff
- day,__ Let's on with the laugh - ter, who cares what comes aft - er? Well
- day.__

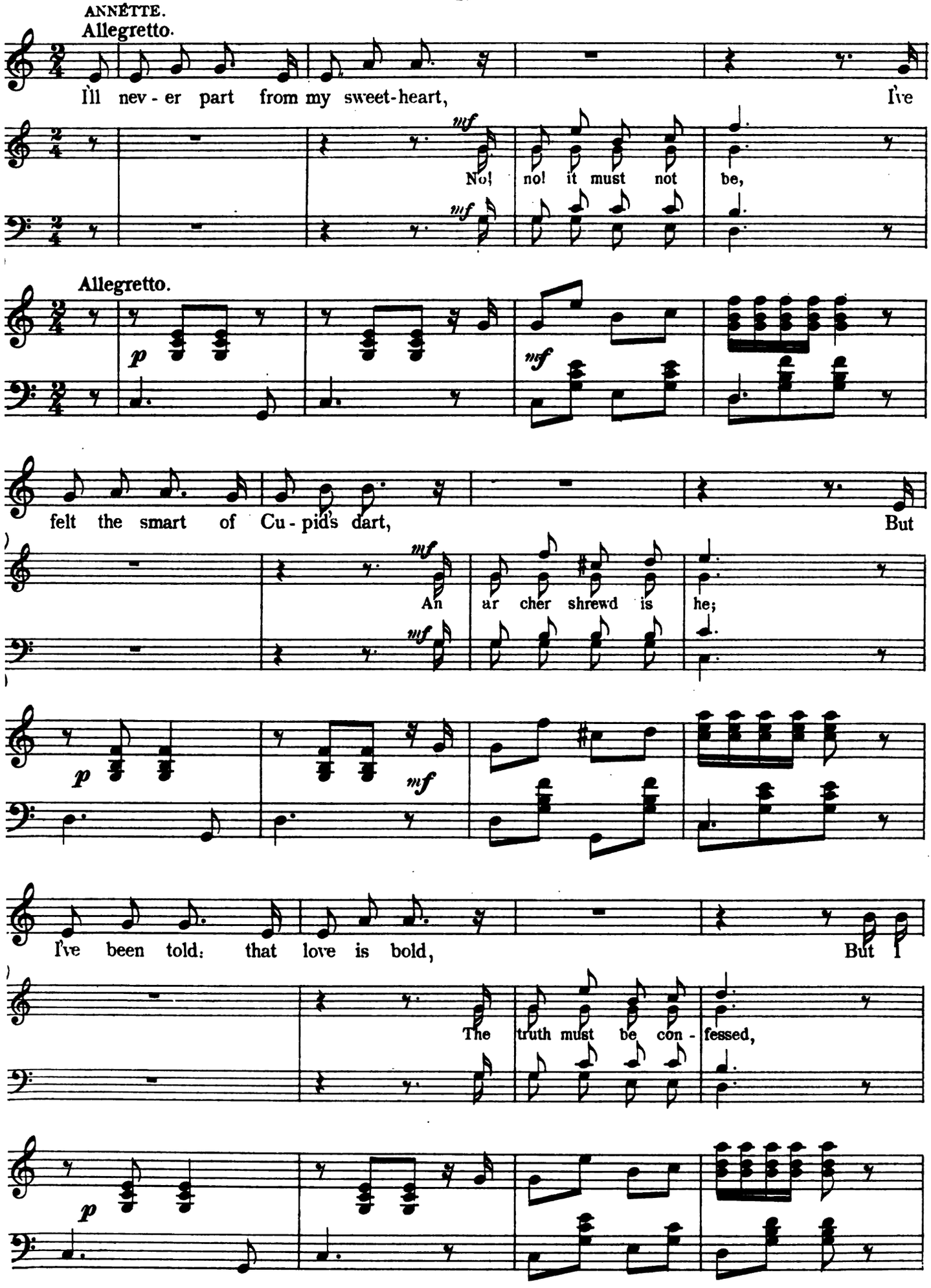

ff
make the world seem gay, Drink to the joy of the
hour We'll be jol - ly al - way, Let us live while we may, So we'll
love and laugh and sing and quaff_ And we will make_ life gay.

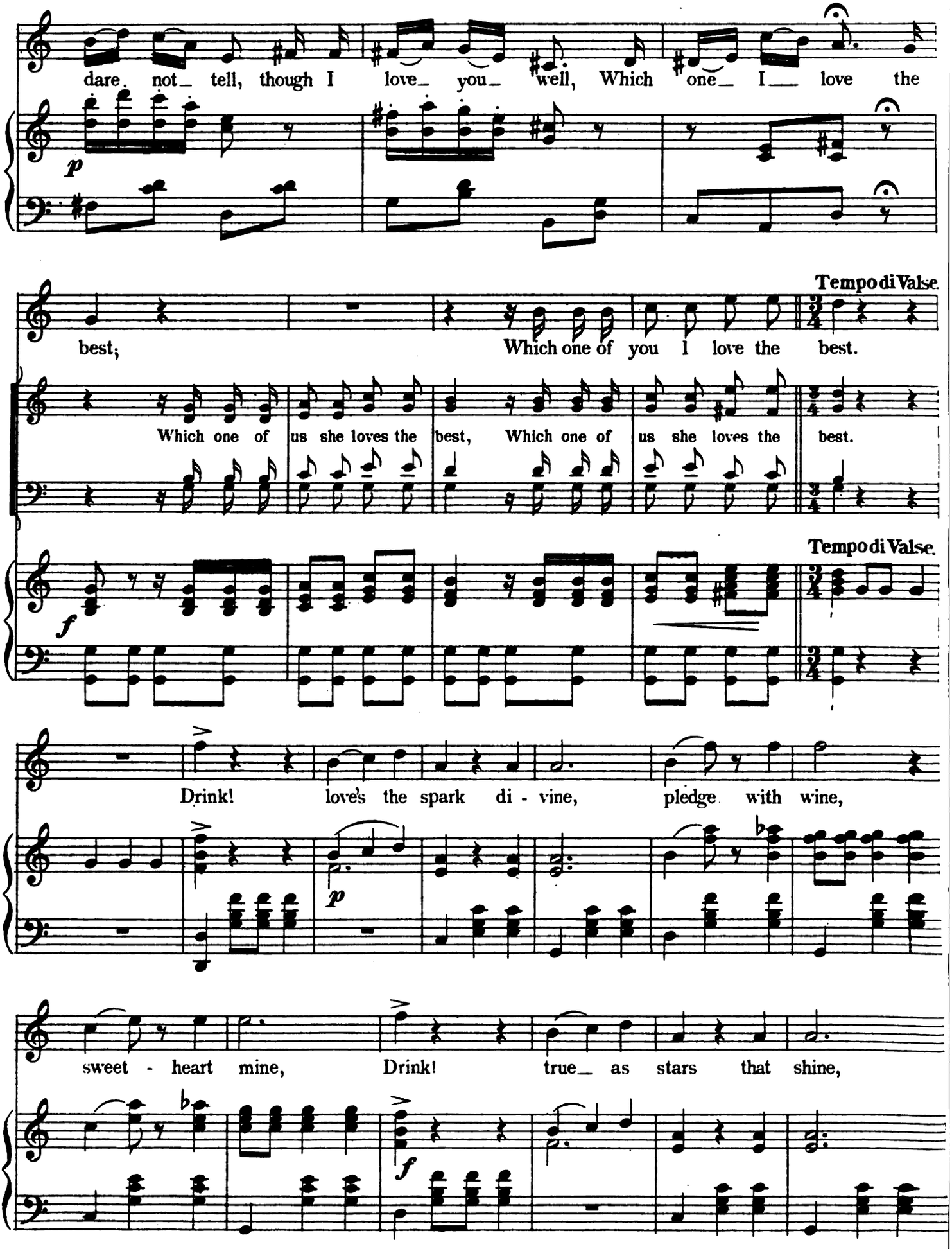

Mer - ri - ly
light and free,
Let us joy - ful be,
Mer - ri - ly
light and free,
Cheer - i - ly
hap - py be.
ff
Time is re - treat - ing and
life is but fleet - ing, Let's
laugh
while we
ff

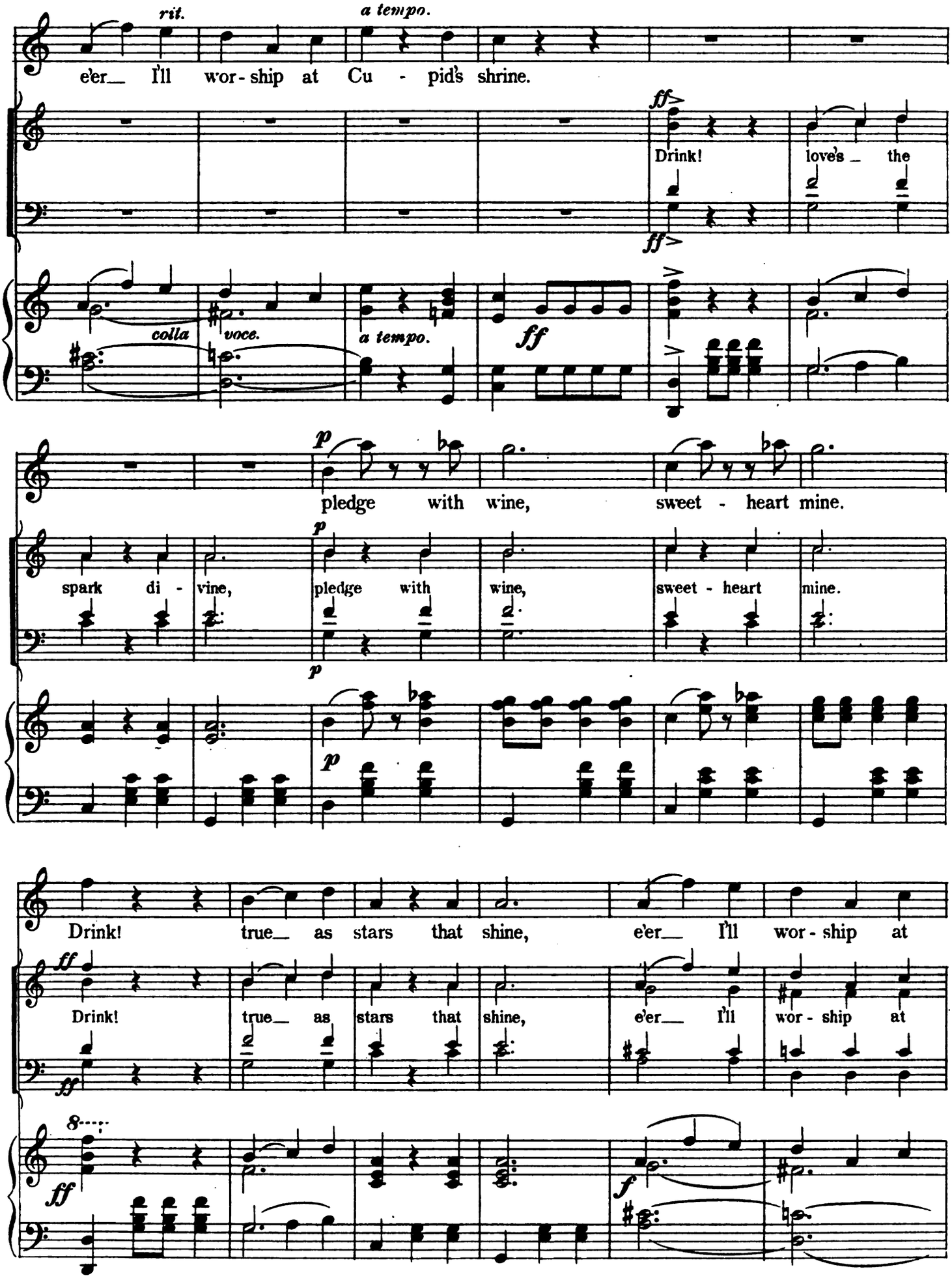

may,
Cease all re - pin - ing, all mop - ing and whin - ing, now
joy rules the day; Let each one help to
make the world seem gay.

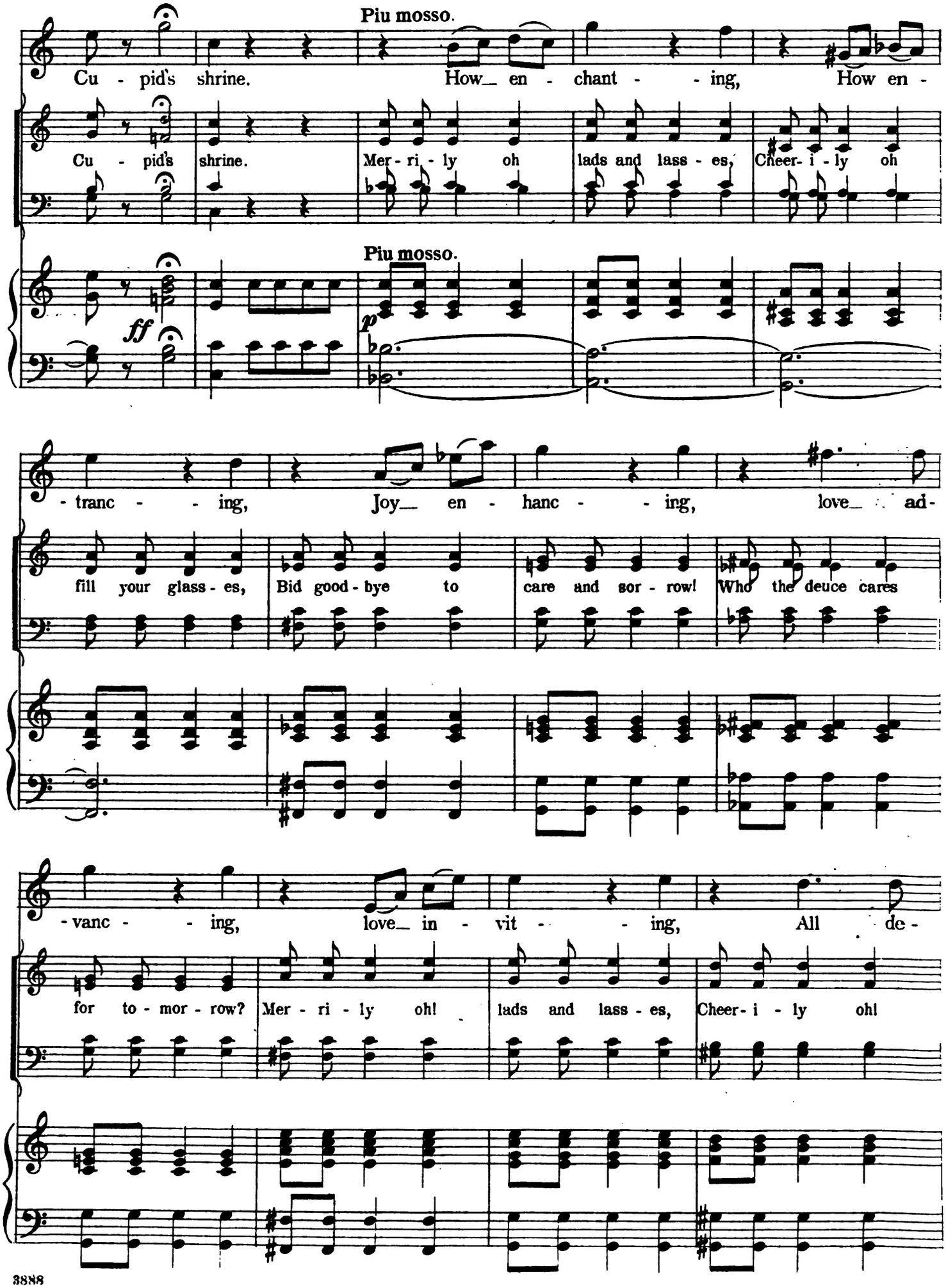

CITIZEN.
Moderato.
But see here comes the fair An - nette!
A jol - ly girl is
she.
CHORUS.
Yes! here she comes,
'tis An-nette,
Ah! she's the girl for
ANNETTE.
Joy rules the day, care flies a - way Let's all be
me.

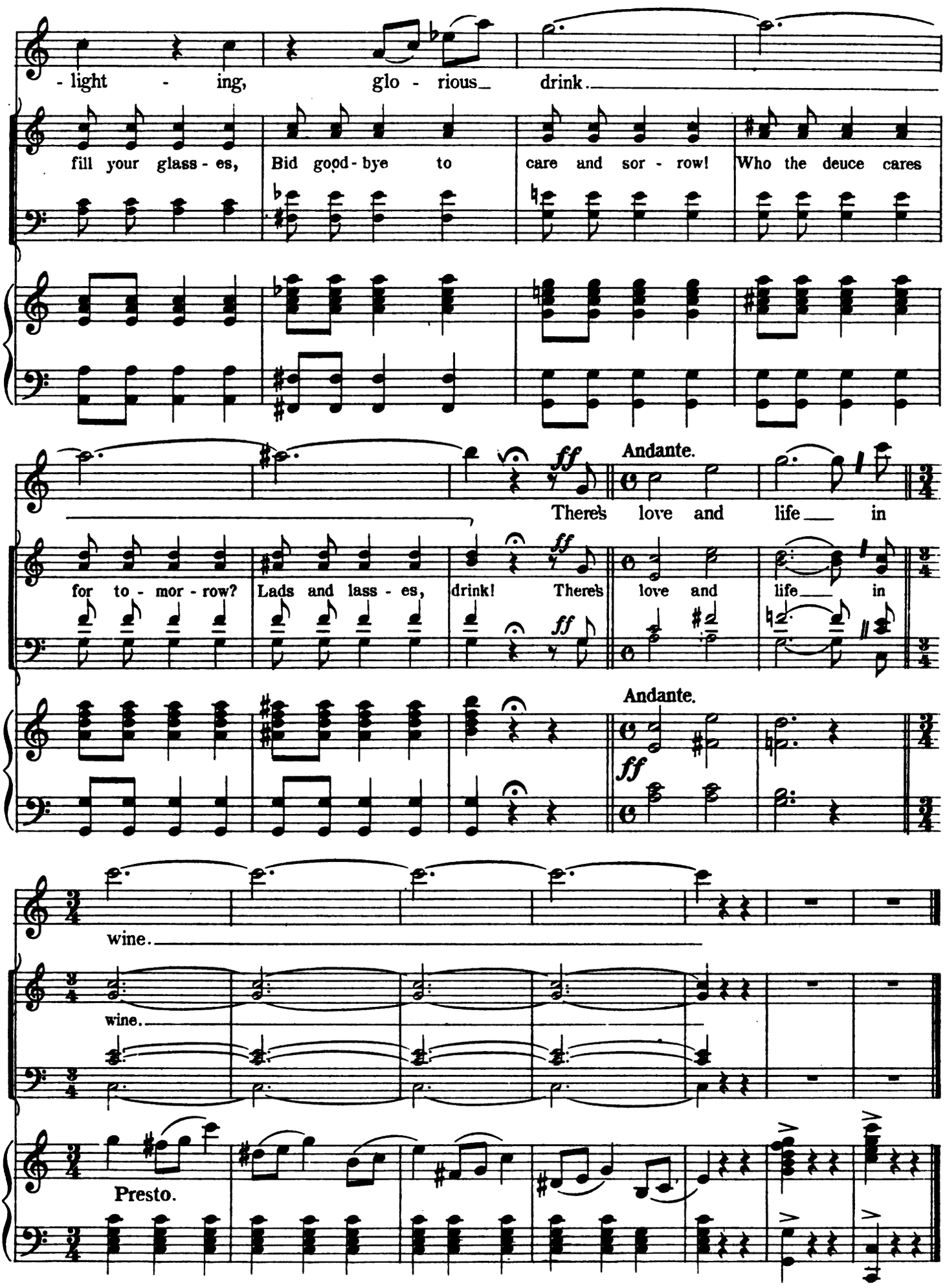

Allegro.
gay,__ We'll sing and_ dance the_hours a - way.
f
Let's sing. and dance. and drink and
Allegro.
get as mel - low as the wine is red.
p
ANNETTE.
Tho' oft my love I've half con - fessed, I've nev-er told the rest.
ff
rit.


ANNETTE.
Allegretto.
I'll nev - er part from my sweet-heart,
I've
No! no! it must not be,
Allegretto.
felt the smart of Cu - pid's dart,
But
An ar cher shrewd is he;
I've been told: that love is bold,
But I
The truth must be con - fessed,


dare not tell, though I love you well, Which one I love the
p
Tempo di Valse
best; Which one of you I love the best.
Which one of us she loves the best, Which one of us she loves the best.
Tempo di Valse
f
Drink! love's the spark di - vine, pledge with wine,
p
sweet - heart mine, Drink! true as stars that shine,
f


rit.
a tempo.
e'er_ I'll wor - ship at Cu - pid's shrine.
ff>
Drink!
love's _ the
colla
voce.
a tempo.
ff
p
pledge with wine, sweet - heart mine.
spark di - vine,
pledge with
wine,
sweet - heart
mine.
Drink! true_ as stars that shine, e'er_ I'll wor - ship at
Drink!
true_ as
stars that
shine,
e'er_ I'll
wor - ship at
8
f


Piu mosso.
Cu - pid's shrine. How_ en - chant - - ing, How en -
Cu - pid's shrine. Mer - ri - ly oh lads and lass - es, Cheer - i - ly oh
Piu mosso.
ff
p
- tranc - - ing, Joy_ en - hanc - - ing, love_ ad -
fill your glass - es, Bid good - bye to care and sor - row! Who the deuce cares
- vanc - - ing, love_ in - vit - - ing, All de -
for to - mor - row? Mer - ri - ly oh! lads and lass - es, Cheer - i - ly oh!


-light - ing, glo - rious drink.
fill your glass - es, Bid good - bye to care and sor - row! Who the deuce cares
ff
Andante.
There's love and life in
for to - mor - row? Lads and lass - es, drink! There's love and life in
ff
Andante.
ff
wine.
wine.
Presto.

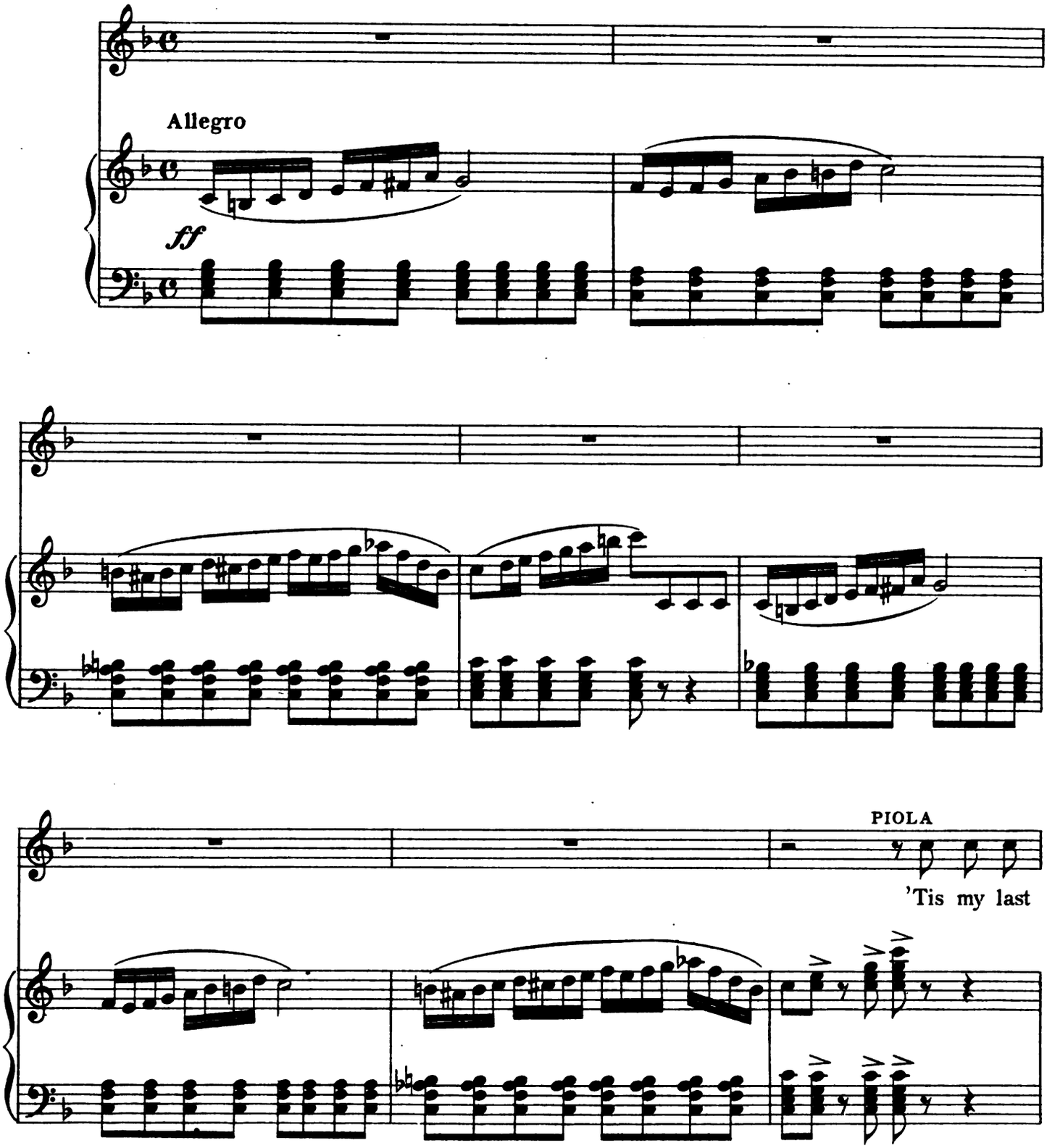
No 3.

I'll Do or Die.

(Piola.)

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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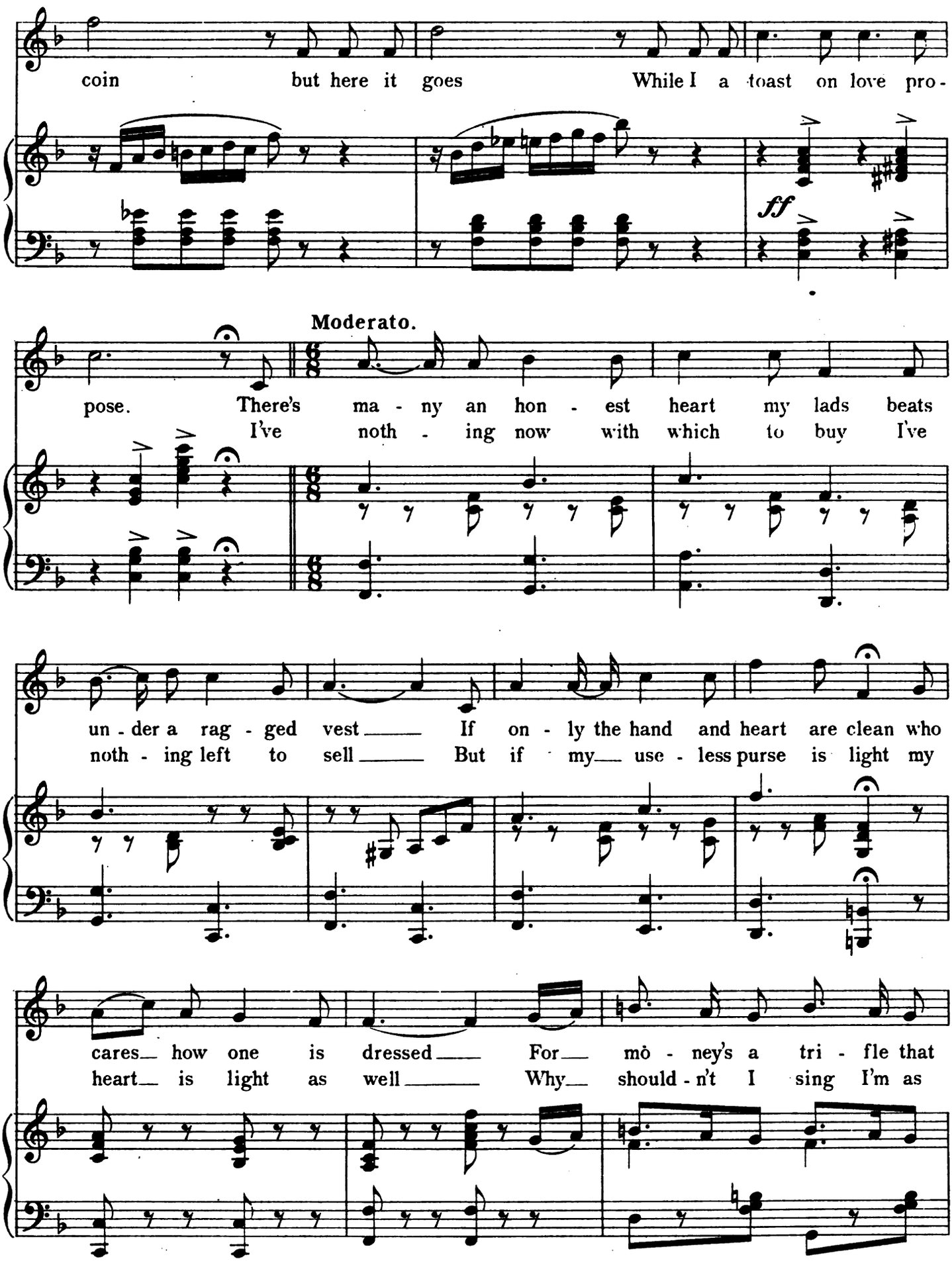
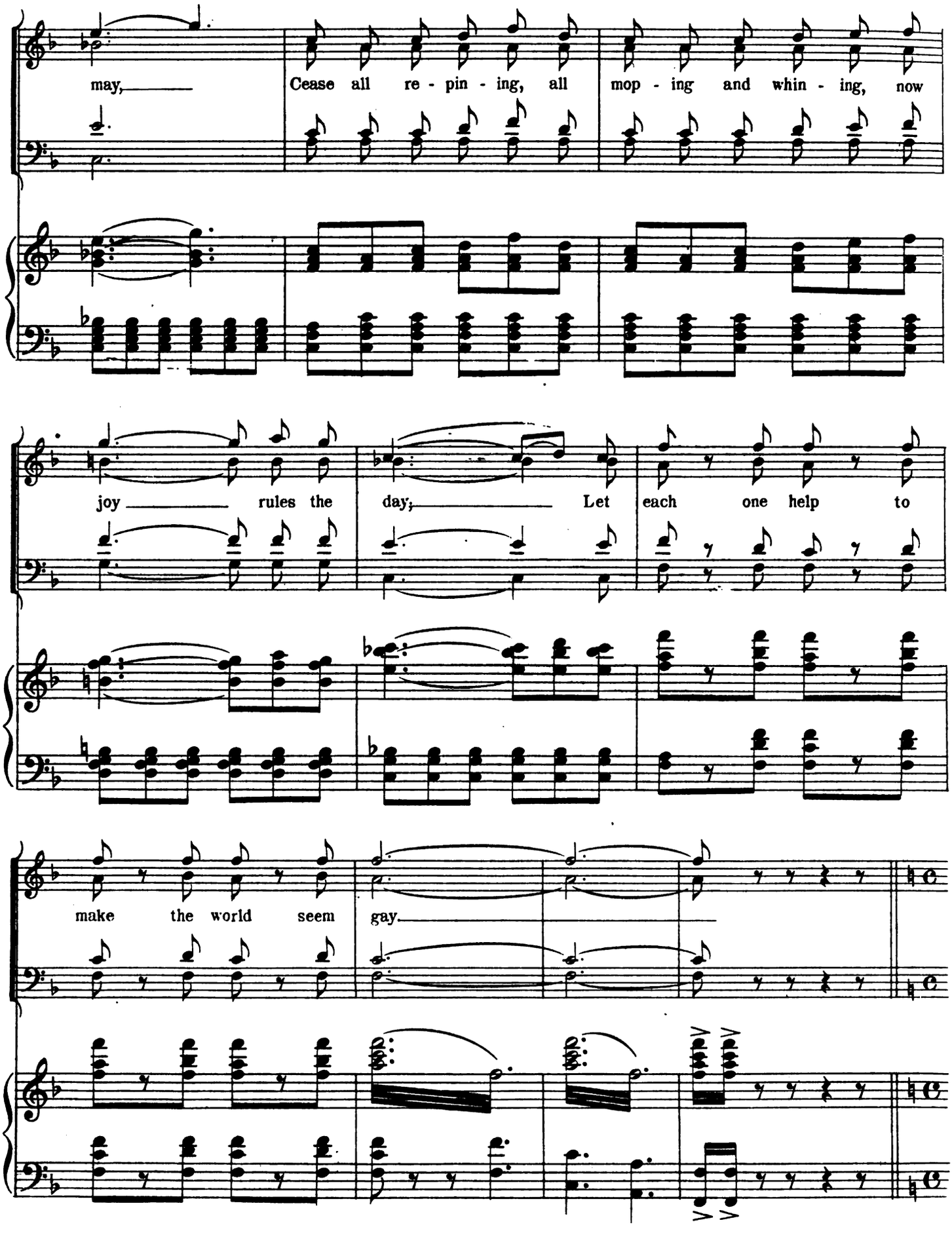
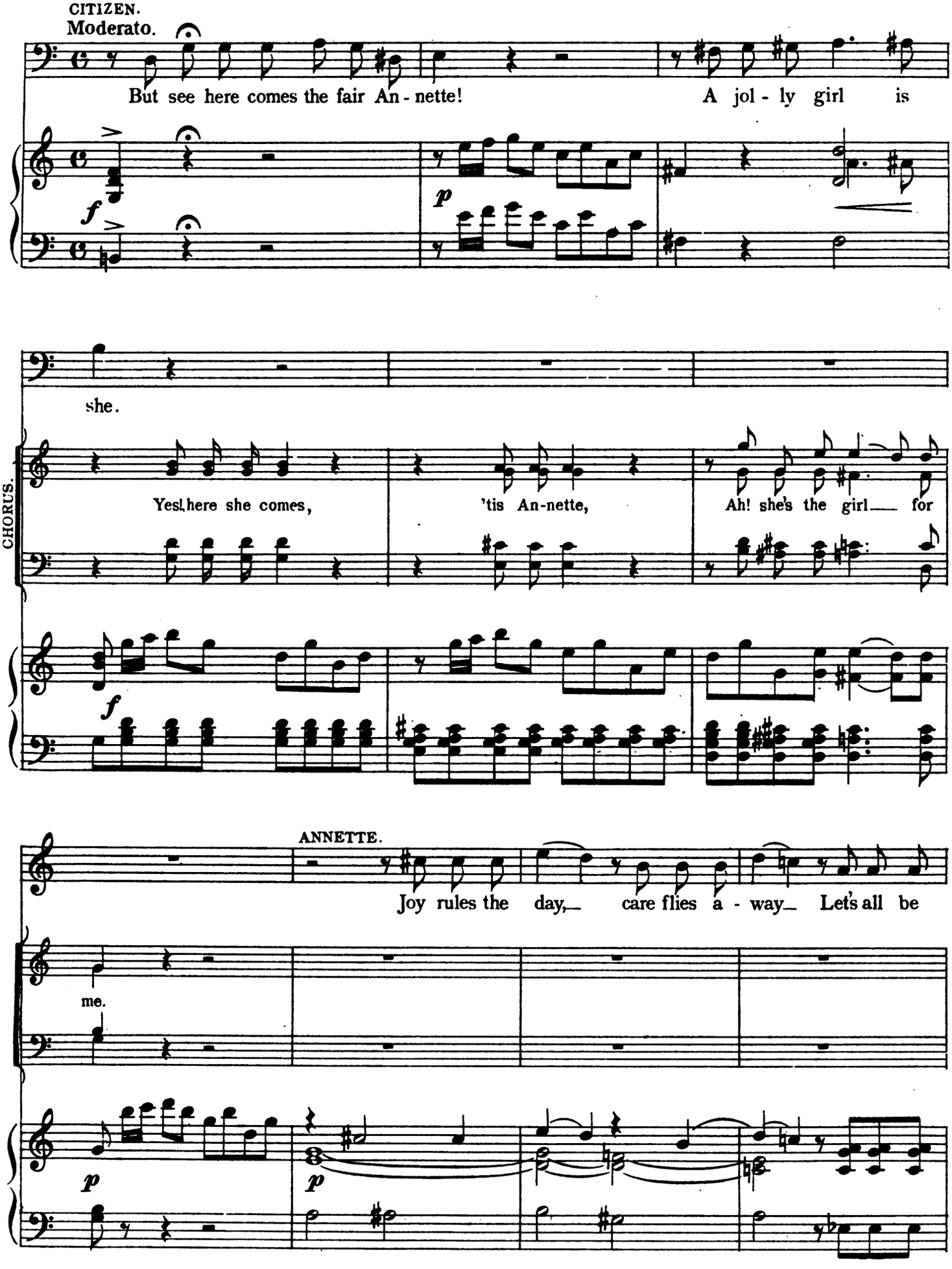
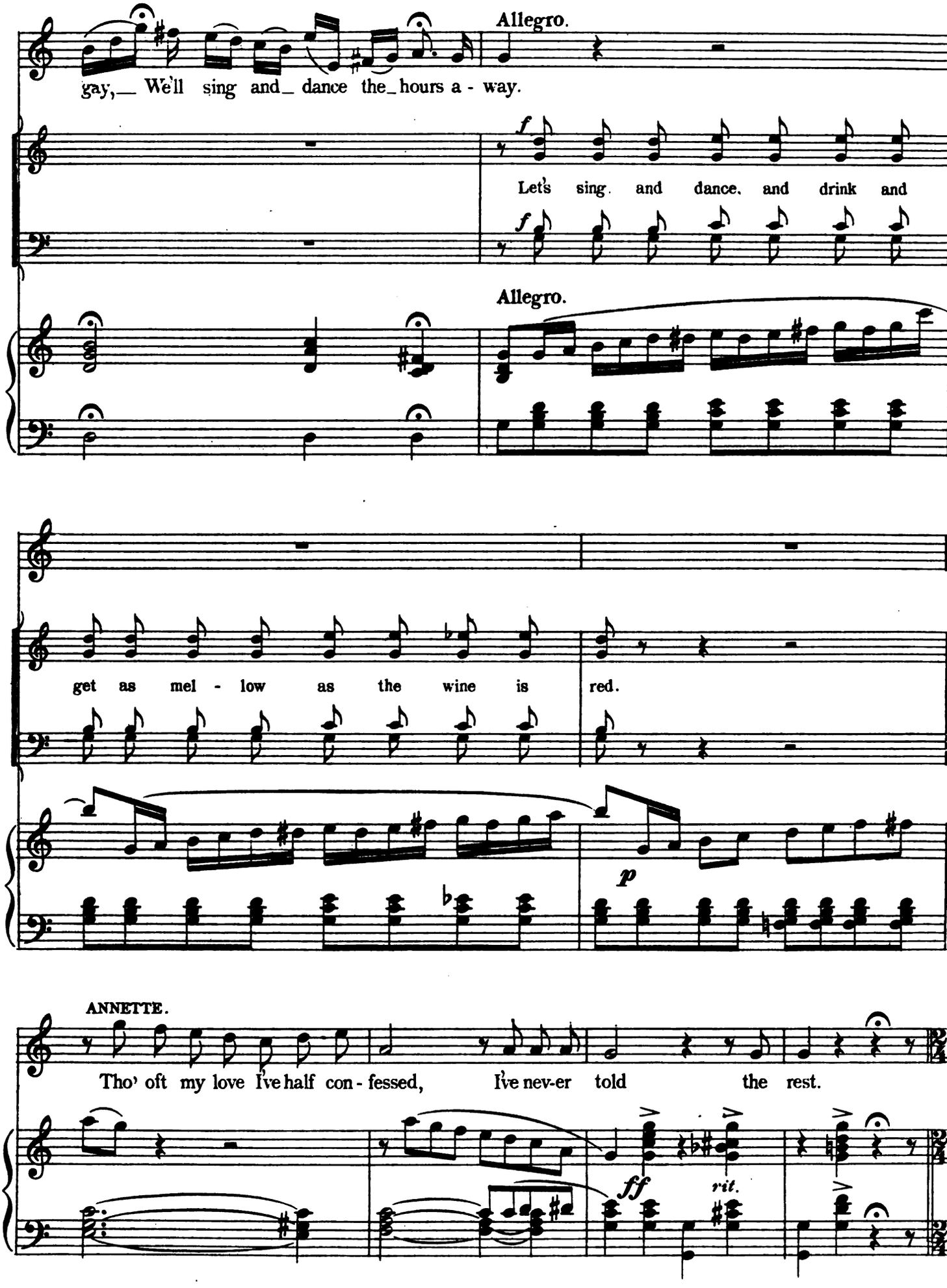
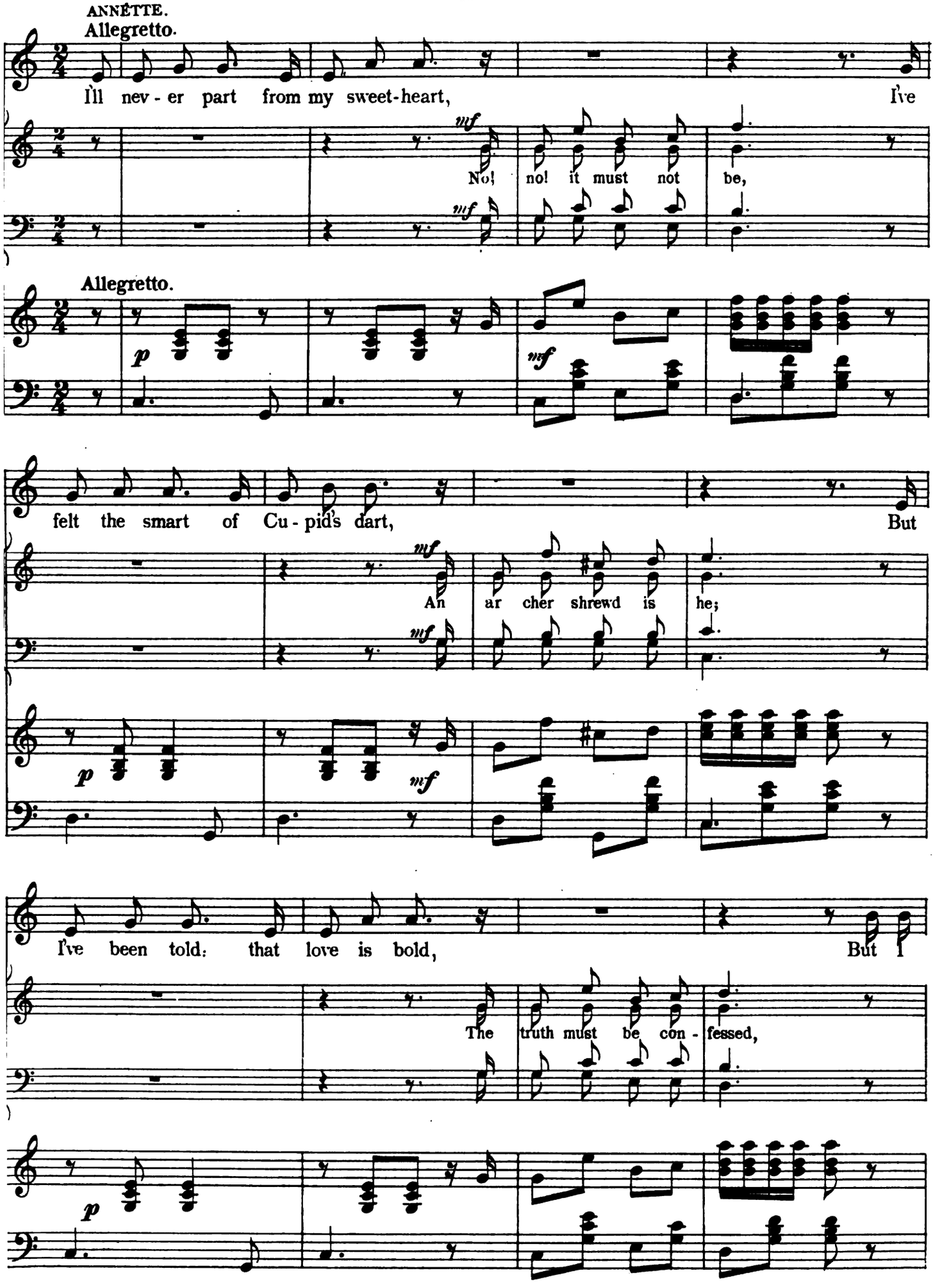
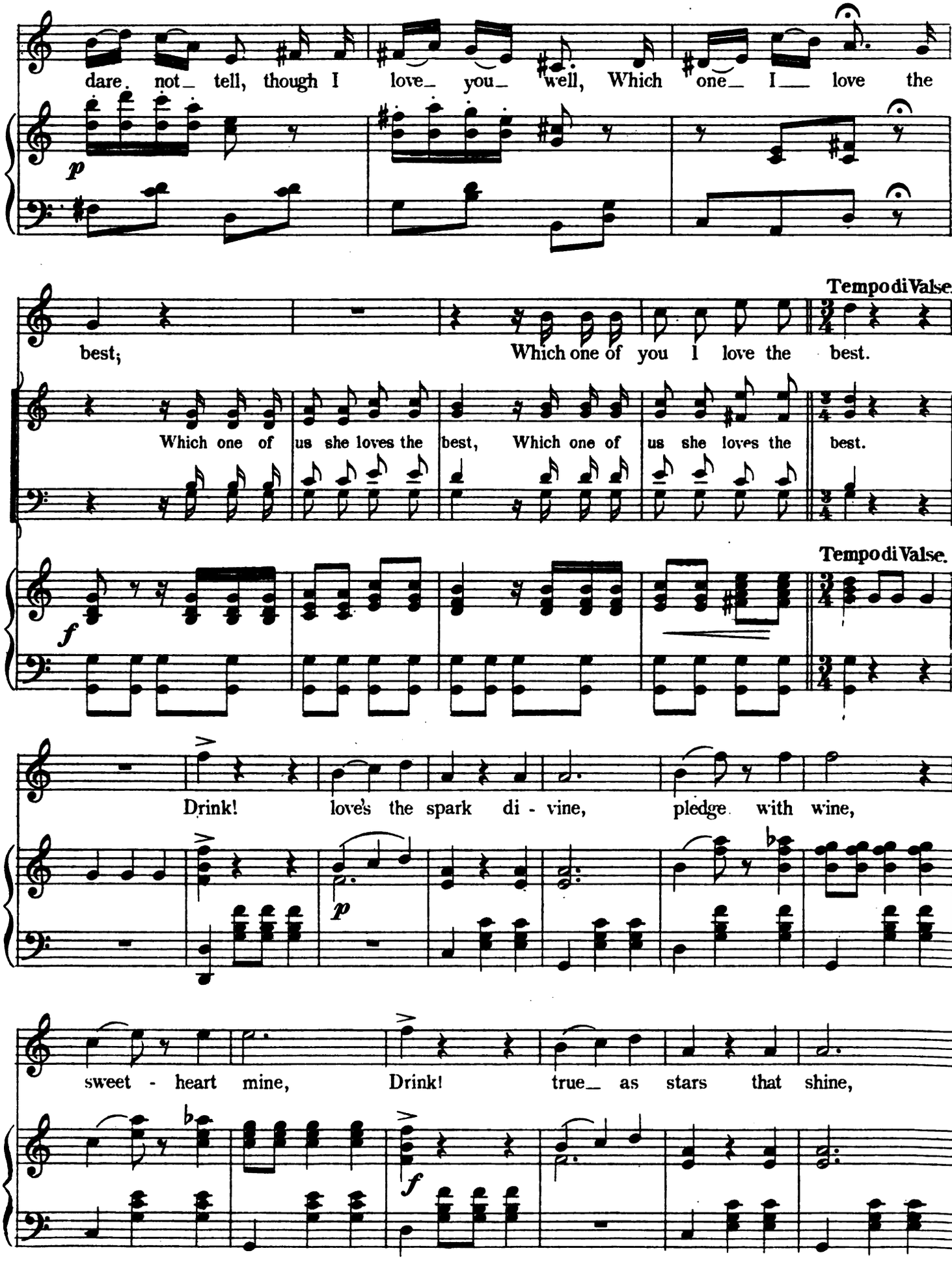

coin but here it goes While I a toast on love pro-
ff
Moderato.
pose. There's ma - ny an hon - est heart my lads beats
I've noth - ing now with which to buy I've
un - der a rag - ged vest If on - ly the hand and heart are clean who
noth - ing left to sell But if my use - less purse is light my
cares how one is dressed For mo - ney's a tri - fle that
heart is light as well Why should - n't I sing I'm as

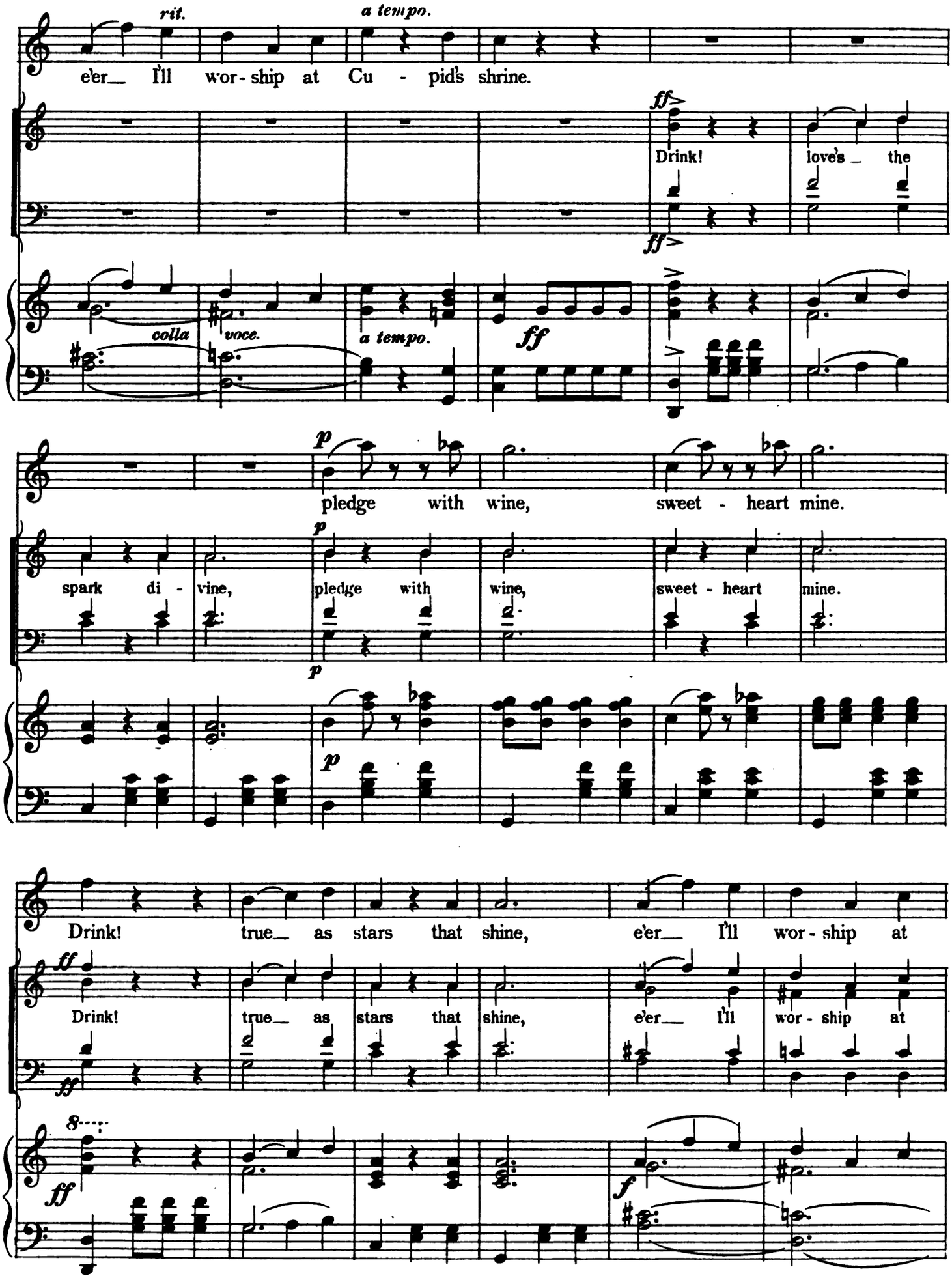

may,
Cease all re - pin - ing, all mop - ing and whin - ing, now
joy rules the day; Let each one help to
make the world seem gay.

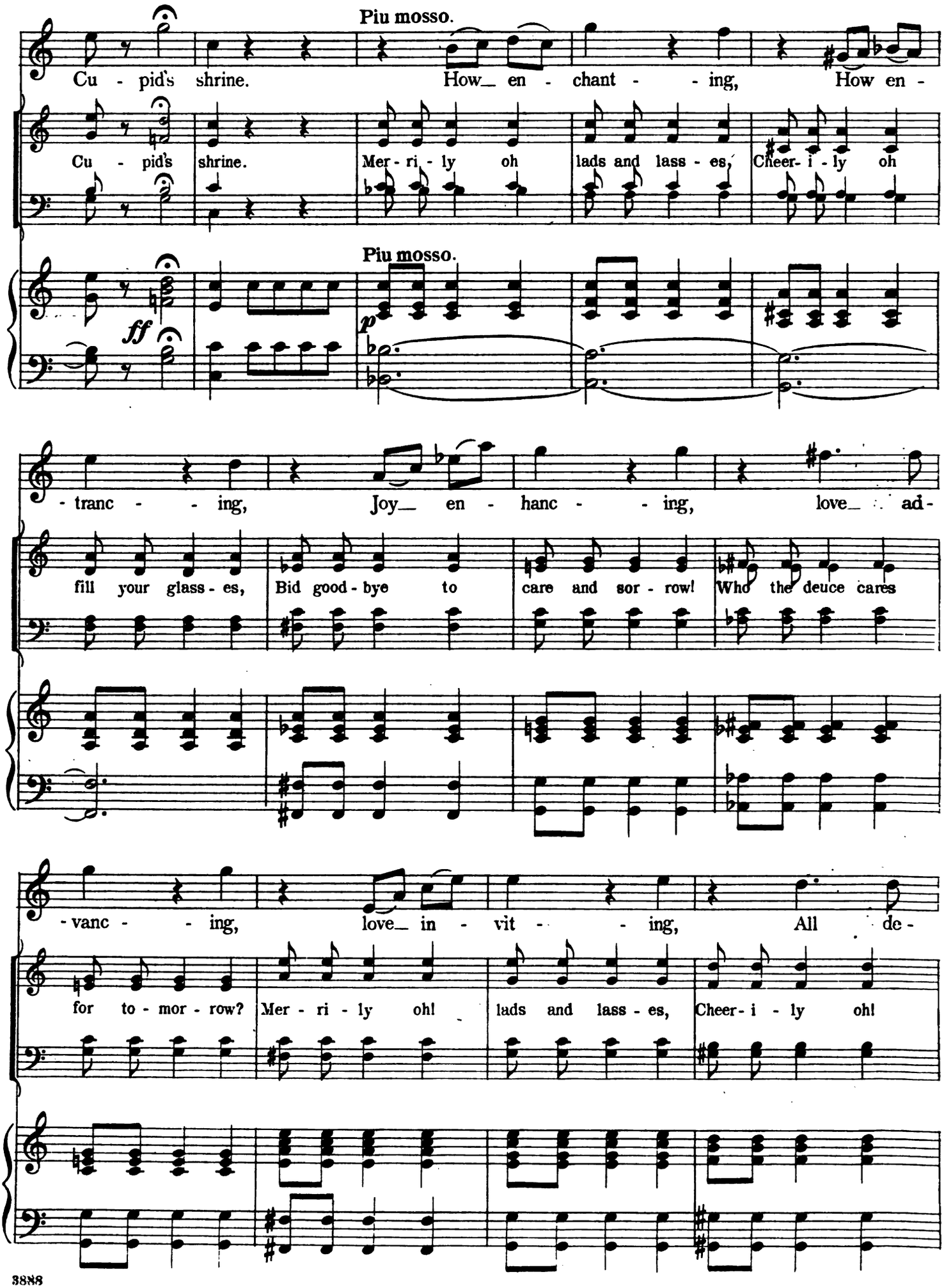

CITIZEN.
Moderato.
But see here comes the fair An - nette!
A jol - ly girl is
she.
CHORUS.
Yes, here she comes,
'tis An-nette,
Ah! she's the girl for
ANNETTE.
Joy rules the day, care flies a - way Let's all be
me.

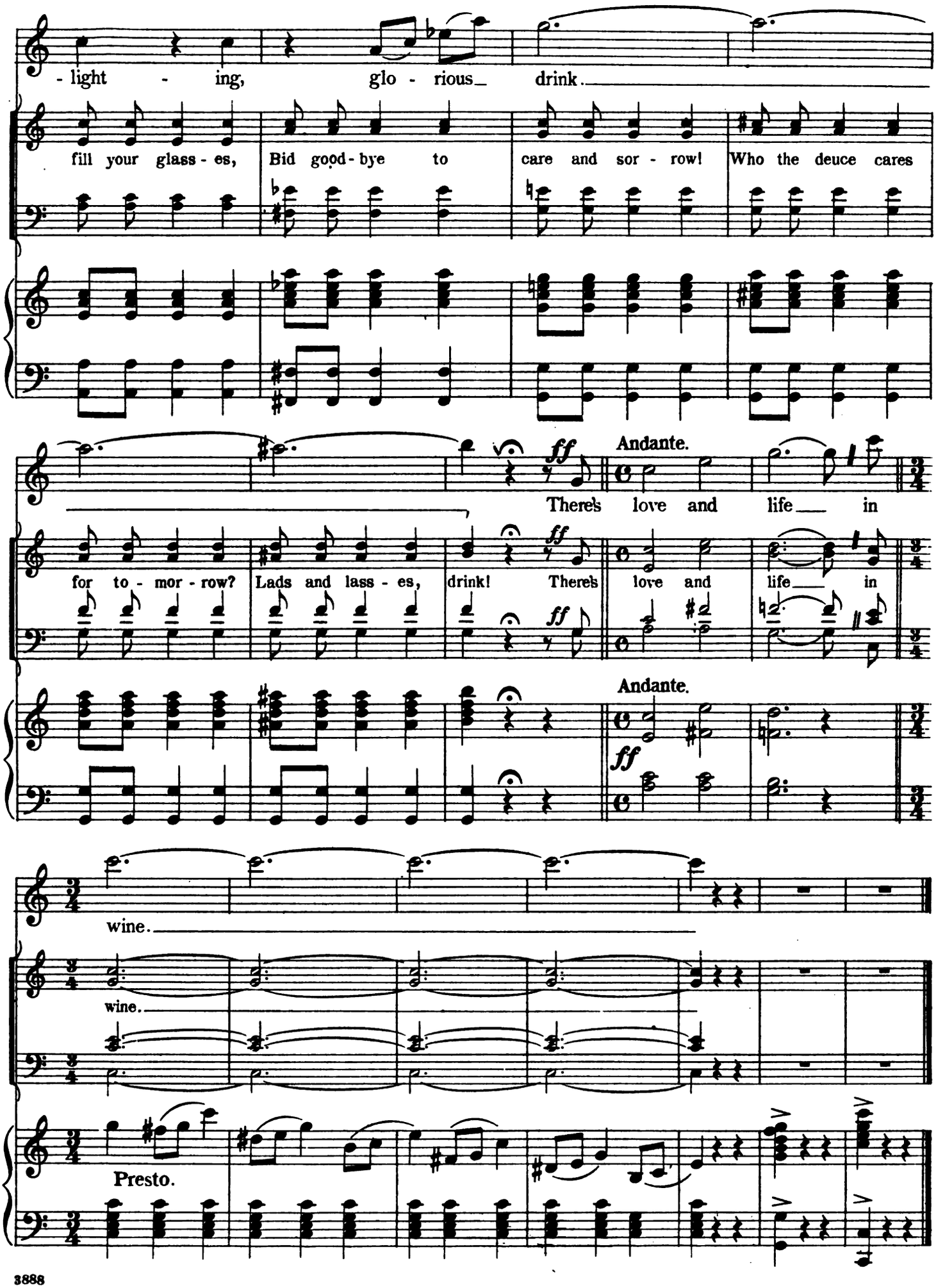

Allegro.
gay,_ We'll sing and_ dance the_hours a - way.
f
Let's sing and dance, and drink and
f
Allegro.
get as mel - low as the wine is red.
p
ANNETTE.
Tho' oft my love I've half con - fessed, I've nev-er told the rest.
ff
rit.


ANNETTE.
Allegretto.
I'll nev - er part from my sweet-heart, I've
No! no! it must not be,
Allegretto.
felt the smart of Cu - pid's dart, But
An ar cher shrewd is he;
I've been told: that love is bold, But I
The truth must be con - fessed,


dare not tell, though I love you well, Which one I love the
p
Tempo di Valse.
best;
Which one of you I love the best.
Which one of us she loves the best, Which one of us she loves the best.
Tempo di Valse.
f
Drink! love's the spark di - vine, pledge with wine,
p
sweet - heart mine, Drink! true as stars that shine,
f


rit.
a tempo.
e'er_ I'll wor - ship at Cu - pid's shrine.
ff
Drink! love's _ the
colla voce.
a tempo.
ff
pledge with wine, sweet - heart mine.
p
spark di - vine, pledge with wine, sweet - heart mine.
Drink! true_ as stars that shine, e'er_ I'll wor - ship at
Drink! true_ as stars that shine, e'er_ I'll wor - ship at
8
f


Piu mosso.
Cu - pid's shrine. How_ en - chant - - ing, How en -
Cu - pid's shrine. Mer - ri - ly oh lads and lass - es, Cheer - i - ly oh
Piu mosso.
ff
p
- tranc - - ing, Joy_ en - hanc - - ing, love_ ad -
fill your glass - es, Bid good - bye to care and sor - row! Who the deuce cares
- vanc - - ing, love_ in - vit - - ing, All de -
for to - mor - row? Mer - ri - ly oh! lads and lass - es, Cheer - i - ly oh!


- light - ing, glo - rious drink.
fill your glass - es, Bid good - bye to care and sor - row! Who the deuce cares
ff
Andante.
There's love and life in
for to - mor - row? Lads and lass - es, drink! There's love and life in
ff
Andante.
ff
wine.
wine.
Presto.

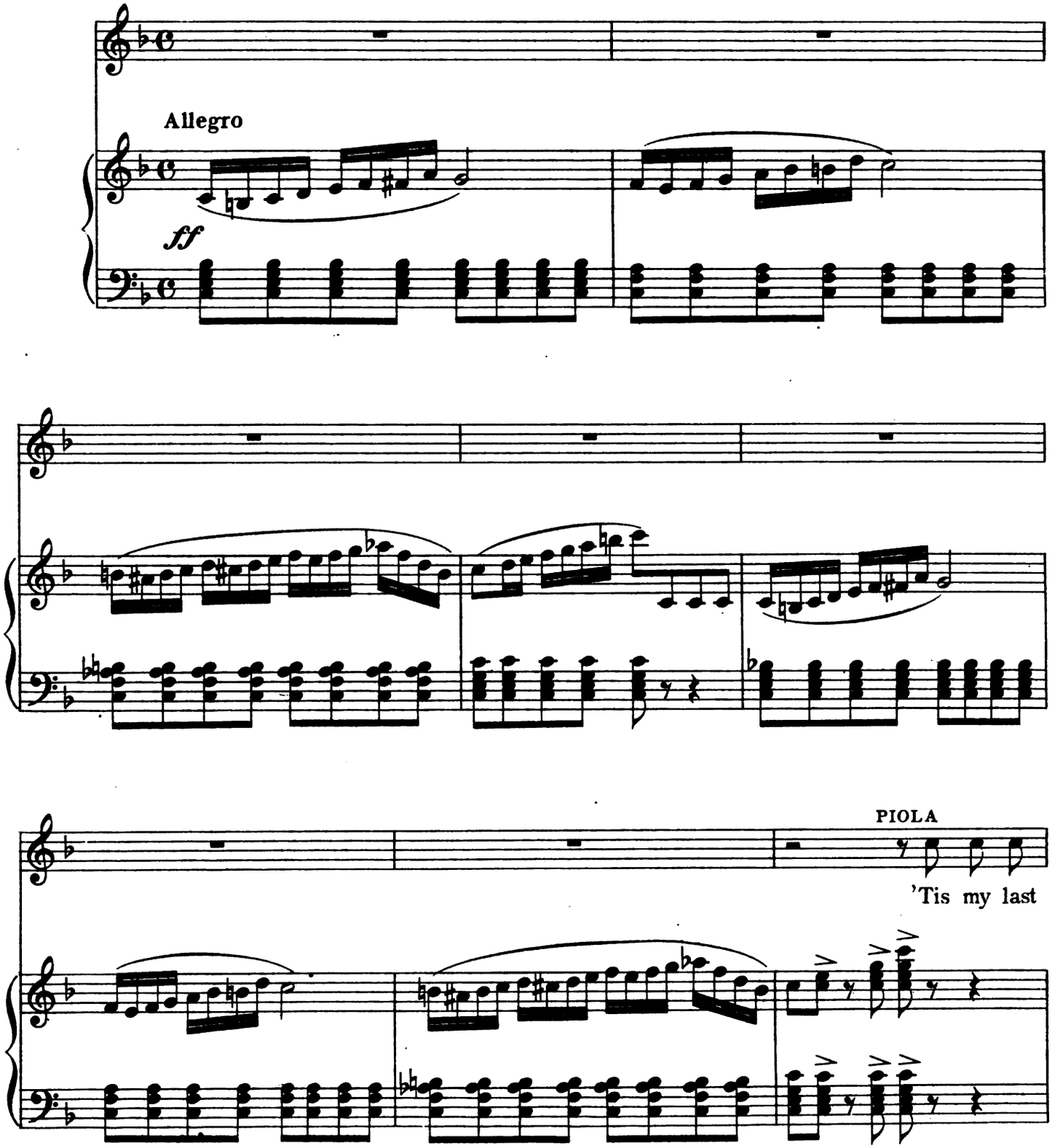
No 3.

I'll Do or Die.

(Piola.)

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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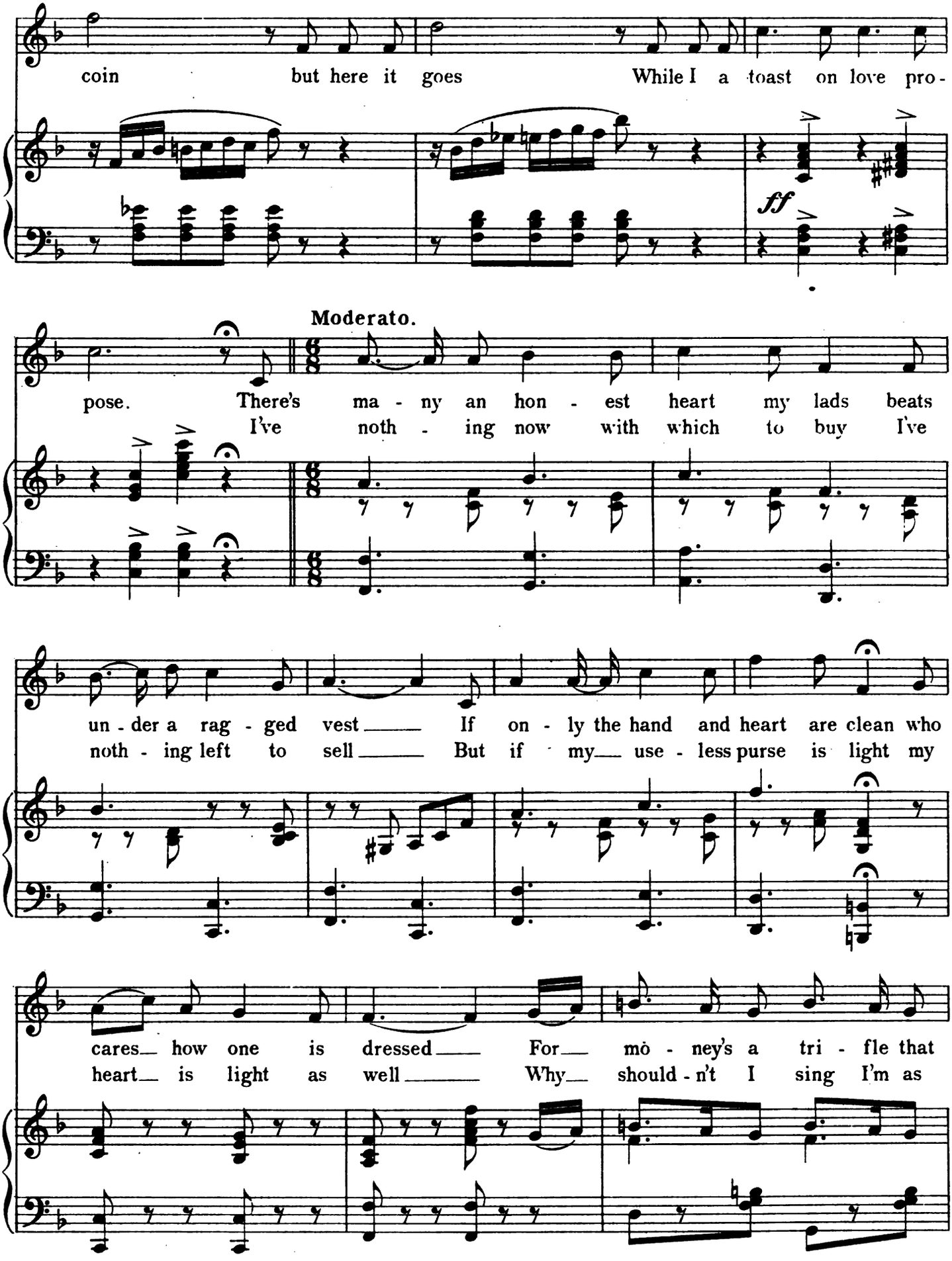
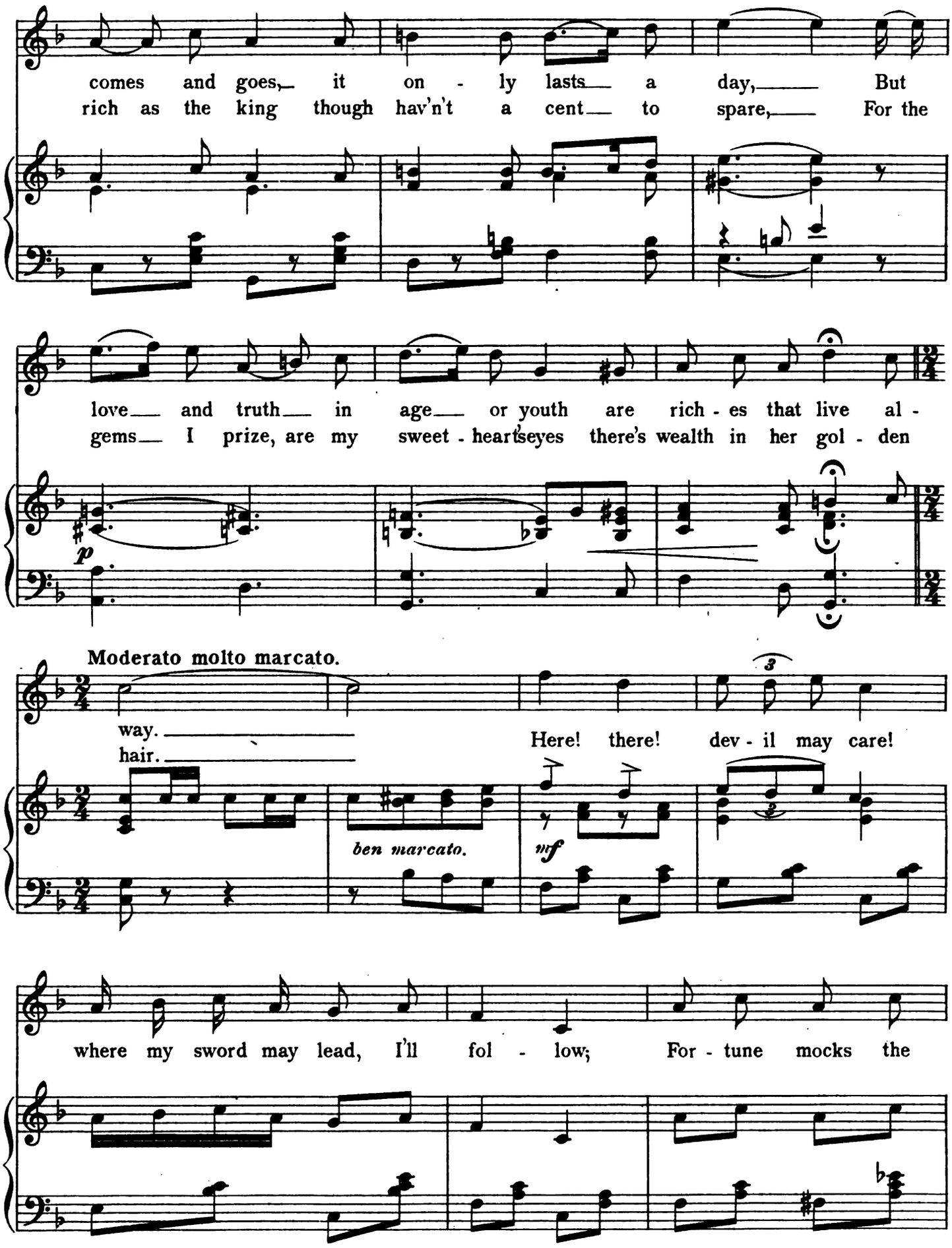
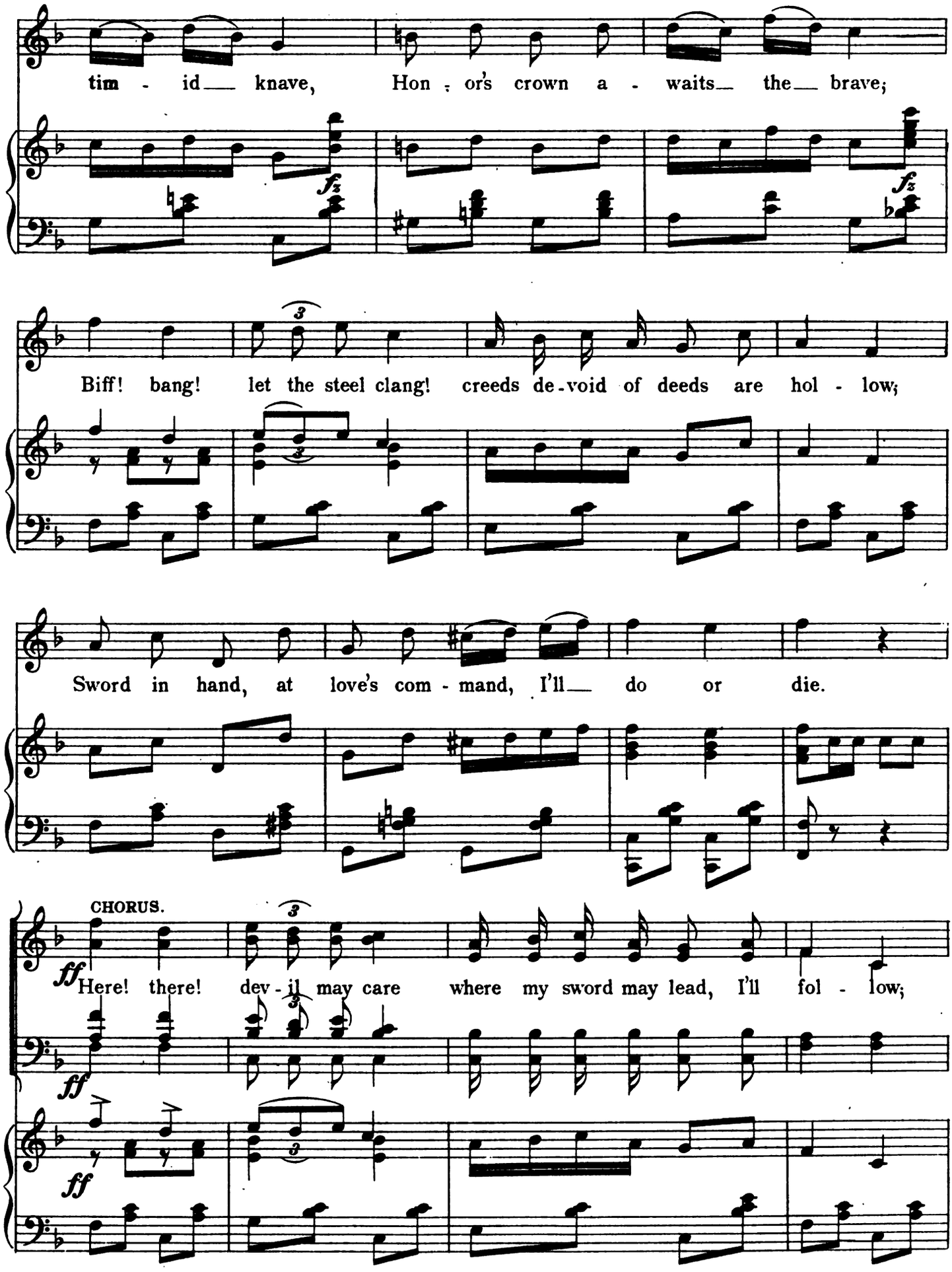
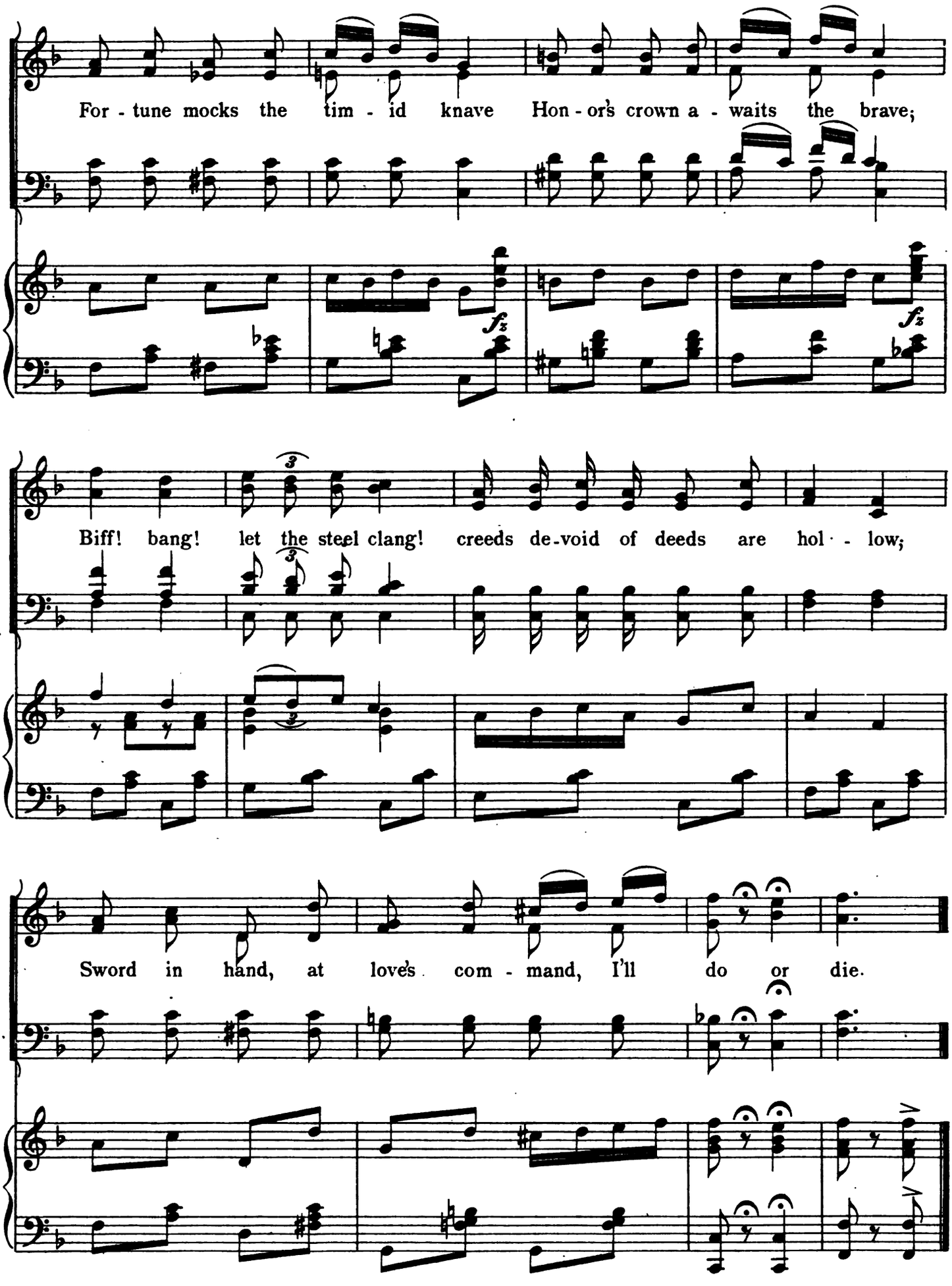

coin but here it goes While I a toast on love pro-
ff
Moderato.
pose. There's ma - ny an hon - est heart my lads beats
I've noth - ing now with which to buy I've
un - der a rag - ged vest If on - ly the hand and heart are clean who
noth - ing left to sell But if my use - less purse is light my
cares how one is dressed For mo - ney's a tri - fle that
heart is light as well Why should - n't I sing I'm as


comes and goes, it on - ly lasts a day, But
rich as the king though hav'n't a cent to spare, For the
love and truth in age or youth are rich - es that live al -
gems I prize, are my sweet - heart's eyes there's wealth in her gol - den
p
Moderato molto marcato.
way.
hair.
Here! there! dev - il may care!
ben marcato.
mf
where my sword may lead, I'll fol - low; For - tune mocks the


tim - id knave, Hon - or's crown a - waits the brave;
Biff! bang! let the steel clang! creeds de-void of deeds are hol - low;
Sword in hand, at love's com - mand, I'll do or die.
CHORUS.
Here! there! dev - il may care where my sword may lead, I'll fol - low;

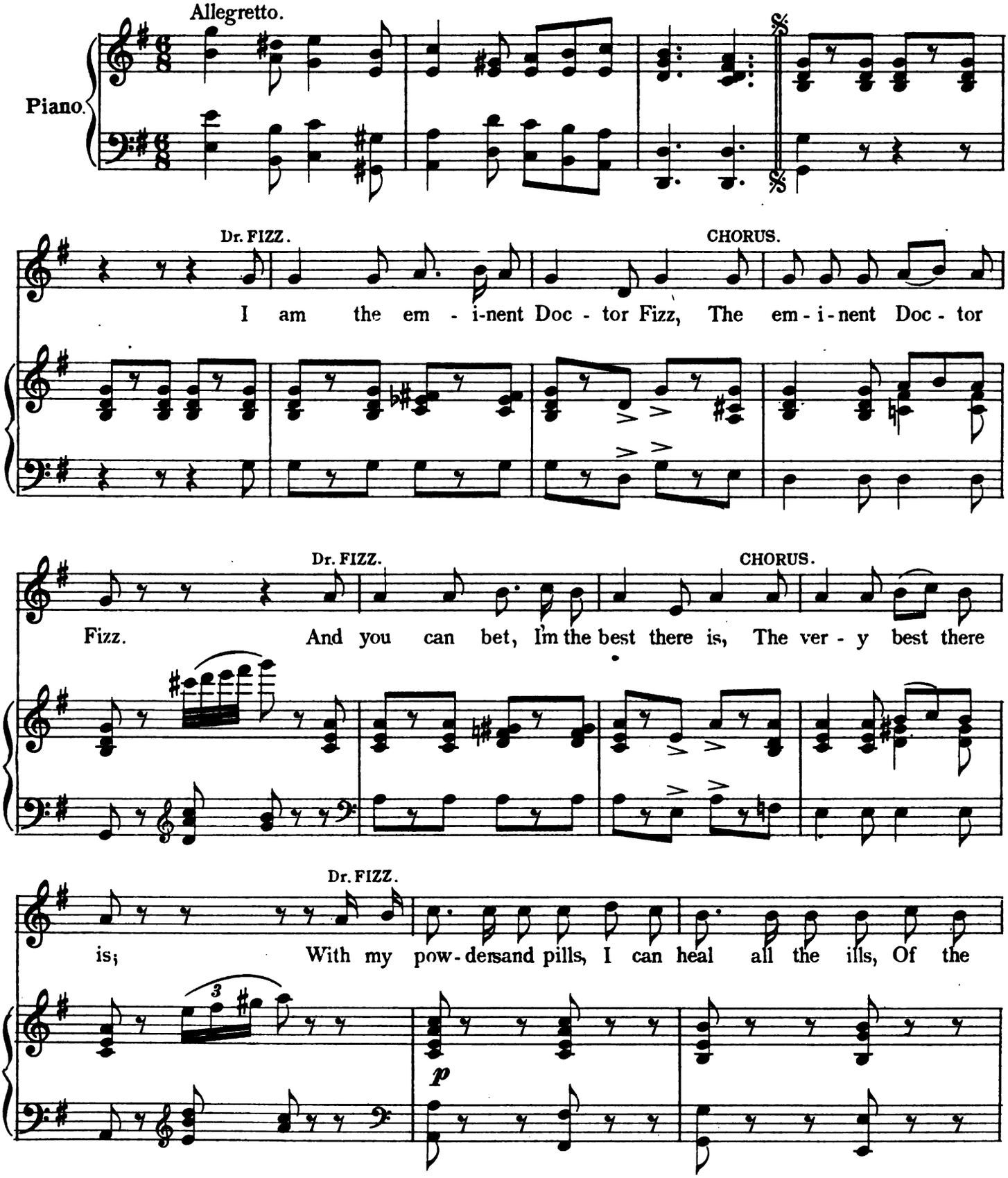

For - tune mocks the tim - id knave Hon - or's crown a - waits the brave;
Biff! bang! let the steel clang! creeds de-void of deeds are hol - low;
Sword in hand, at love's com - mand, I'll do or die.

No 4. The Eminent Doctor Fizz.

Dr. Fizz and Chorus.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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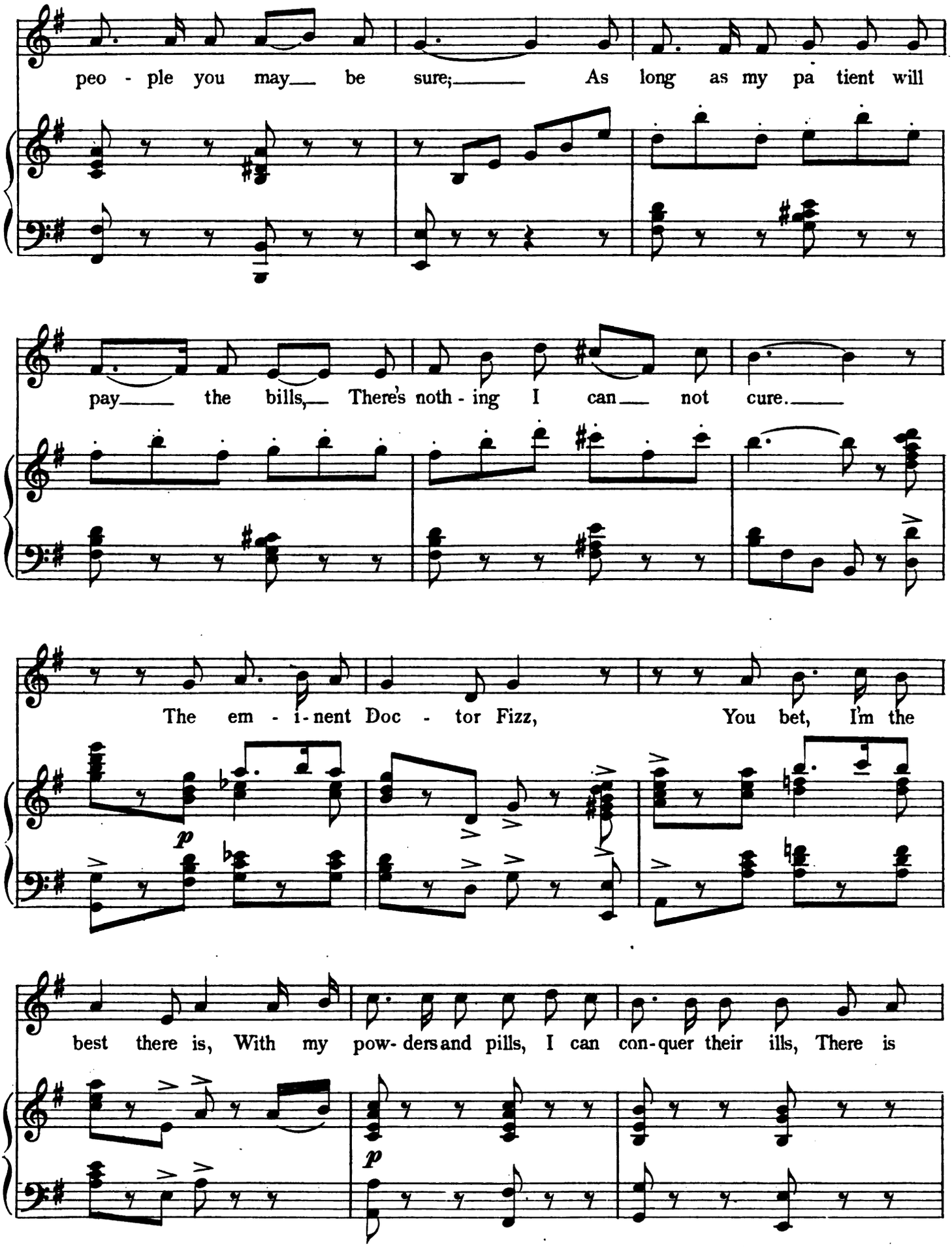

peo - ple you may be sure; As long as my pa tient will
pay the bills, There's noth - ing I can not cure.
The em - i - nent Doc - tor Fizz, You bet, I'm the
p
best there is, With my pow - ders and pills, I can con - quer their ills, There is
p

noth - ing I can - not cure, For I am Doc - tor

CHORUS.

Fizz, The ver - y best their is, For

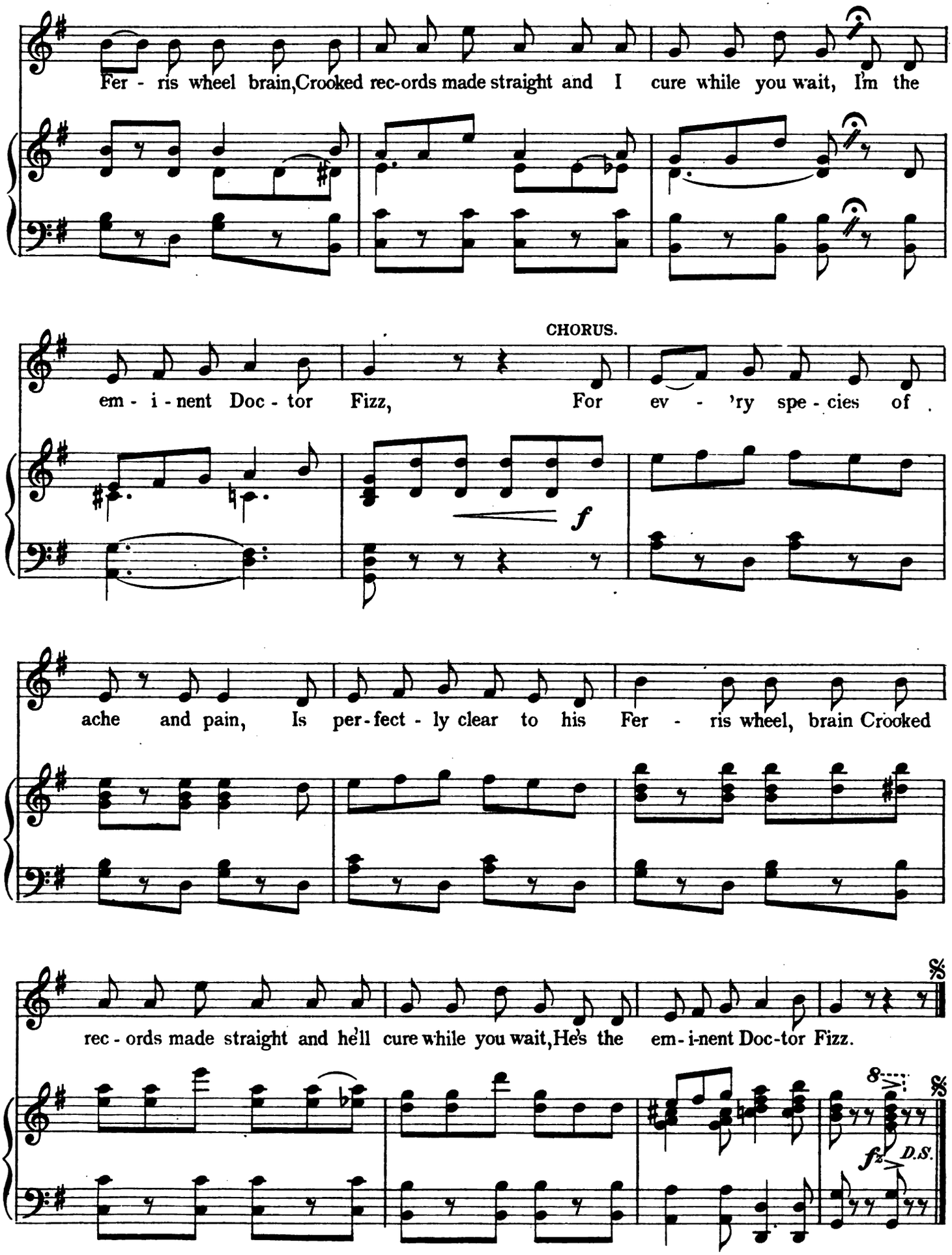
loco.

he is Doc - tor Fizz, the best there is, the best there is.

Dr. FIZZ.

For ev - 'ry spe - cies of ache and pain, Is per - fect - ly clear to my

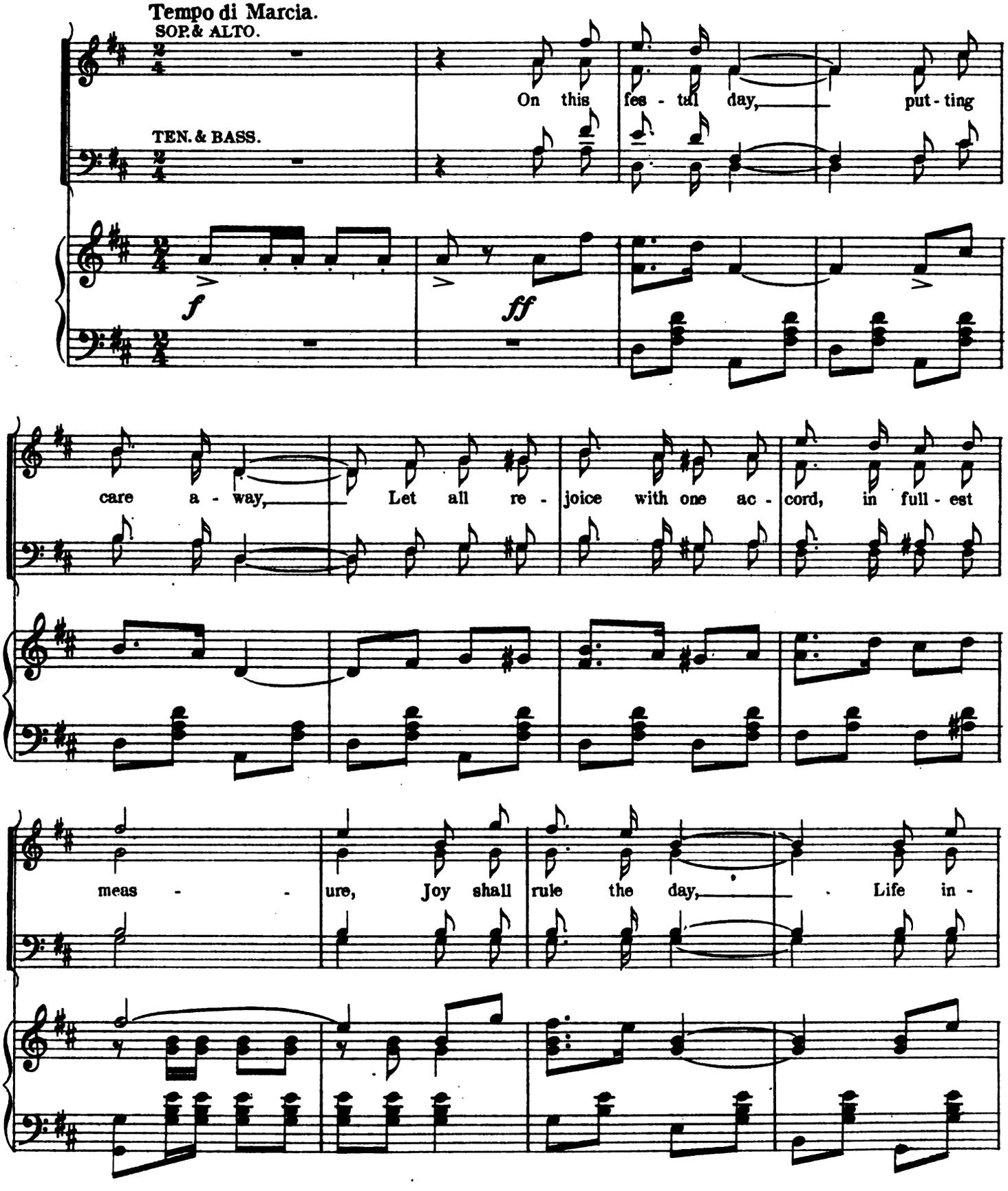
p


Fer - ris wheel brain, Crooked rec-ords made straight and I cure while you wait, I'm the
CHORUS.
em - i - nent Doc - tor Fizz, For ev - 'ry spe - cies of
f
ache and pain, Is per-fect - ly clear to his Fer - ris wheel, brain Crooked
rec - ords made straight and he'll cure while you wait, He's the em - i-nent Doc-tor Fizz.
8
fz
D.S.

No 5. Entrance of King Dodo.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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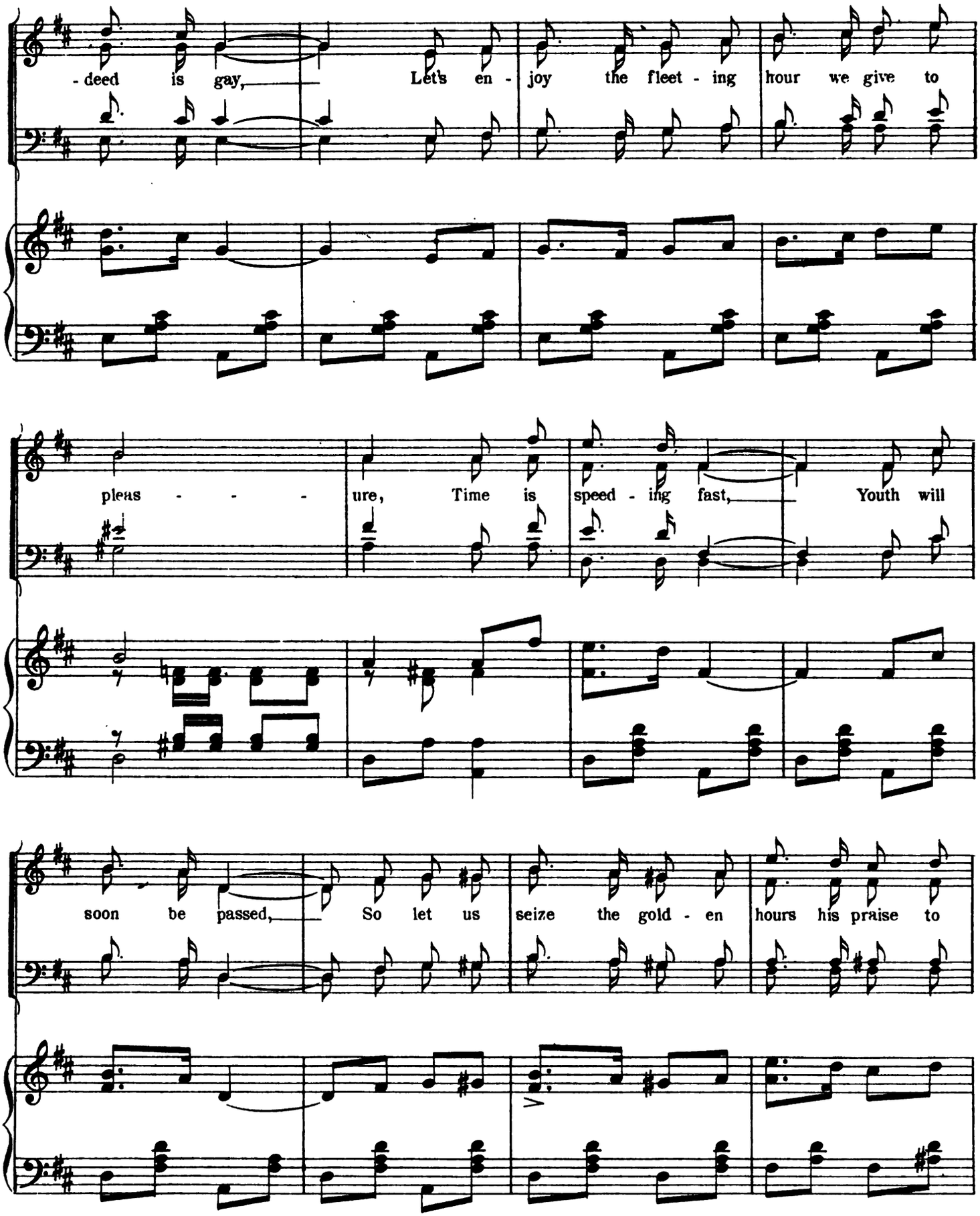
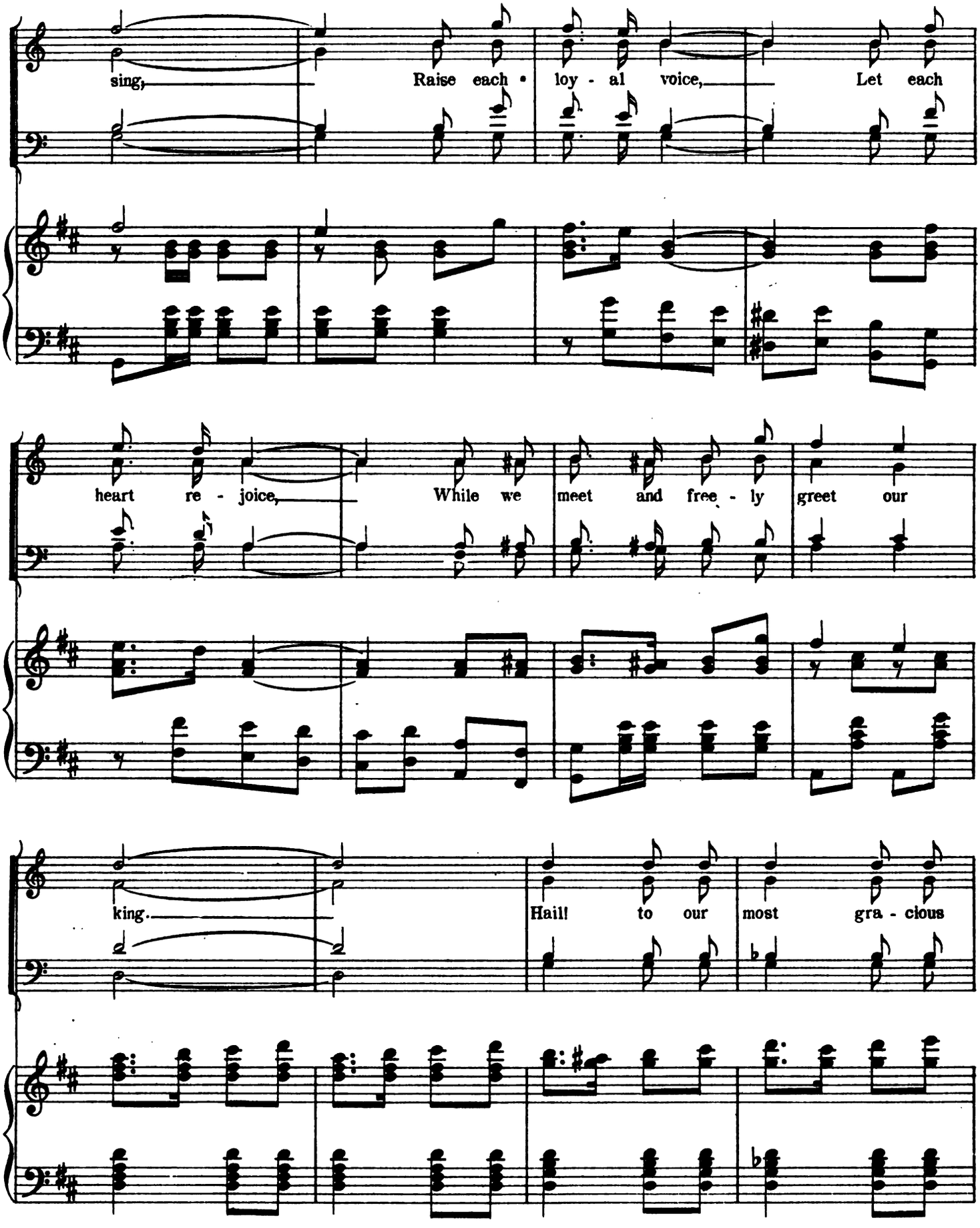
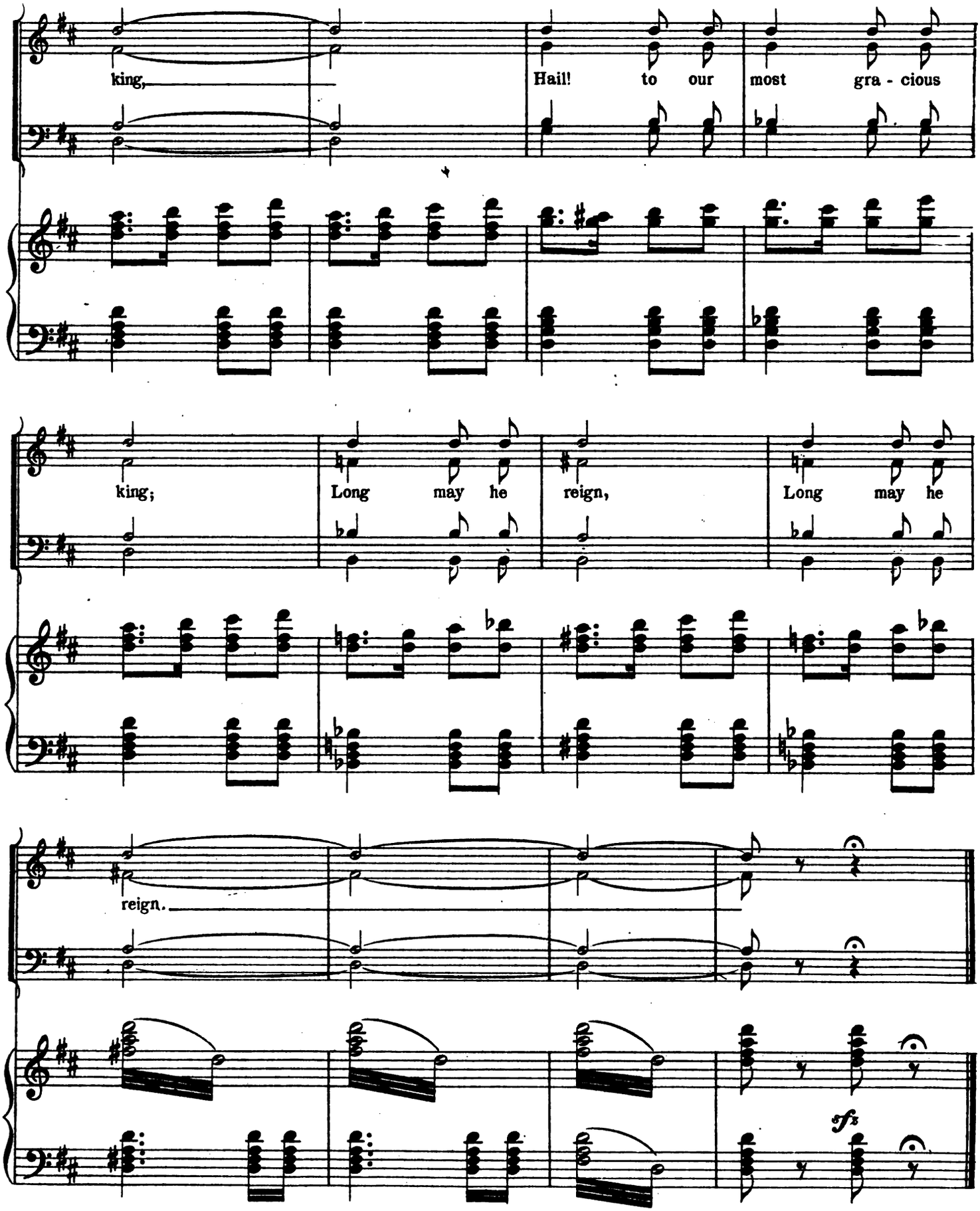

- deed is gay, Let's en - joy the fleet - ing hour we give to
pleas - - - ure, Time is speed - ing fast, Youth will
soon be passed, So let us seize the gold - en hours his praise to


sing, Raise each loy - al voice, Let each
heart re - joice, While we meet and free - ly greet our
king. Hail! to our most gra - cious


king,
Hail! to our most gra - cious
king;
Long may he reign,
Long may he
reign.
fz

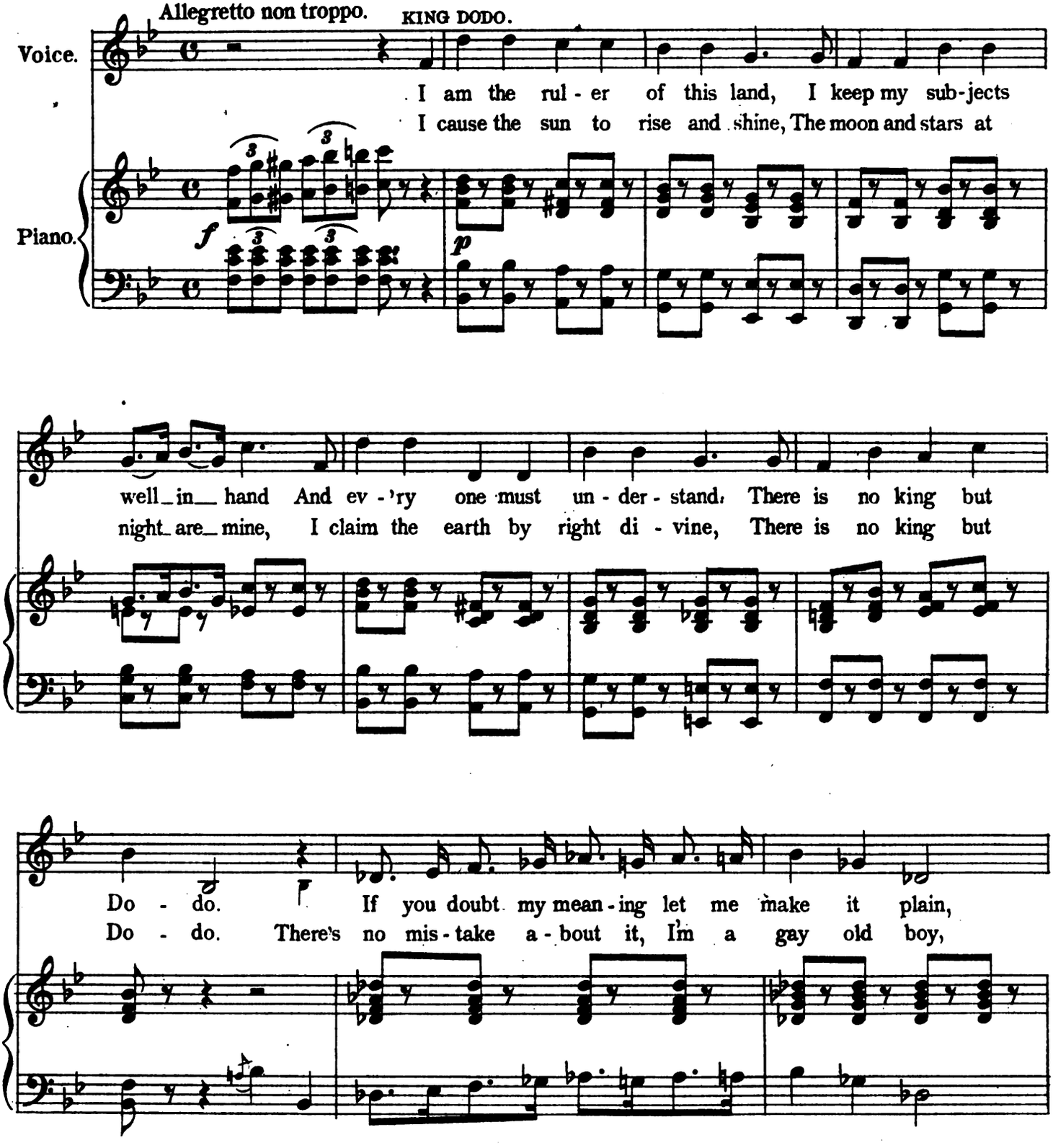
A Jolly Old Potentate.

No 6.

King Dodo and Chorus.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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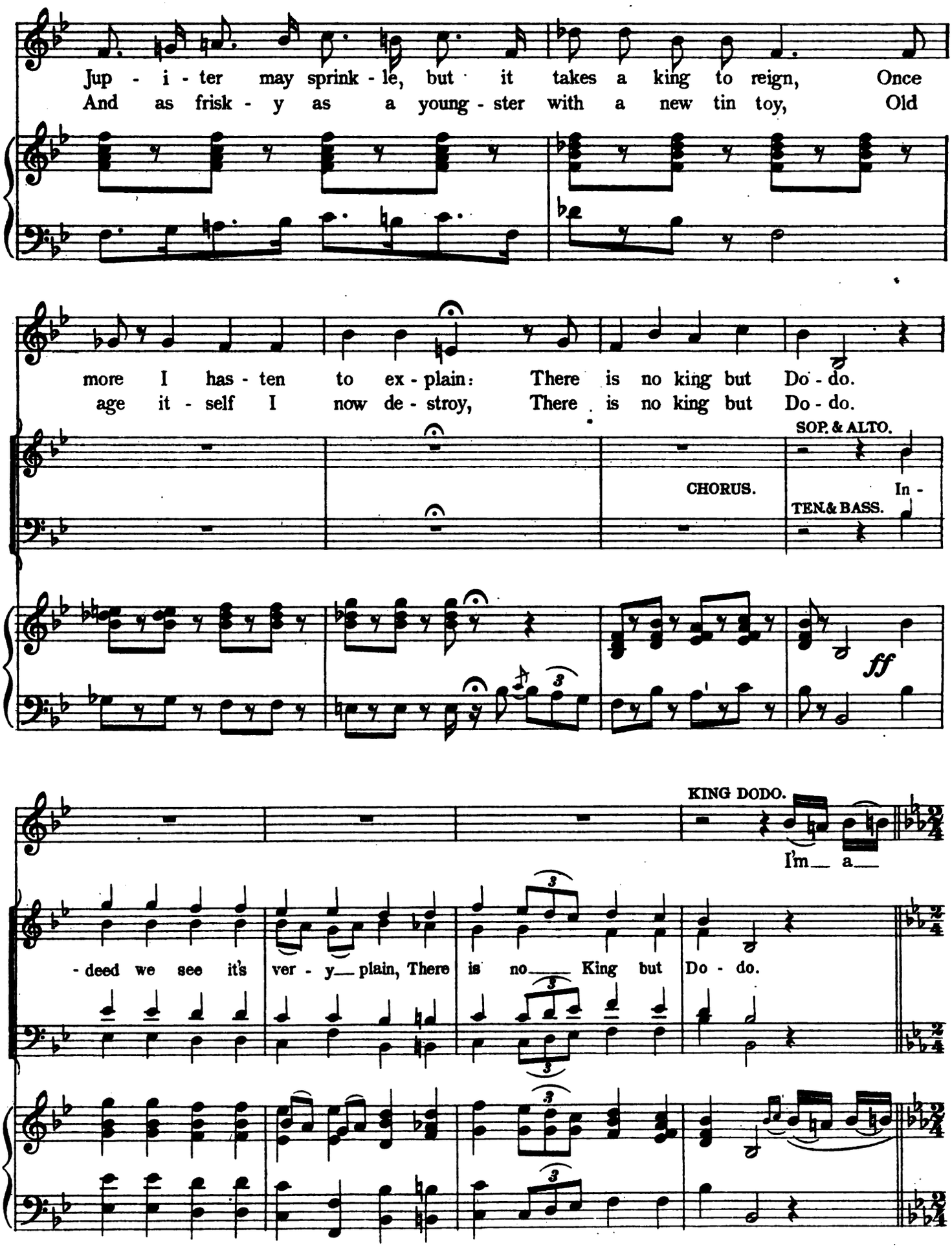
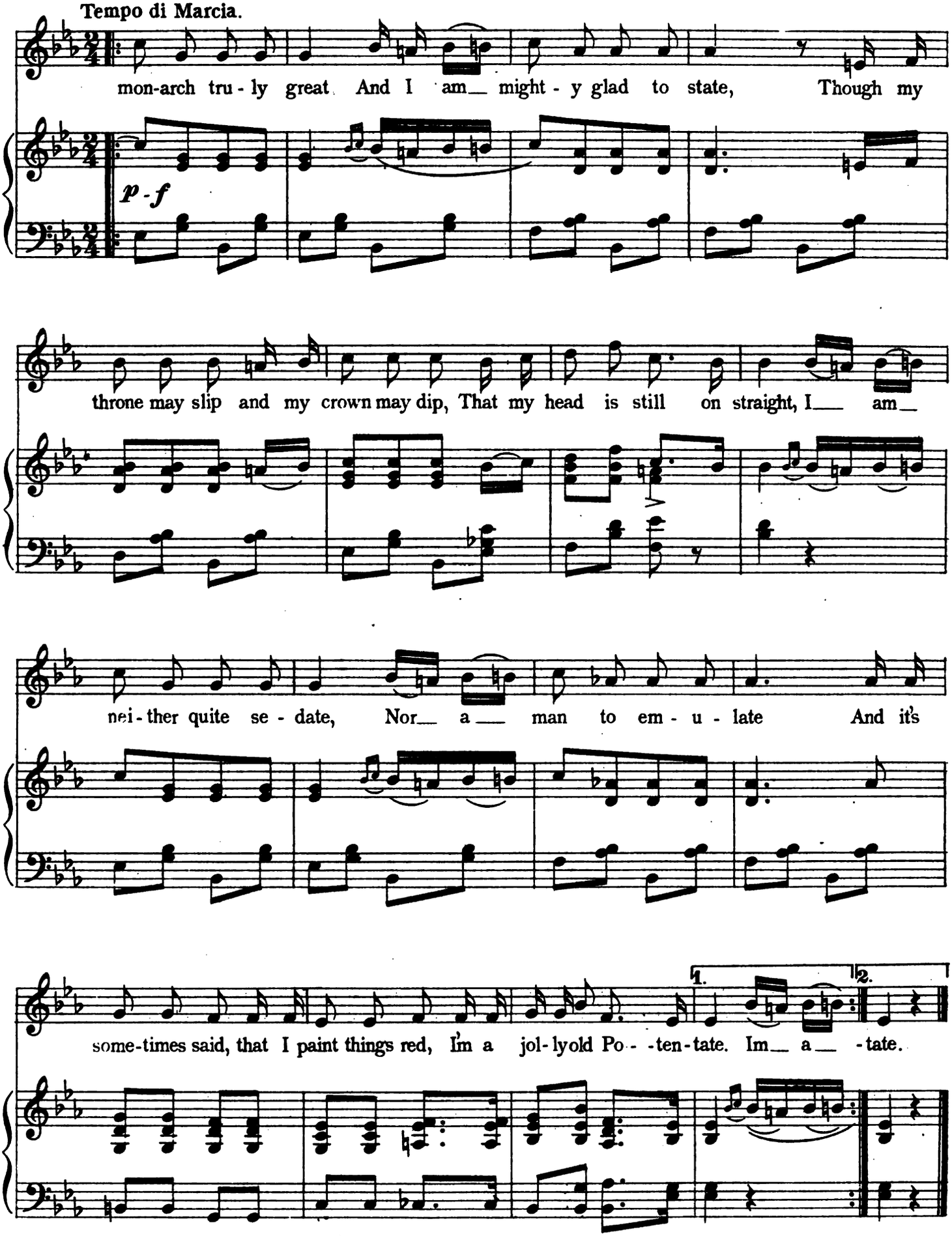


3888 Jolly old potentate.


Tempo di Marcia.
mon-arch tru - ly great And I am_ might - y glad to state, Though my
p - f
throne may slip and my crown may dip, That my head is still on straight, I_ am_
nei - ther quite se - date, Nor_ a_ man to em - u - late And it's
some-times said, that I paint things red, I'm a jol-lyold Po - -ten-tate. Im_ a_ -tate.
1.
2.

Two Hearts Made One.

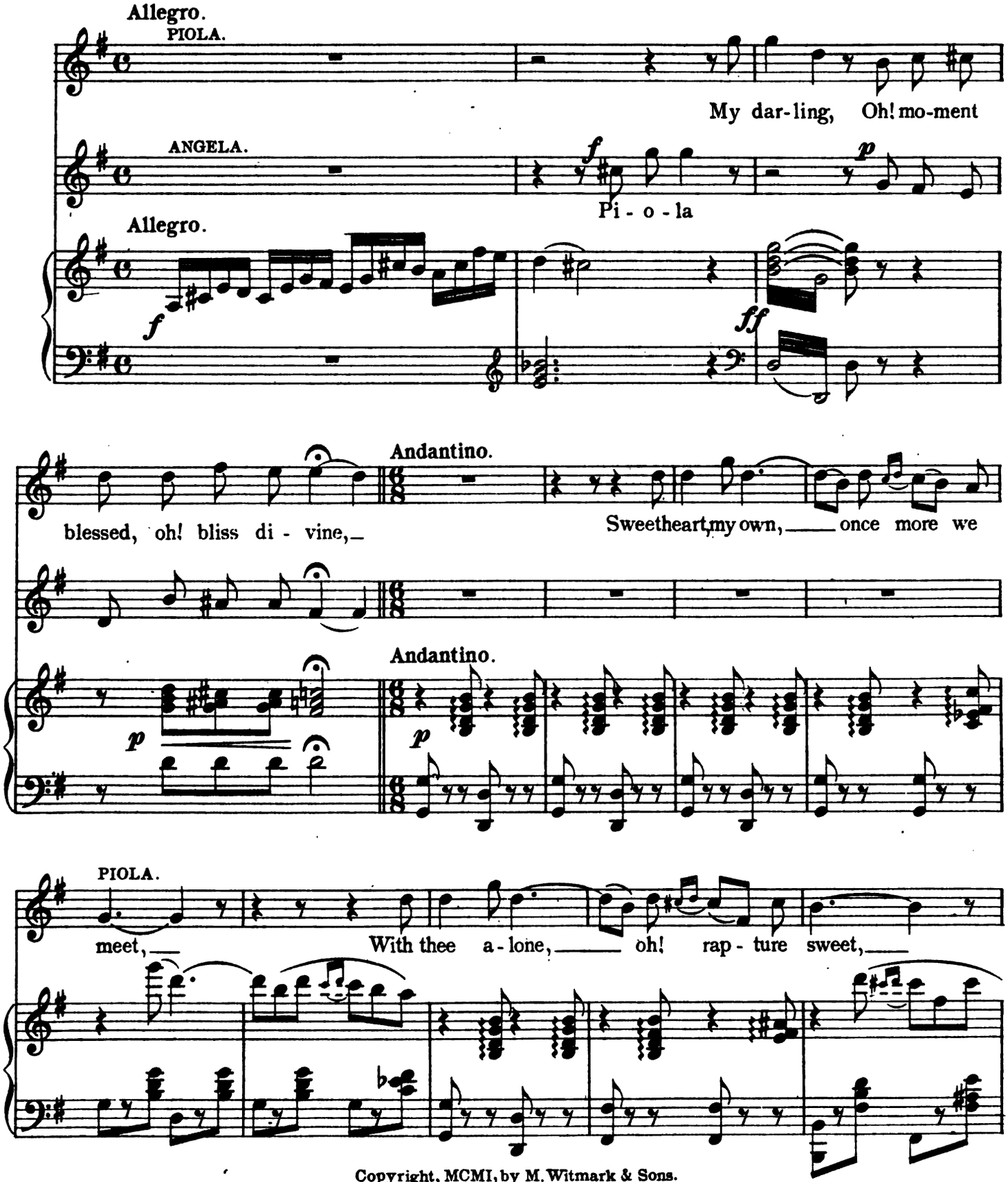
Duett.

No 7.

Piola and Angela.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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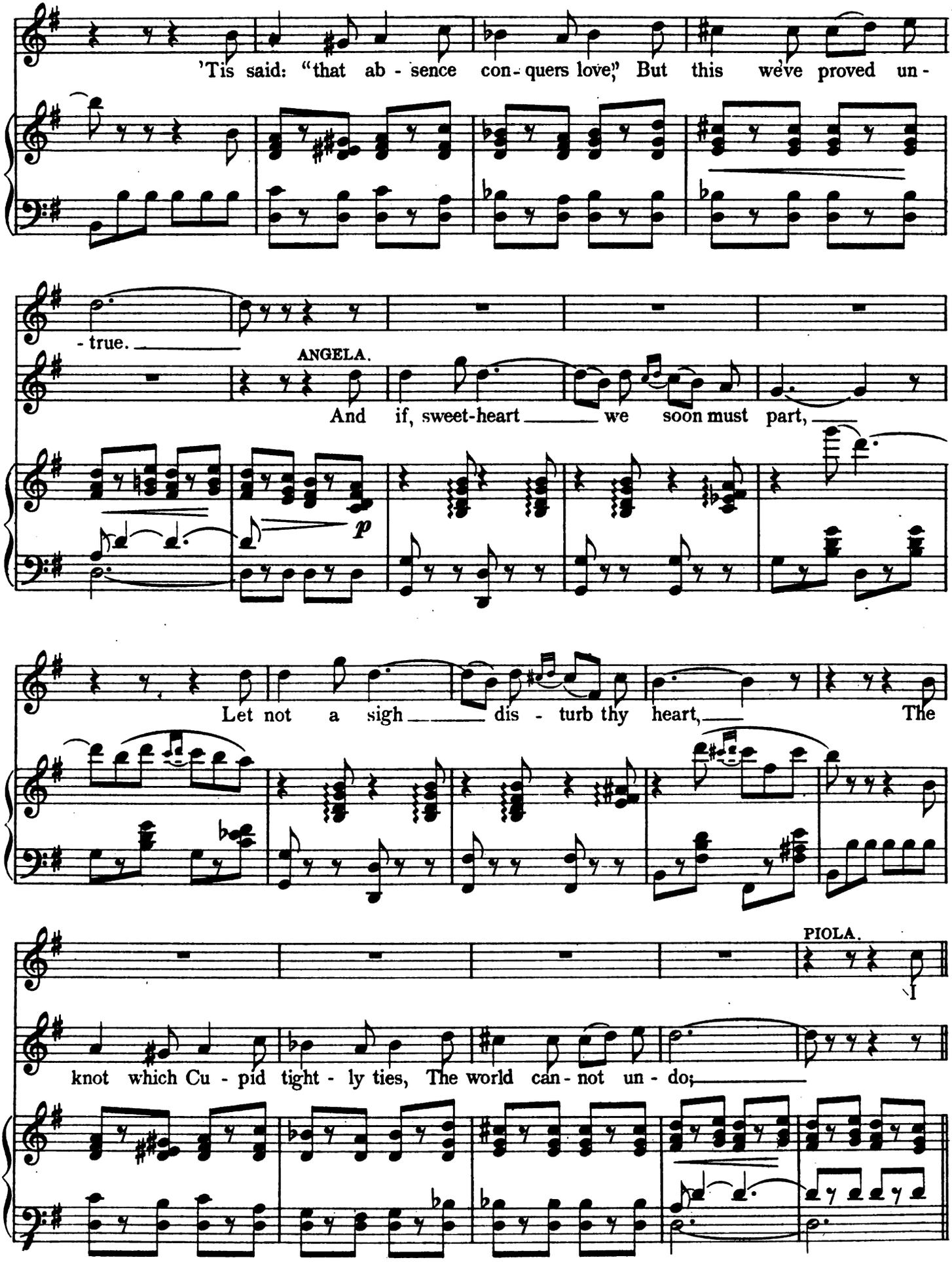
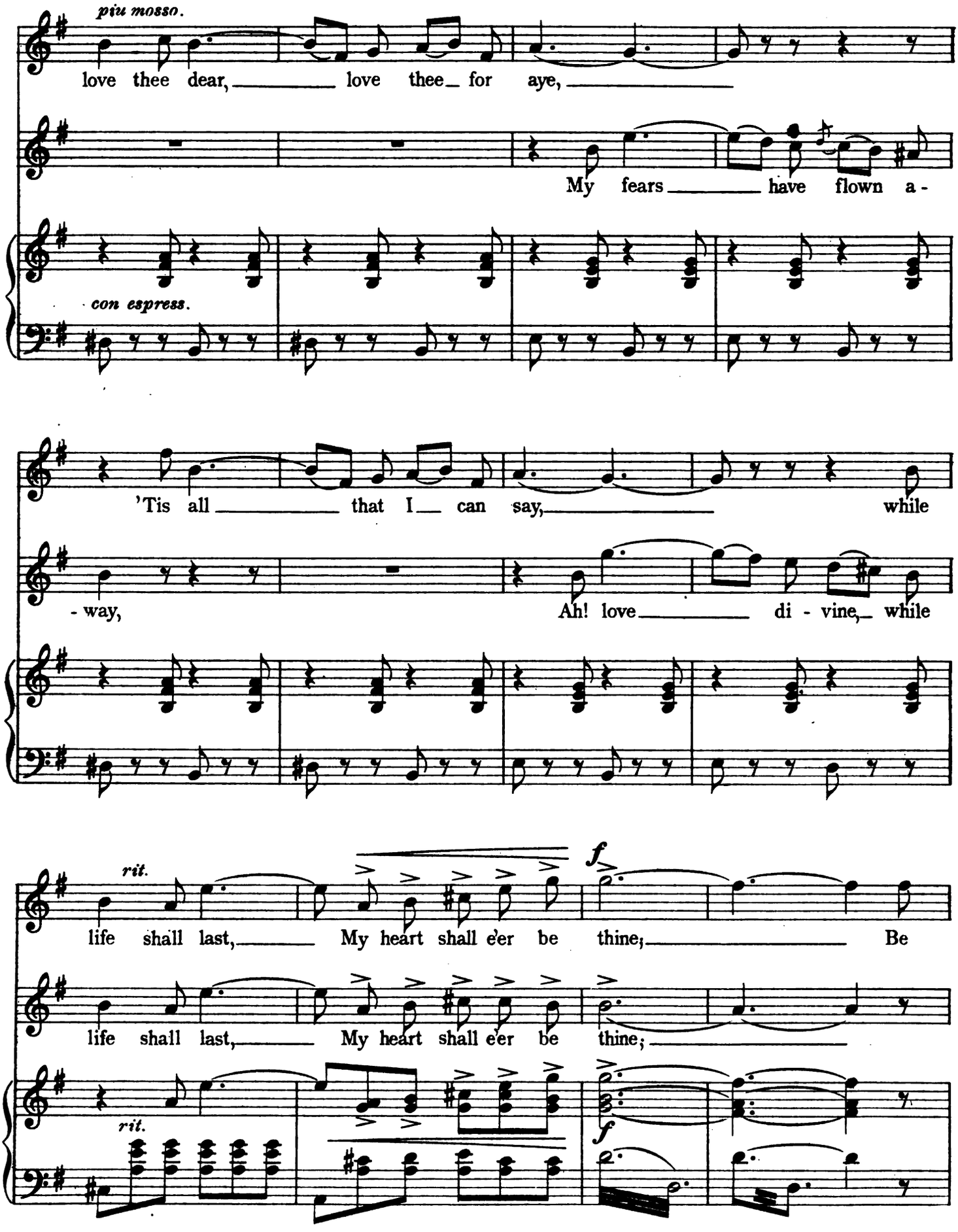
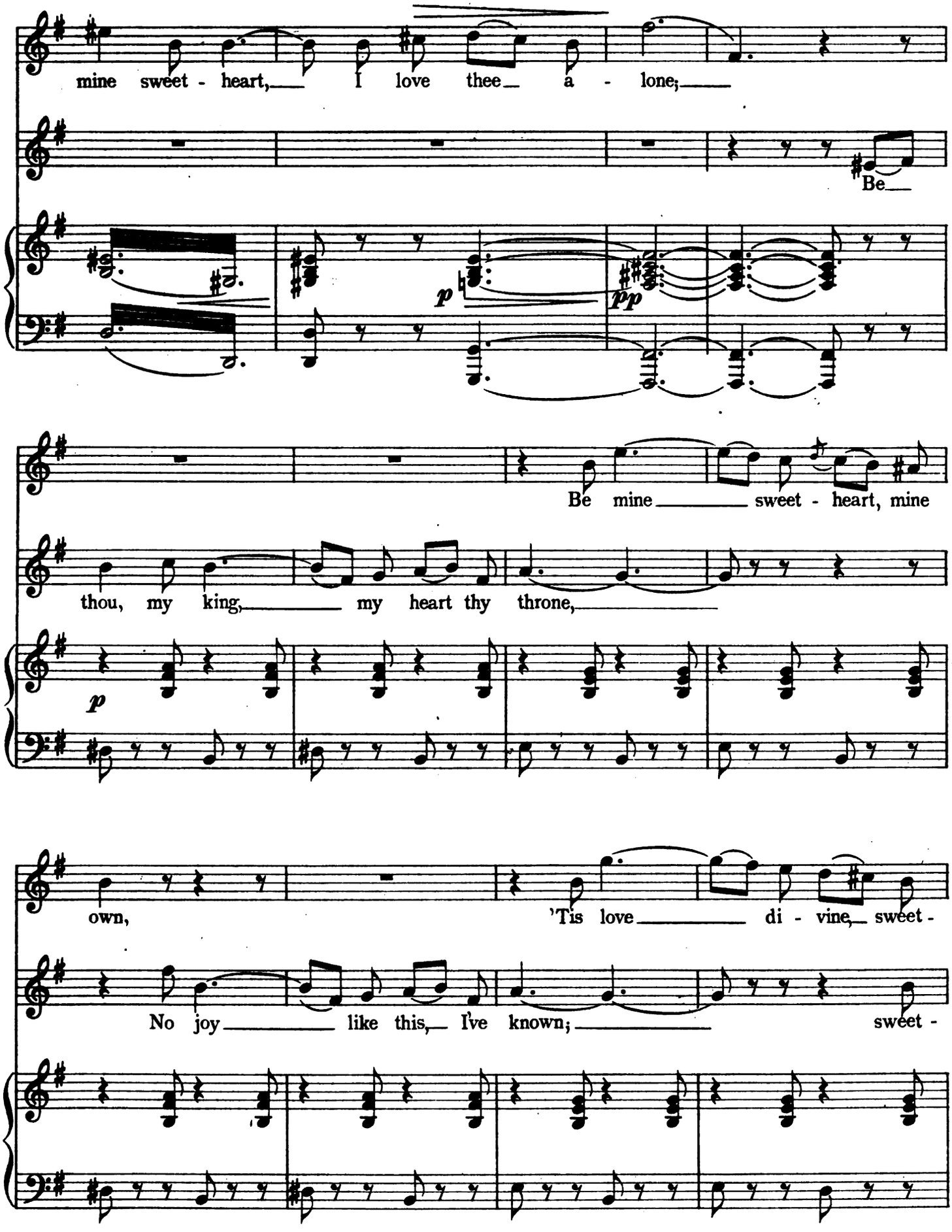
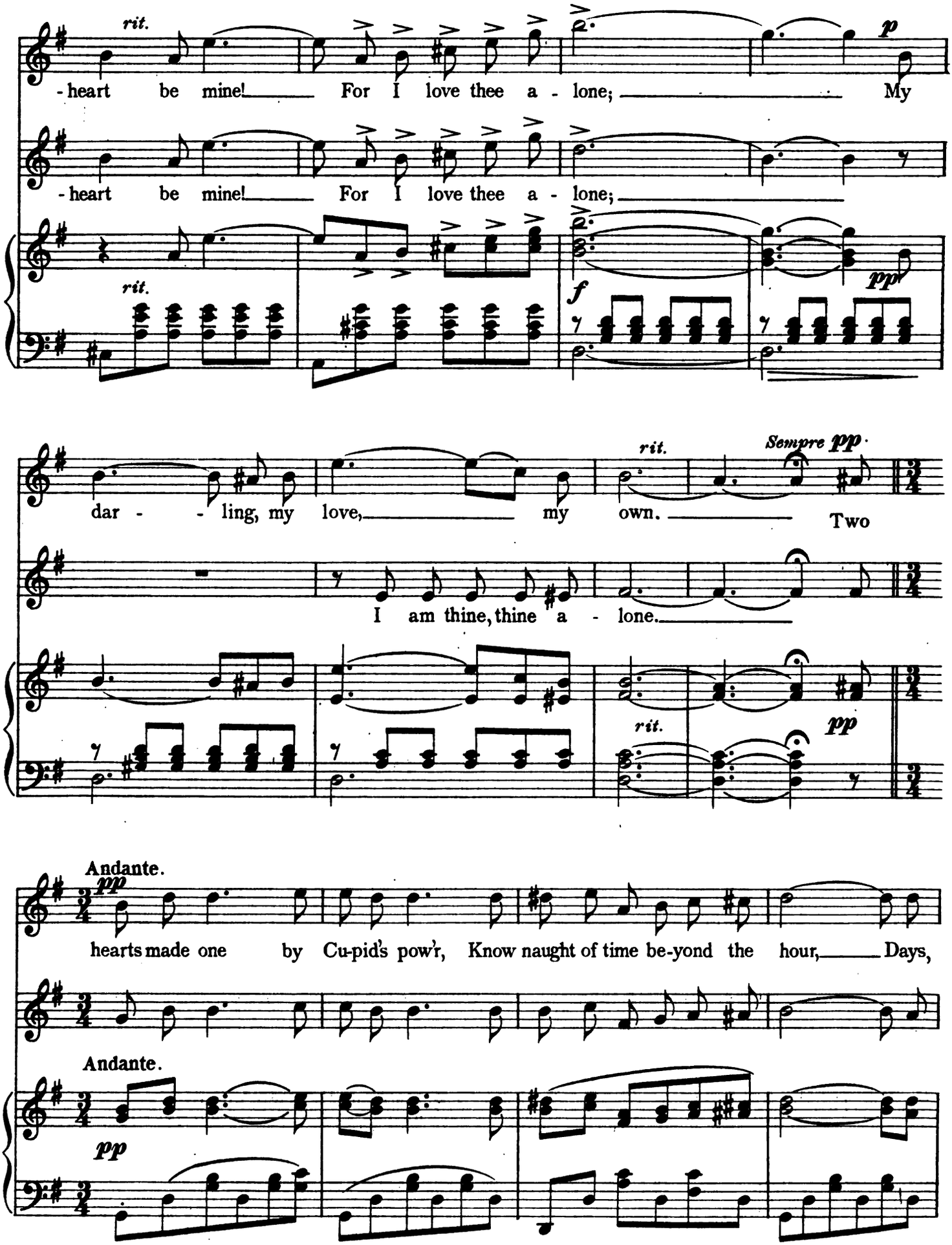
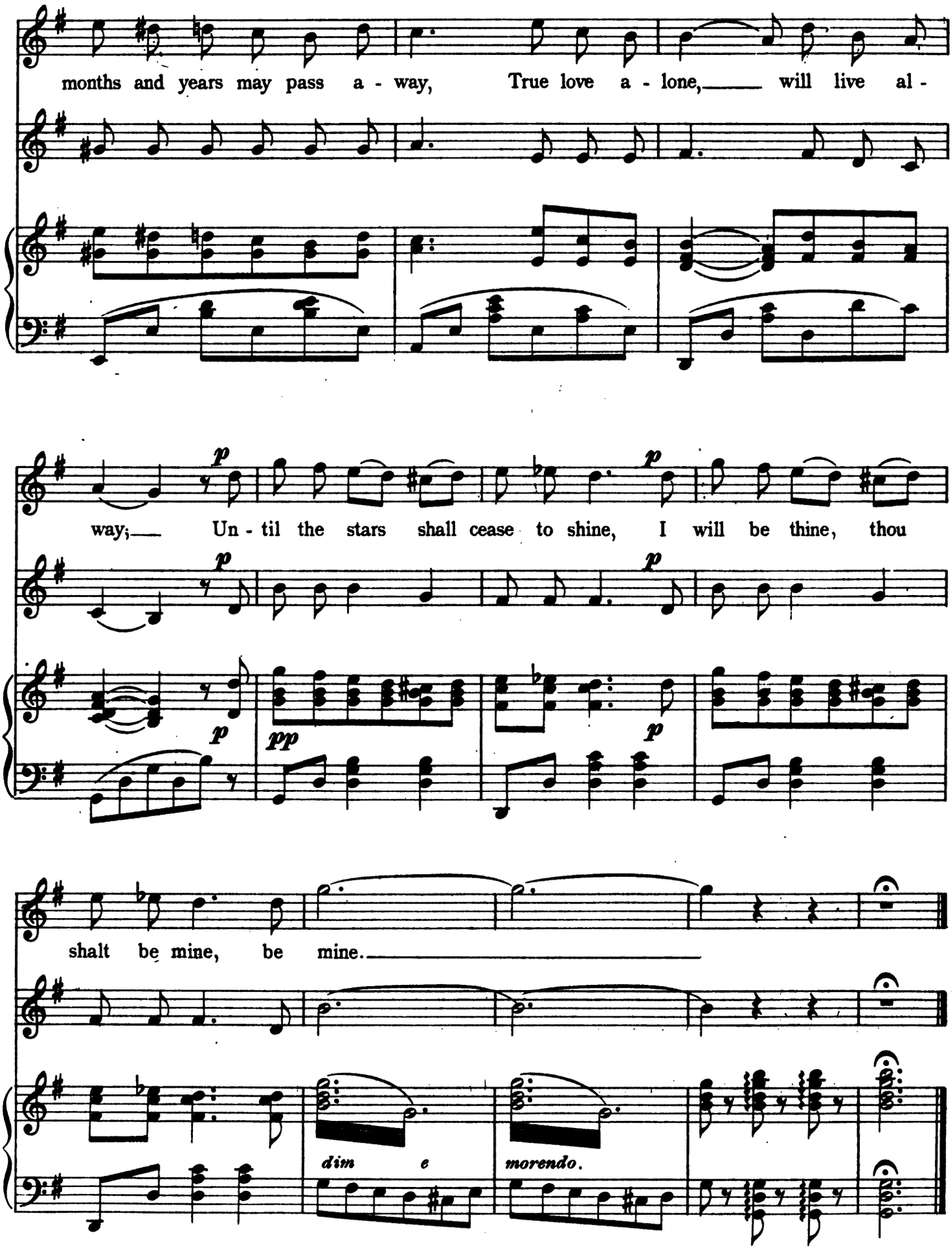

'Tis said: "that ab - sence con - quers love;" But this we've proved un -
- true.
ANGELA.
And if, sweet-heart we soon must part,
p
Let not a sigh dis - turb thy heart, The
PIOLA.
I
knot which Cu - pid tight - ly ties, The world can - not un - do;


piu mosso.
love thee dear, love thee for aye,
My fears have flown a-
con espress.
'Tis all that I can say, while
-way,
Ah! love di-vine, while
rit.
f
life shall last, My heart shall e'er be thine; Be
life shall last, My heart shall e'er be thine;
rit.
f


mine sweet - heart, I love thee a - lone;
Be
p
pp
Be mine sweet - heart, mine
thou, my king, my heart thy throne,
p
own,
'Tis love di - vine, sweet -
No joy like this, I've known; sweet -


rit.
-heart be mine! For I love thee a - lone; My
-heart be mine! For I love thee a - lone;
rit.
p
f
pp
dar - - ling, my love, my own. Two
I am thine, thine a - lone.
rit.
Sempre pp.
rit.
pp
Andante.
pp
hearts made one by Cu-pid's pow'r, Know naught of time be-yond the hour, Days,
Andante.
pp

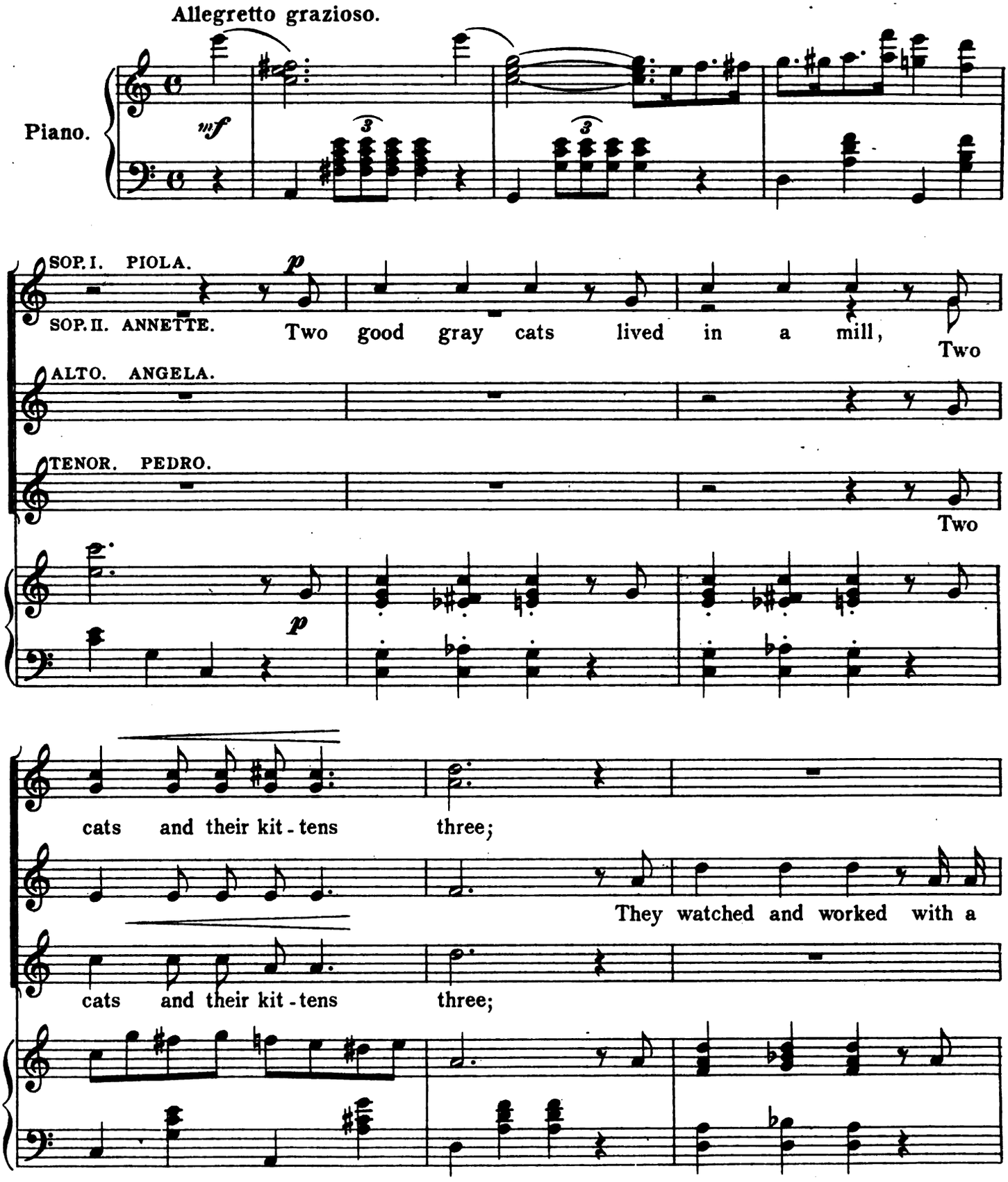

months and years may pass a - way, True love a - lone, will live al -
way; Un - til the stars shall cease to shine, I will be thine, thou
shalt be mine, be mine.
dim e morendo.

No 8. The Cats Quartette.

(Piola, Annette, Angela and Pedro.)

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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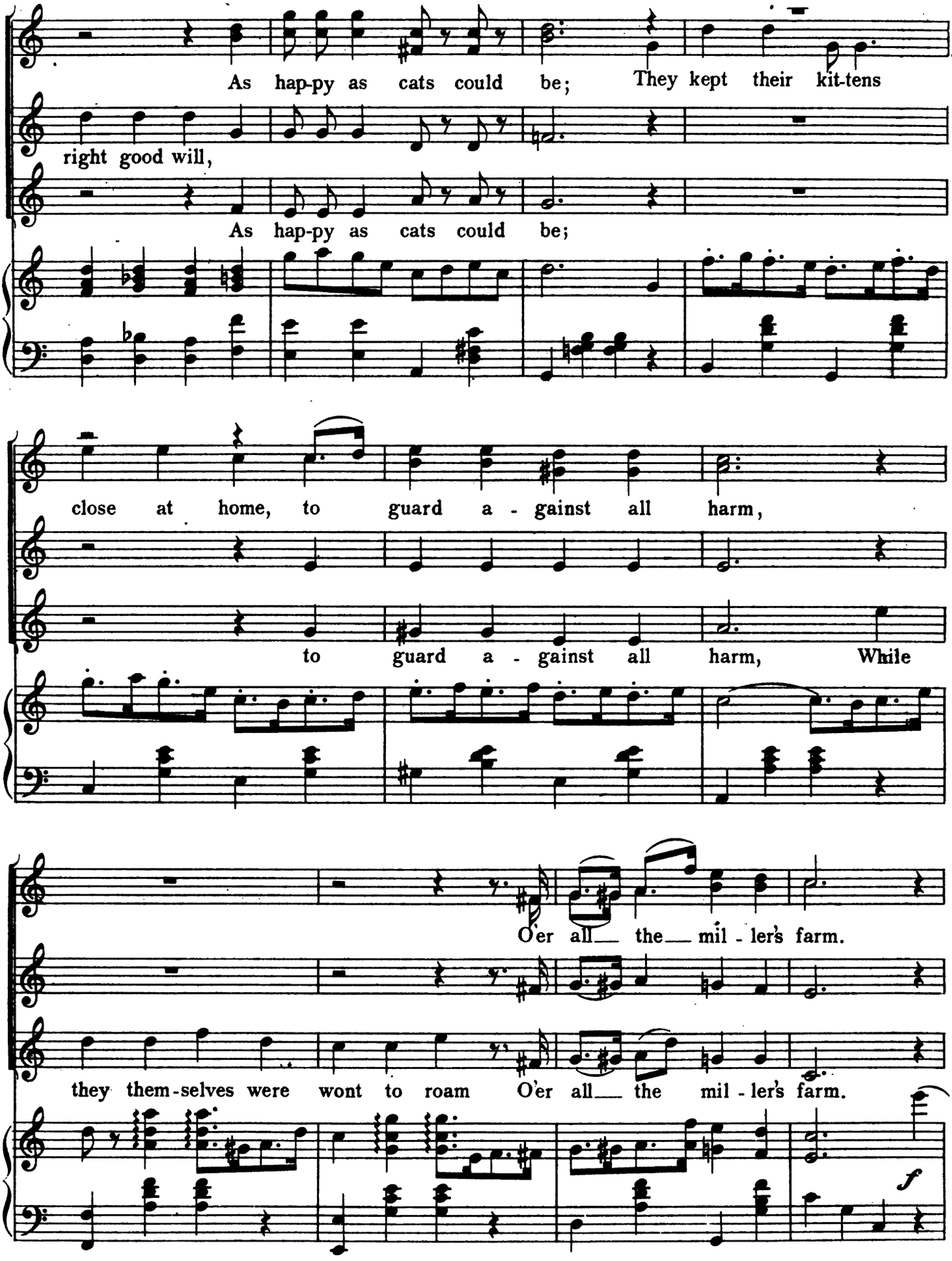
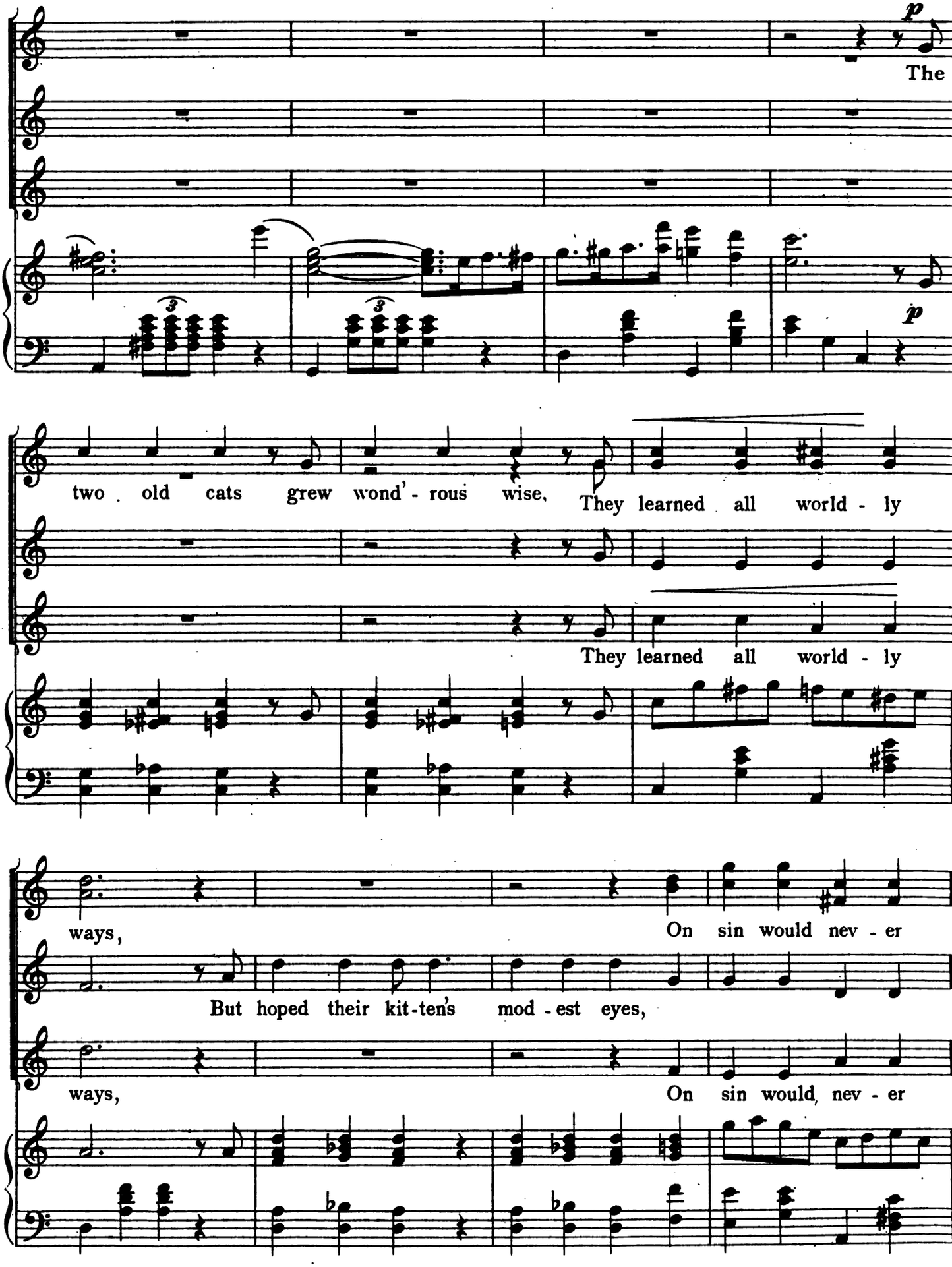
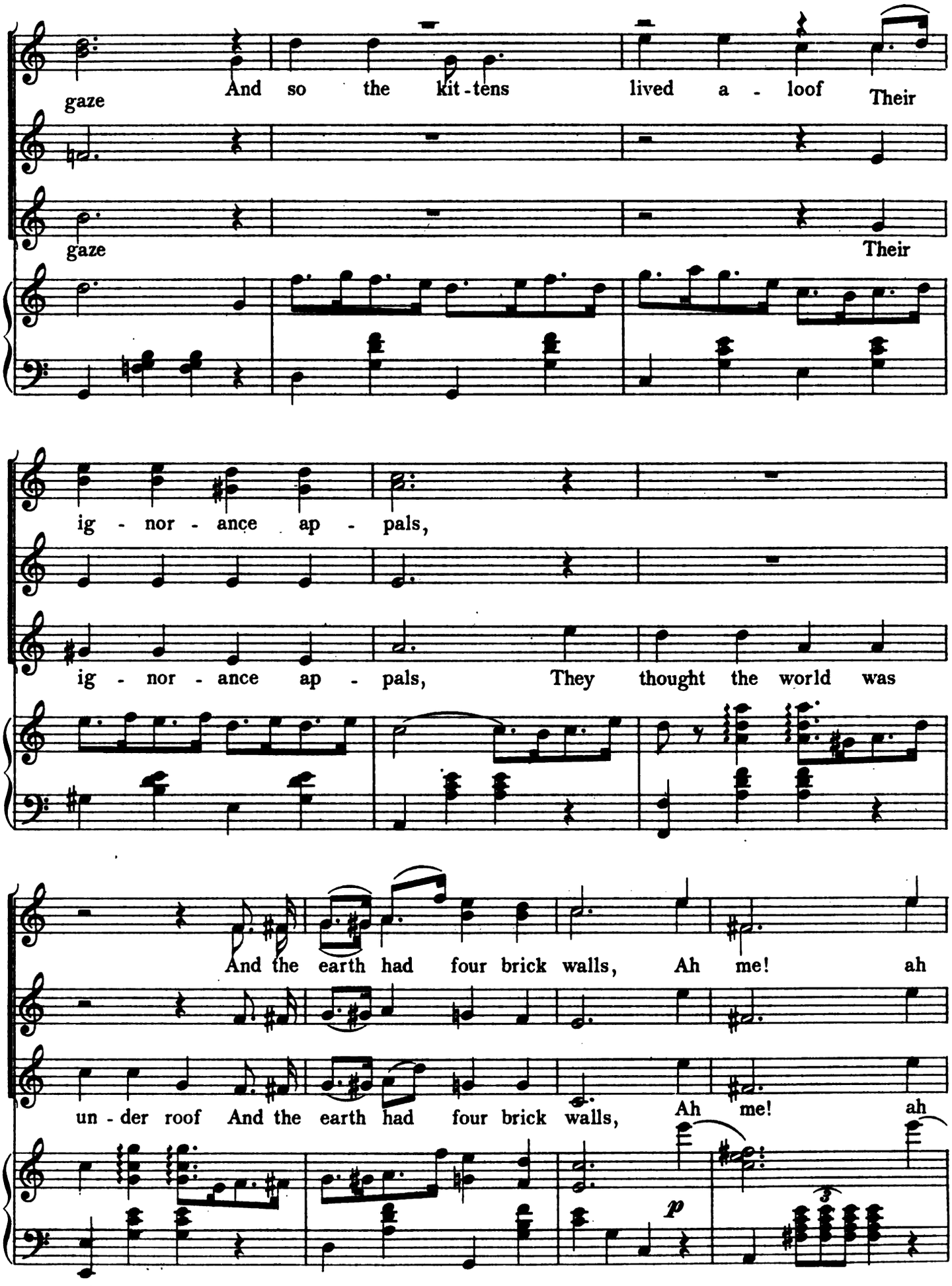
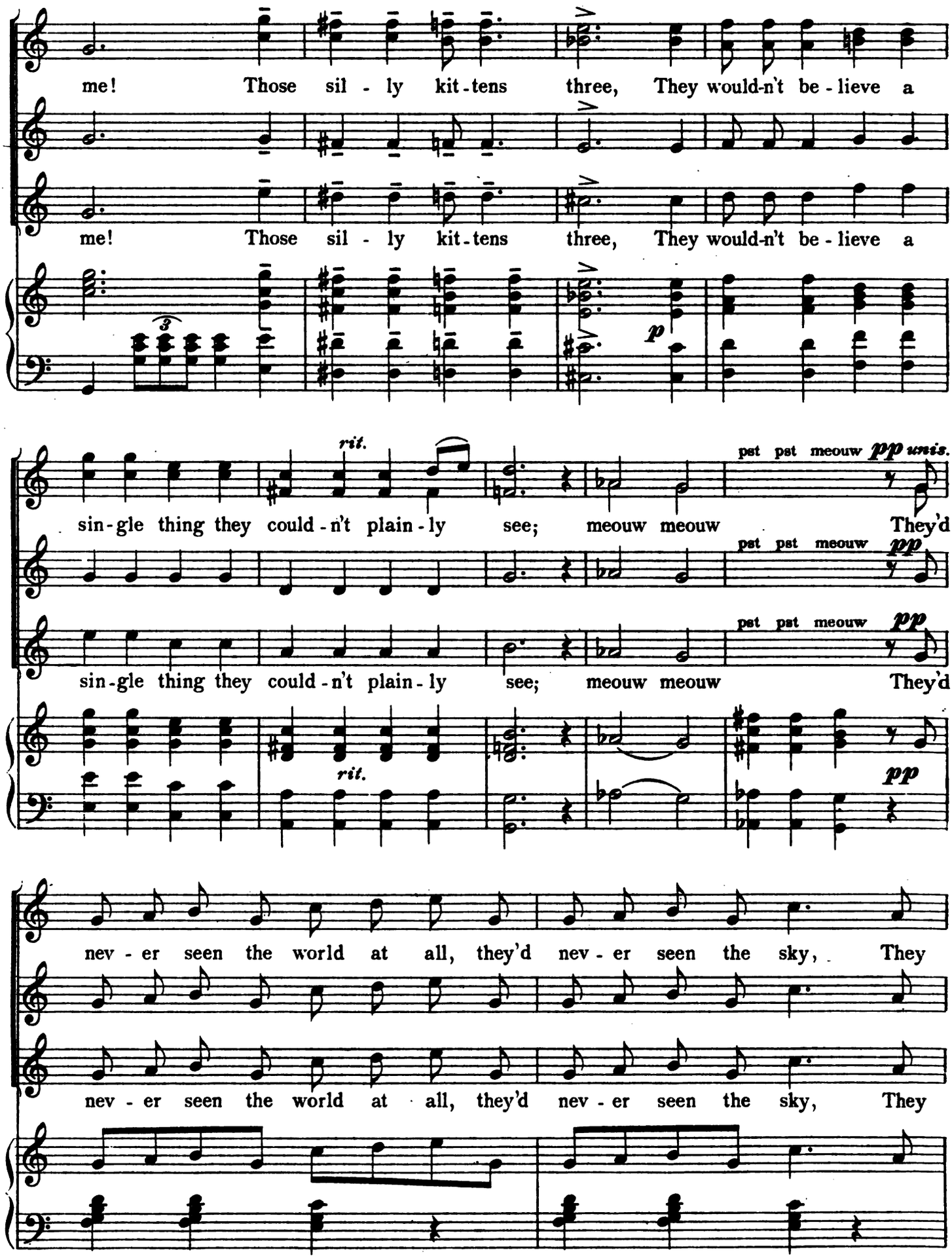
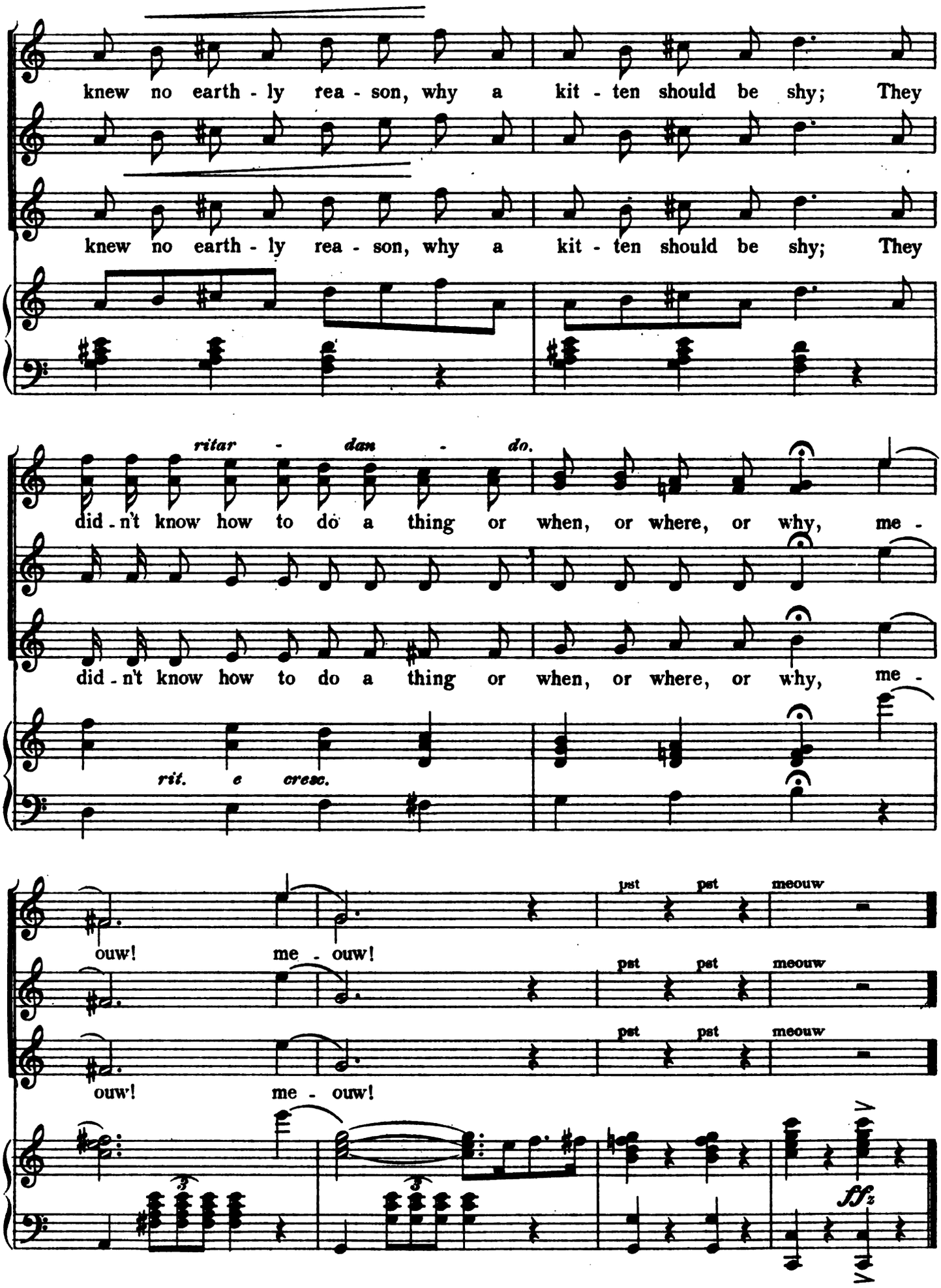

As hap-py as cats could be; They kept their kit-tens
right good will,
As hap-py as cats could be;
close at home, to guard a - gainst all harm,
to guard a - gainst all harm, While
O'er all the mil - ler's farm.
they them-selves were wont to roam O'er all the mil - ler's farm.
f


p
The
p
two old cats grew wond' - rous wise, They learned all world - ly
They learned all world - ly
ways, On sin would nev - er
But hoped their kit-ten's mod - est eyes,
ways, On sin would nev - er


gaze
And so the kit-tens lived a - loof Their
gaze
Their
ig - nor - ance ap - pals,
ig - nor - ance ap - pals, They thought the world was
And the earth had four brick walls, Ah me! ah
un - der roof And the earth had four brick walls, Ah me! ah
p

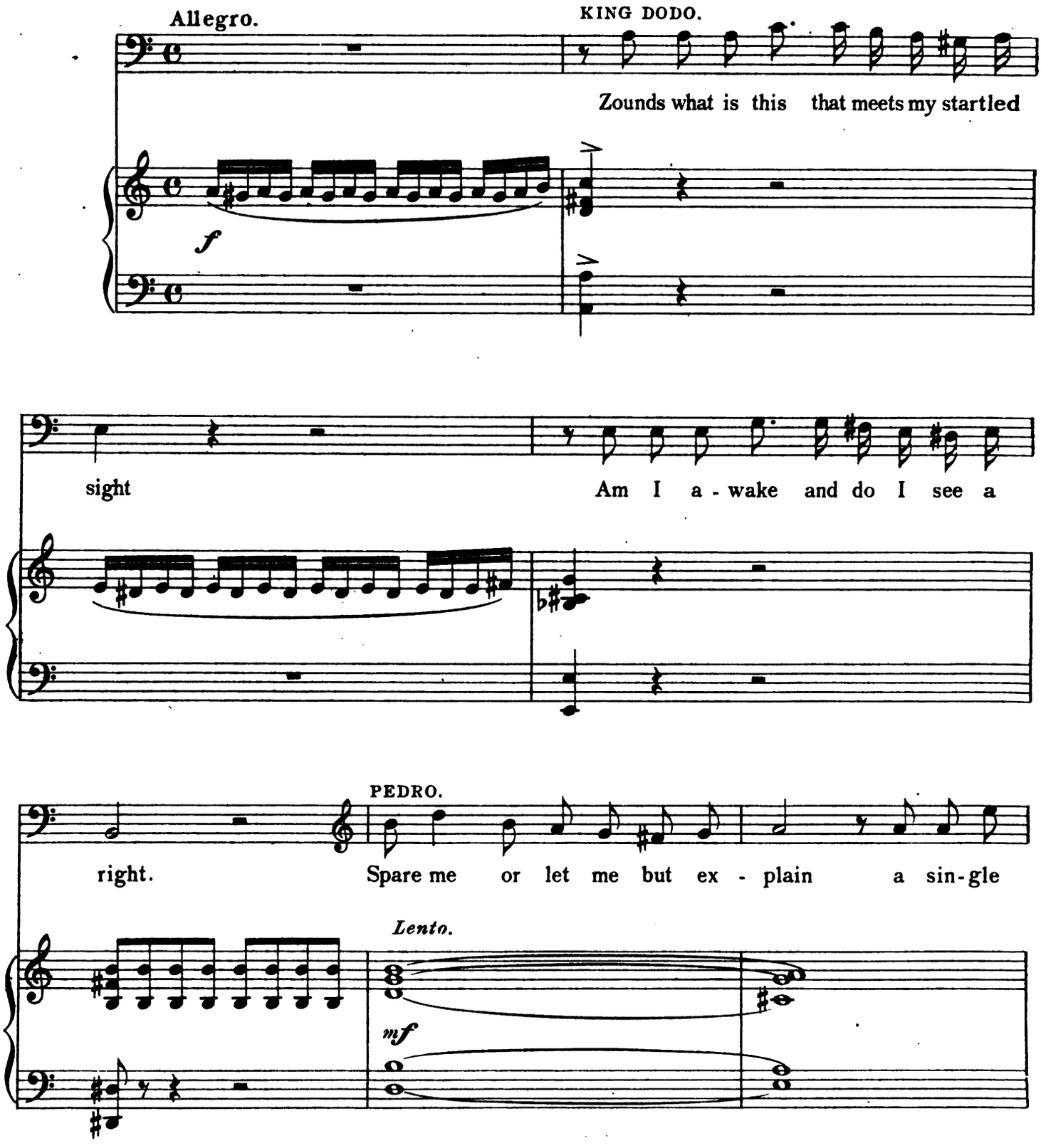

me! Those sil - ly kit - tens three, They would-n't be - lieve a
me! Those sil - ly kit - tens three, They would-n't be - lieve a
p
rit.
sin - gle thing they could - n't plain - ly see; meouw meouw
pst pst meouw pp unis.
They'd
pst pst meouw pp
sin - gle thing they could - n't plain - ly see; meouw meouw
pst pst meouw pp
They'd
rit.
pp
nev - er seen the world at all, they'd nev - er seen the sky, They
nev - er seen the world at all, they'd nev - er seen the sky, They


knew no earth - ly rea - son, why a kit - ten should be shy; They
knew no earth - ly rea - son, why a kit - ten should be shy; They
ritar - dan - do.
did - n't know how to do a thing or when, or where, or why, me -
did - n't know how to do a thing or when, or where, or why, me -
rit. e cresc.
ouw! me - ouw!
pst pst meouw
pst pst meouw
pst pst meouw
ouw! me - ouw!
3
3
ffz

No 9. Finale I.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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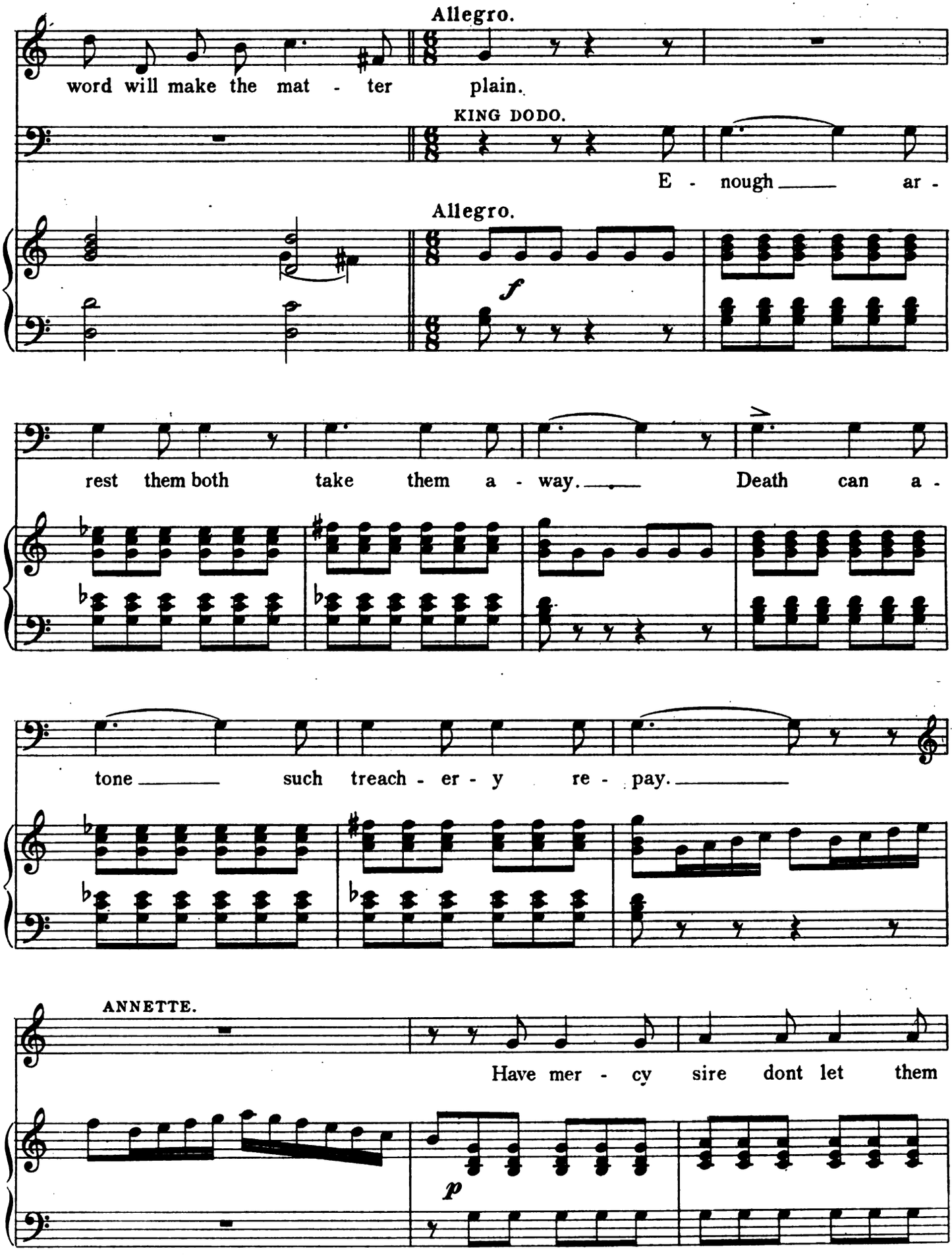
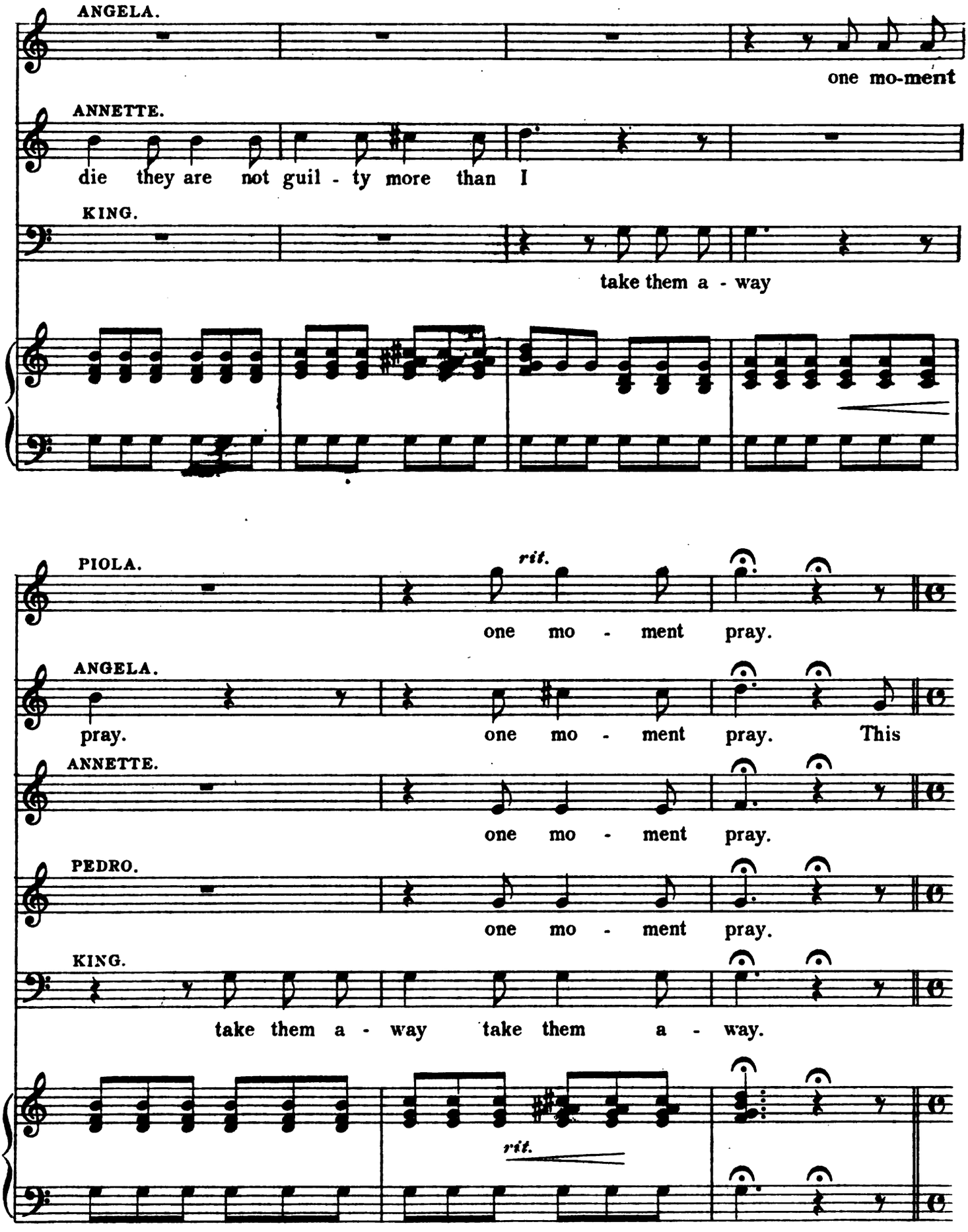
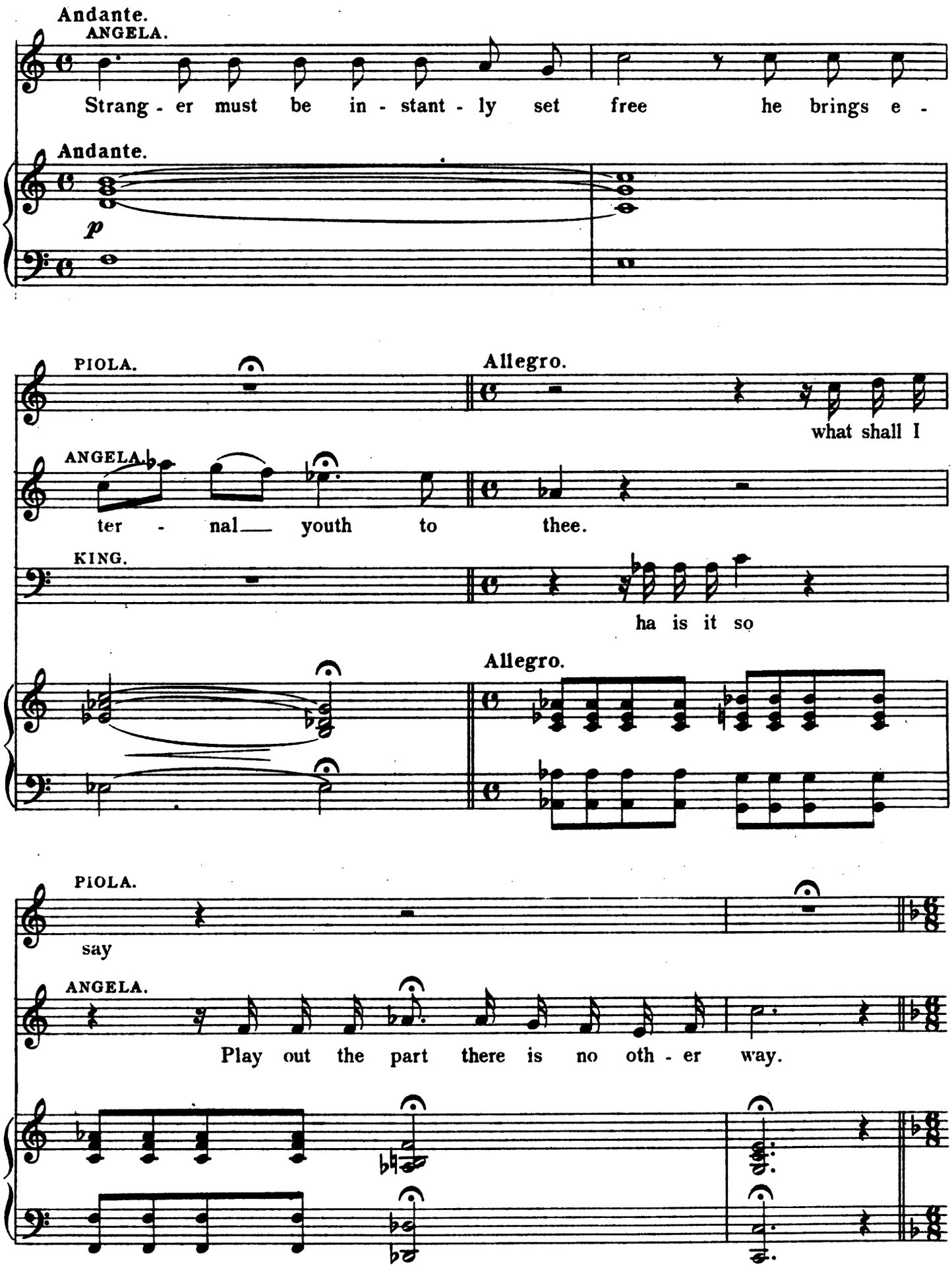
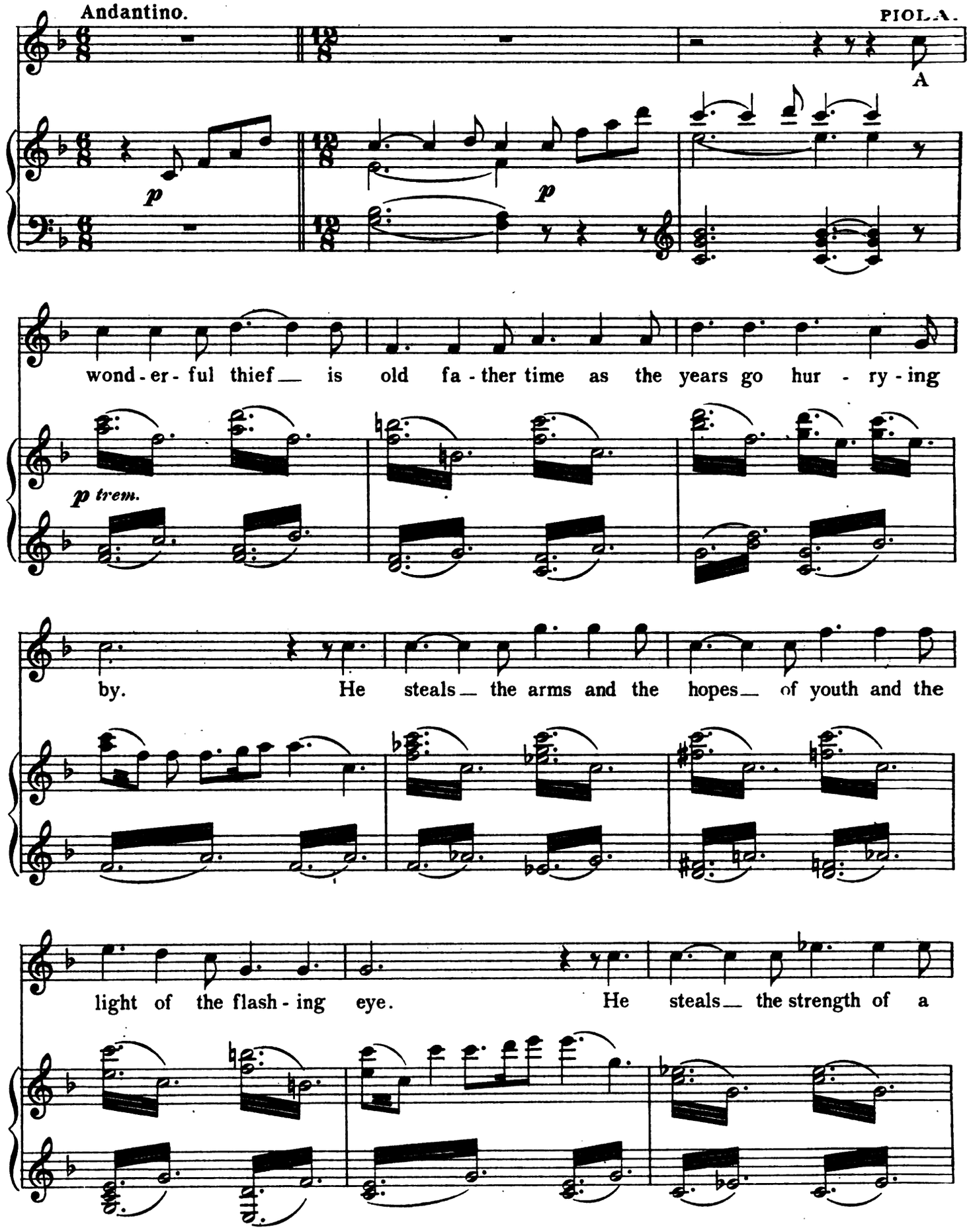
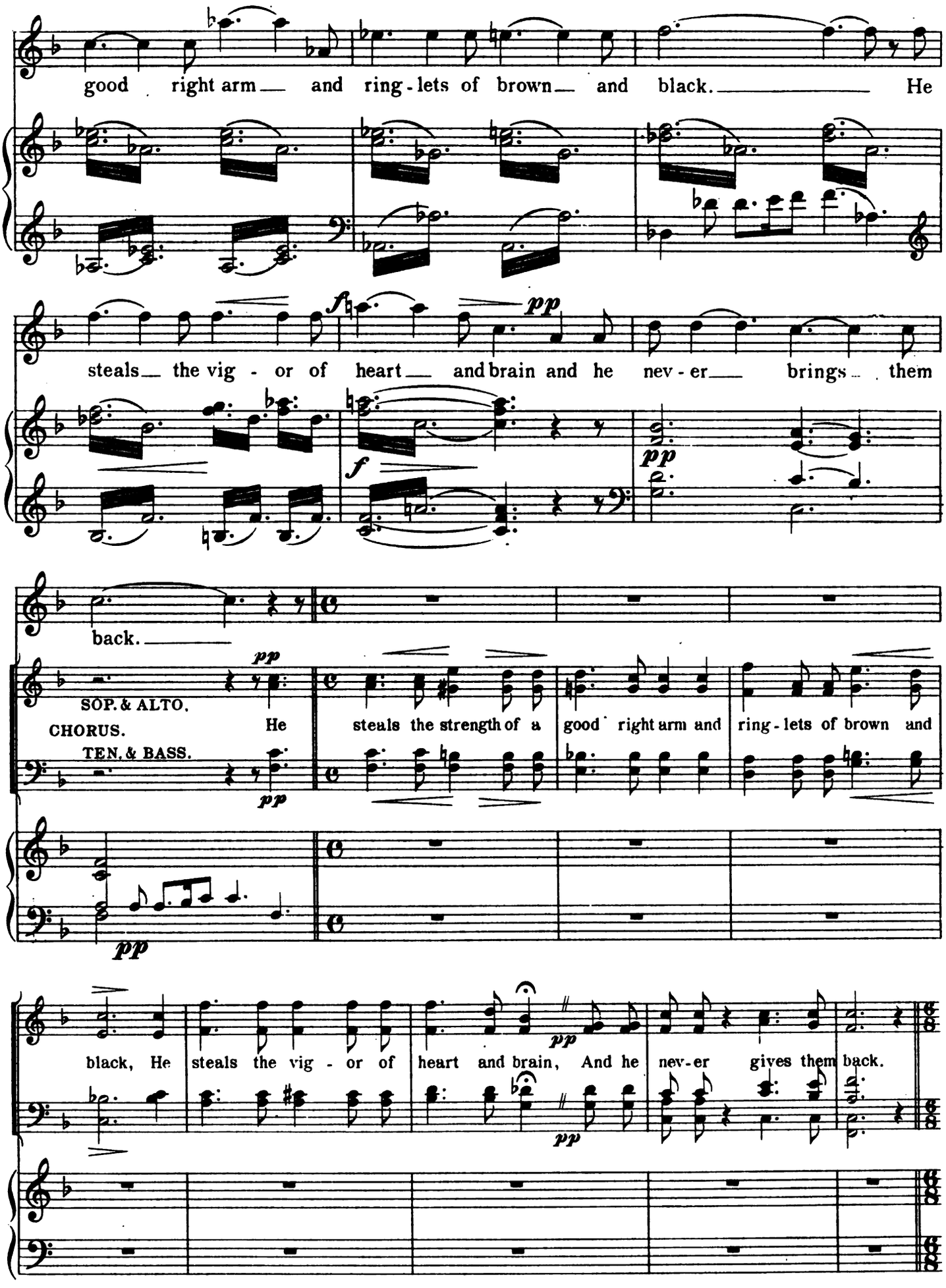

Allegro.
word will make the mat - ter plain.
KING DODO.
E - nough ar -
Allegro.
f
rest them both take them a - way. Death can a -
tone such treach - er - y re - pay.
ANNETTE.
Have mer - cy sire dont let them
p

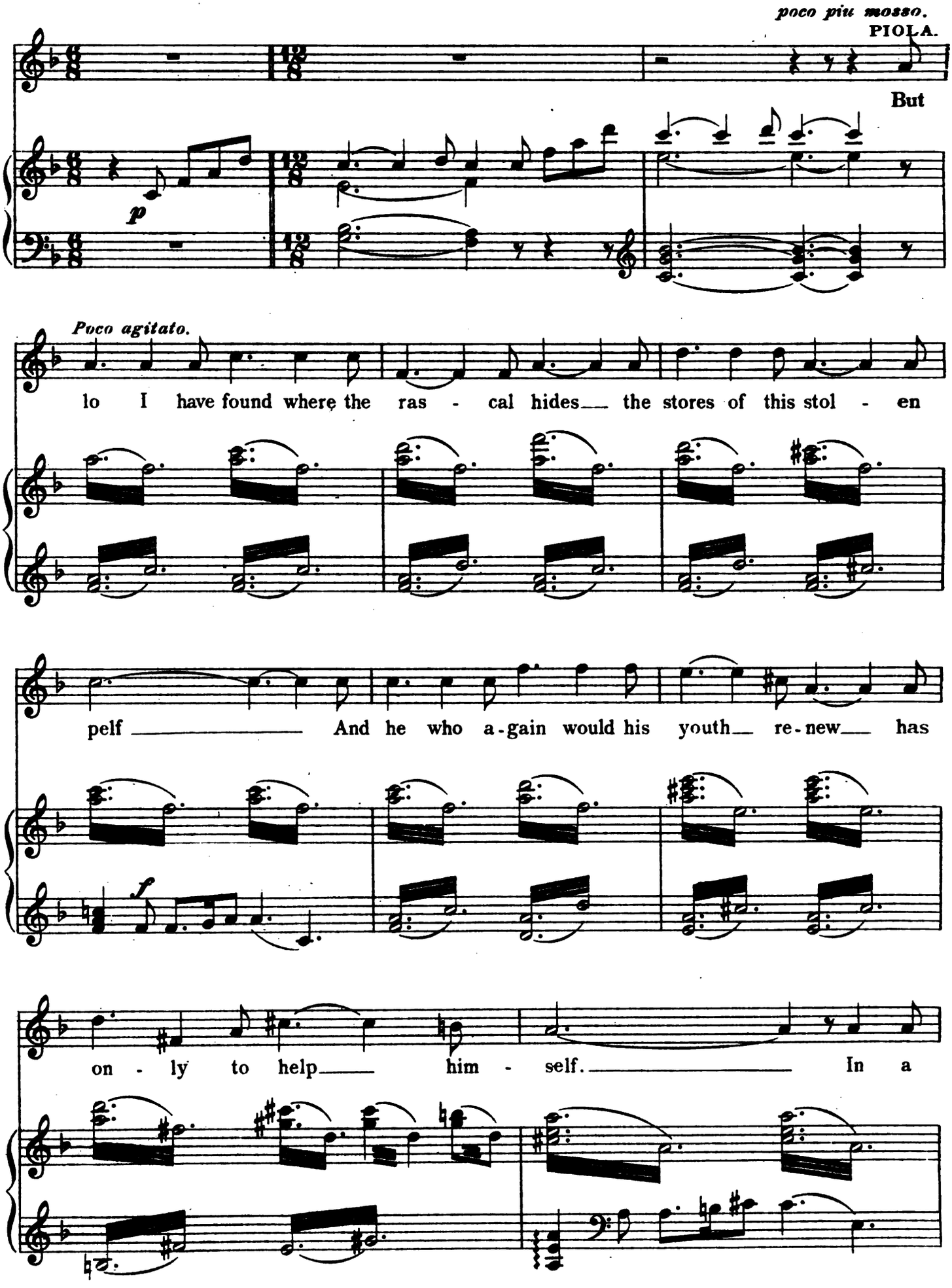

ANGELA.
one mo-ment
ANNETTE.
die they are not guil - ty more than I
KING.
take them a - way
PIOLA.
rit.
one mo - ment pray.
ANGELA.
pray. one mo - ment pray. This
ANNETTE.
one mo - ment pray.
PEDRO.
one mo - ment pray.
KING.
take them a - way take them a - way.
rit.

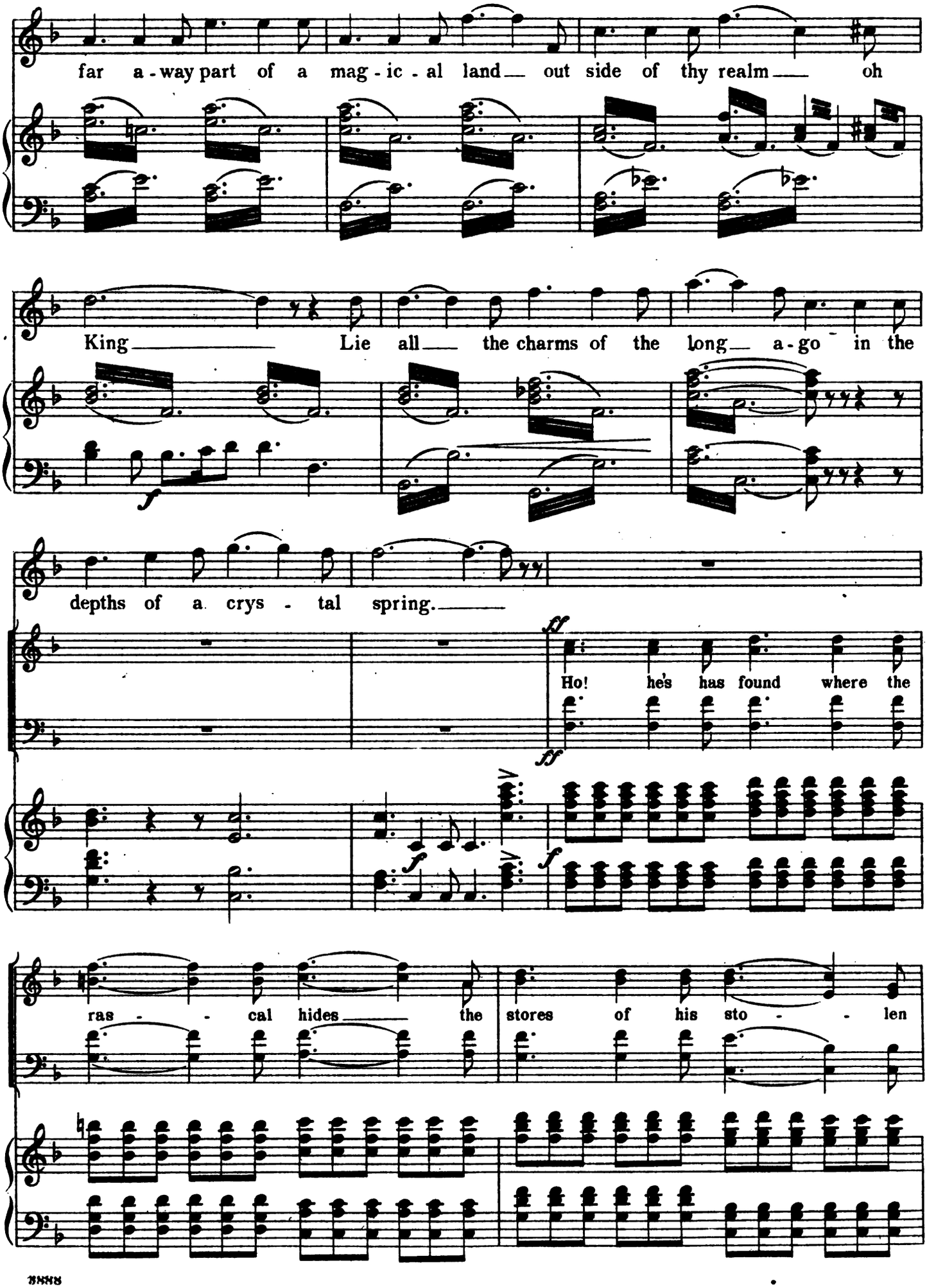

Andante.
ANGELA.
Strang - er must be in - stant - ly set free he brings e -
Andante.
p
PIOLA.
Allegro.
what shall I
ANGELA.
ter - nal youth to thee.
KING.
ha is it so
Allegro.
PIOLA.
say
ANGELA.
Play out the part there is no oth - er way.

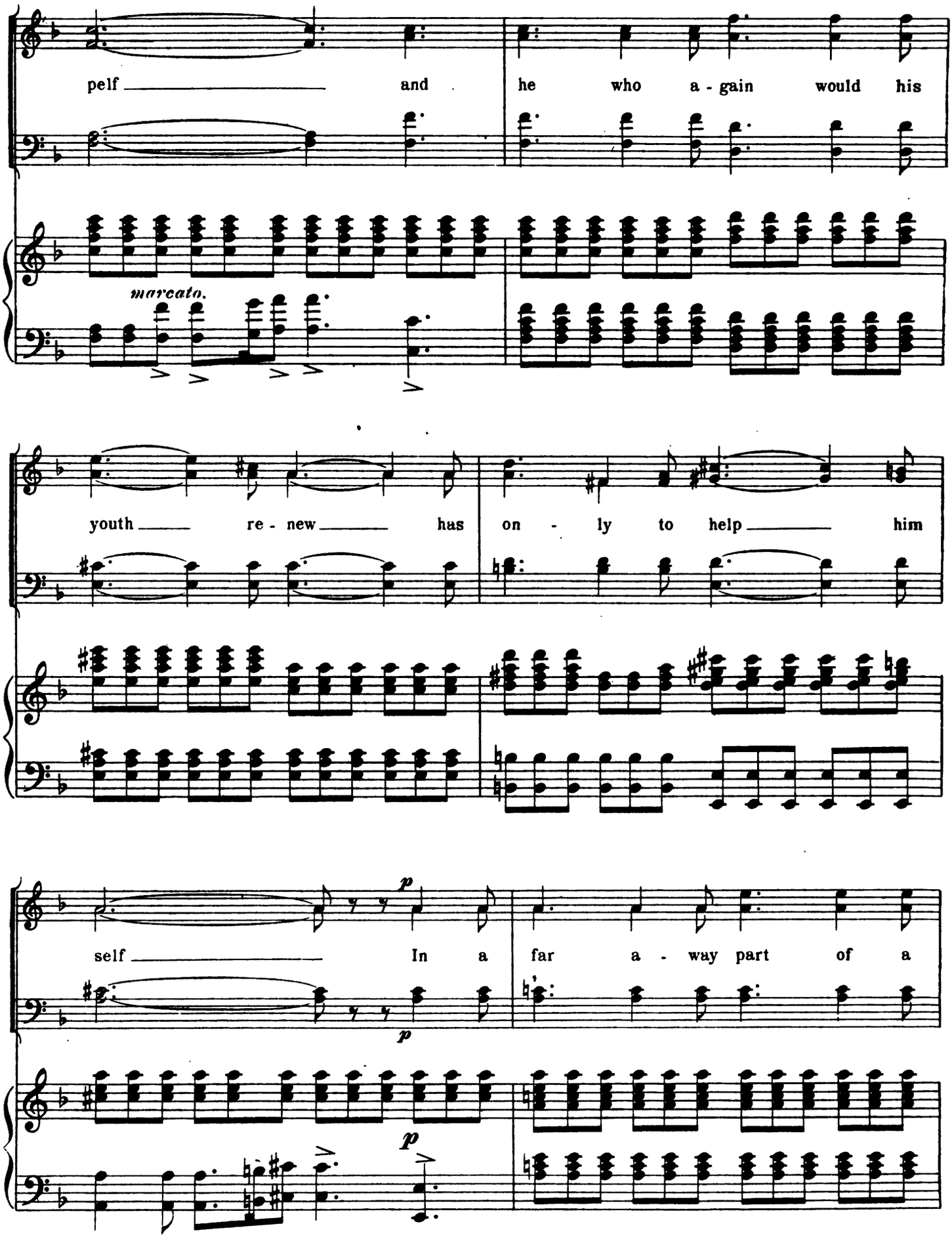
Old Father Time.

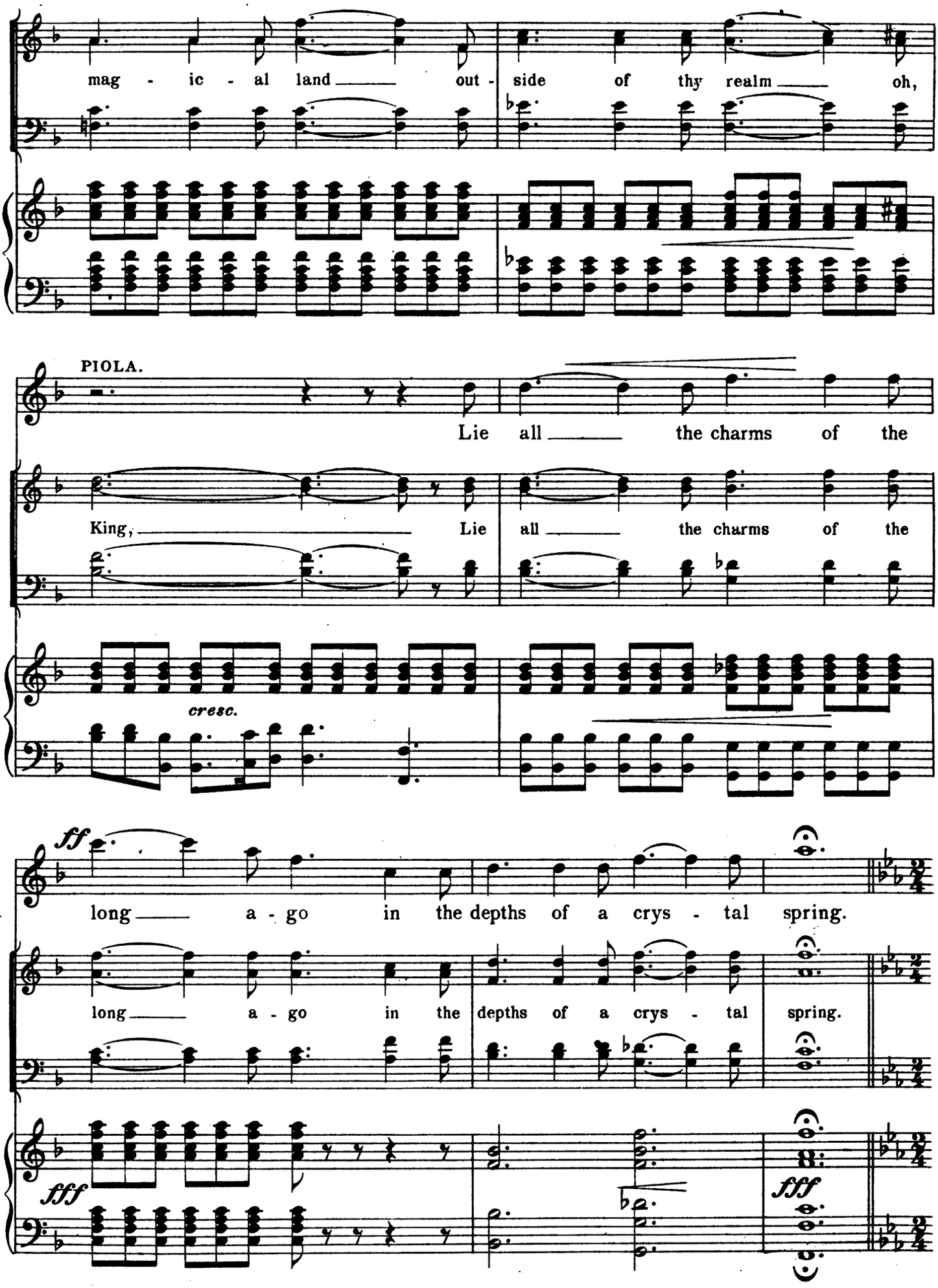


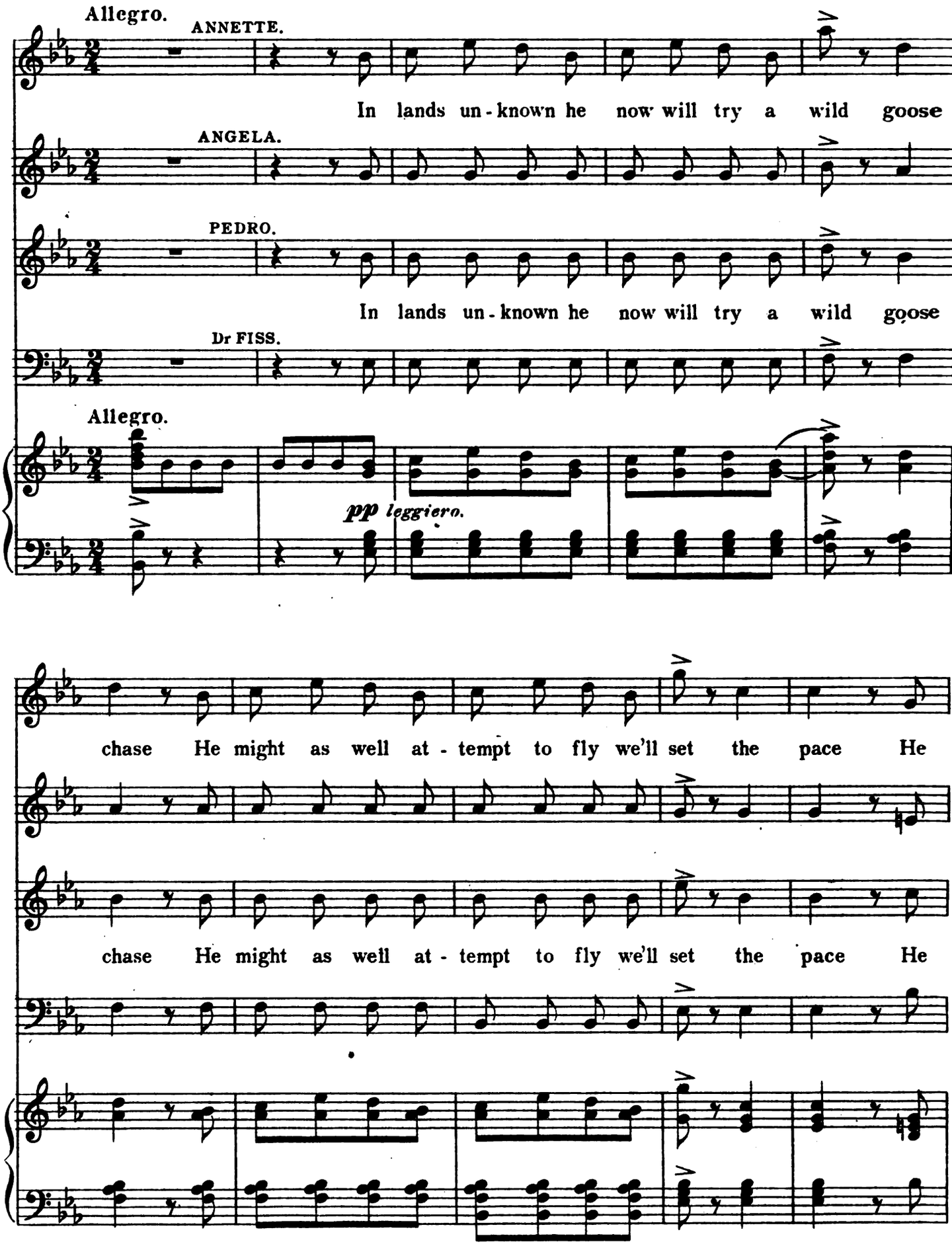

good right arm — and ring-lets of brown — and black. — He
steals — the vig - or of heart — and brain and he nev - er — brings — them
back. —
SOP. & ALTO.
CHORUS.
TEN. & BASS.
He steals the strength of a good right arm and ring-lets of brown and
black, He steals the vig - or of heart and brain, And he nev-er gives them back.

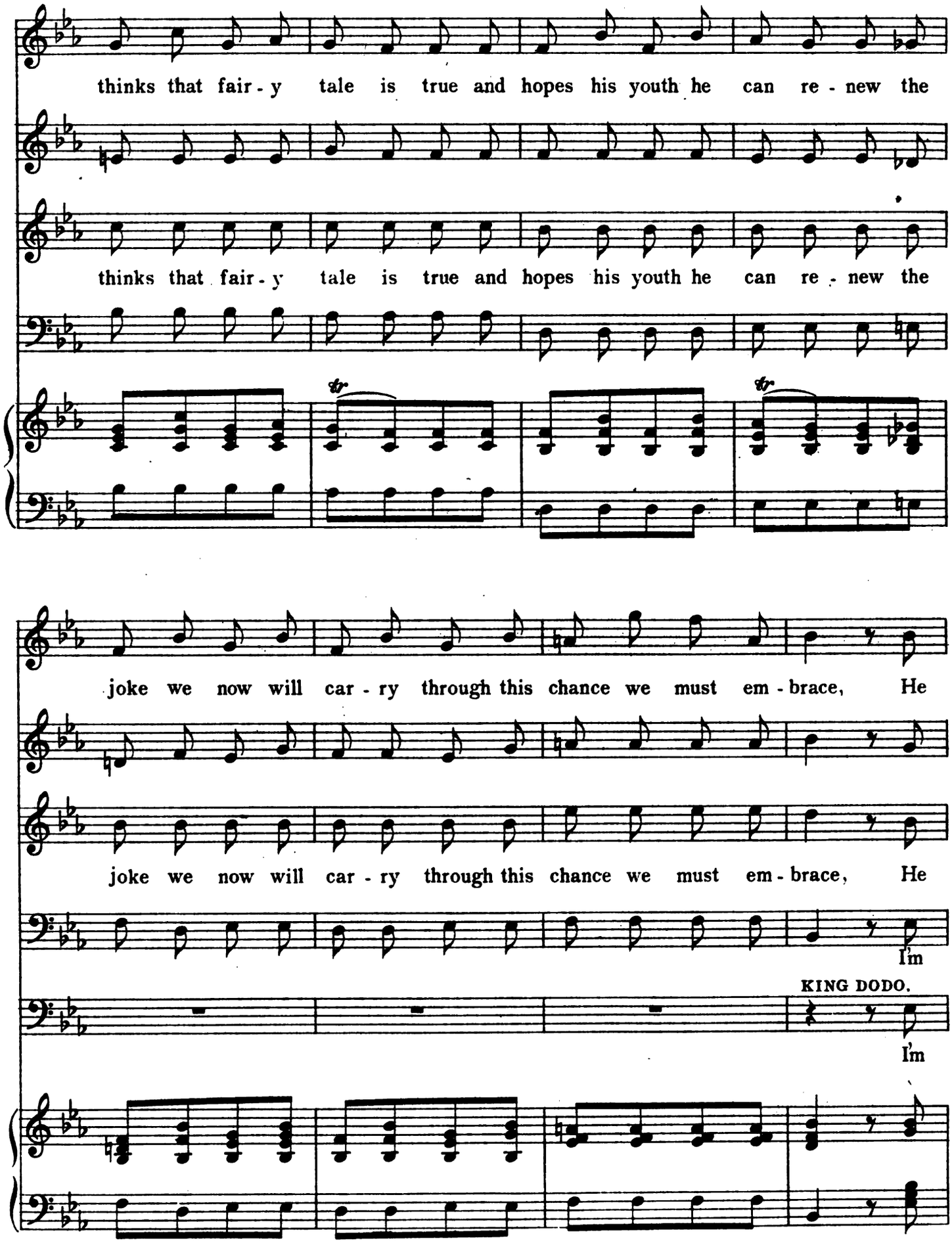

poco piu mosso.
PIOLA.
But
p
Poco agitato.
lo I have found where the ras - cal hides the stores of this stol - en
pelf And he who a-gain would his youth re-new has
f
on - ly to help him - self. In a

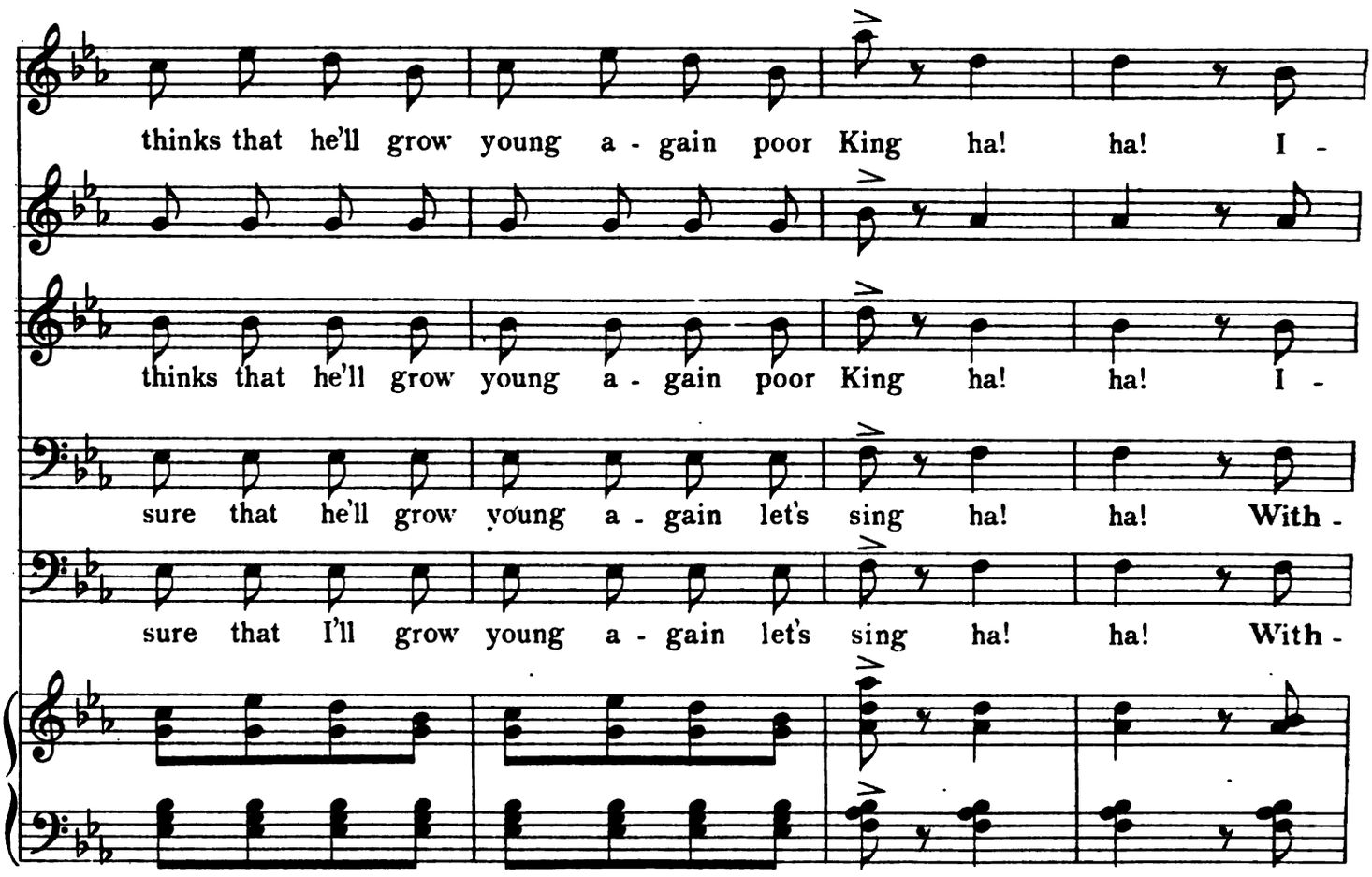

far a-way part of a mag-ic-al land out side of thy realm oh
King Lie all the charms of the long a-go in the
depths of a crys-tal spring.
Ho! he's has found where the
ras-cal hides the stores of his sto-len

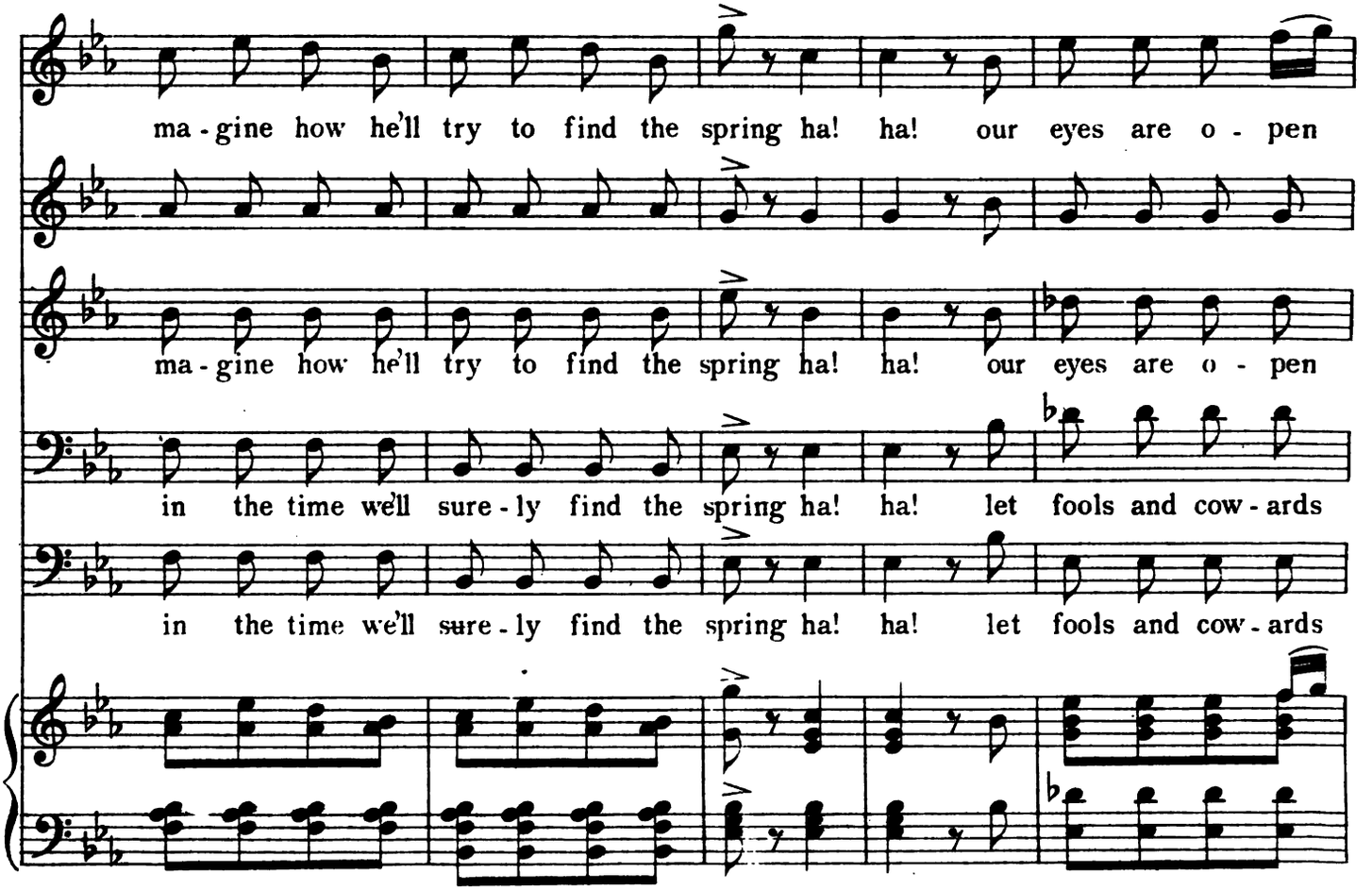

pelf and he who a - gain would his
marcato.
youth re - new has on - ly to help him
self In a far a - way part of a
p
p
p

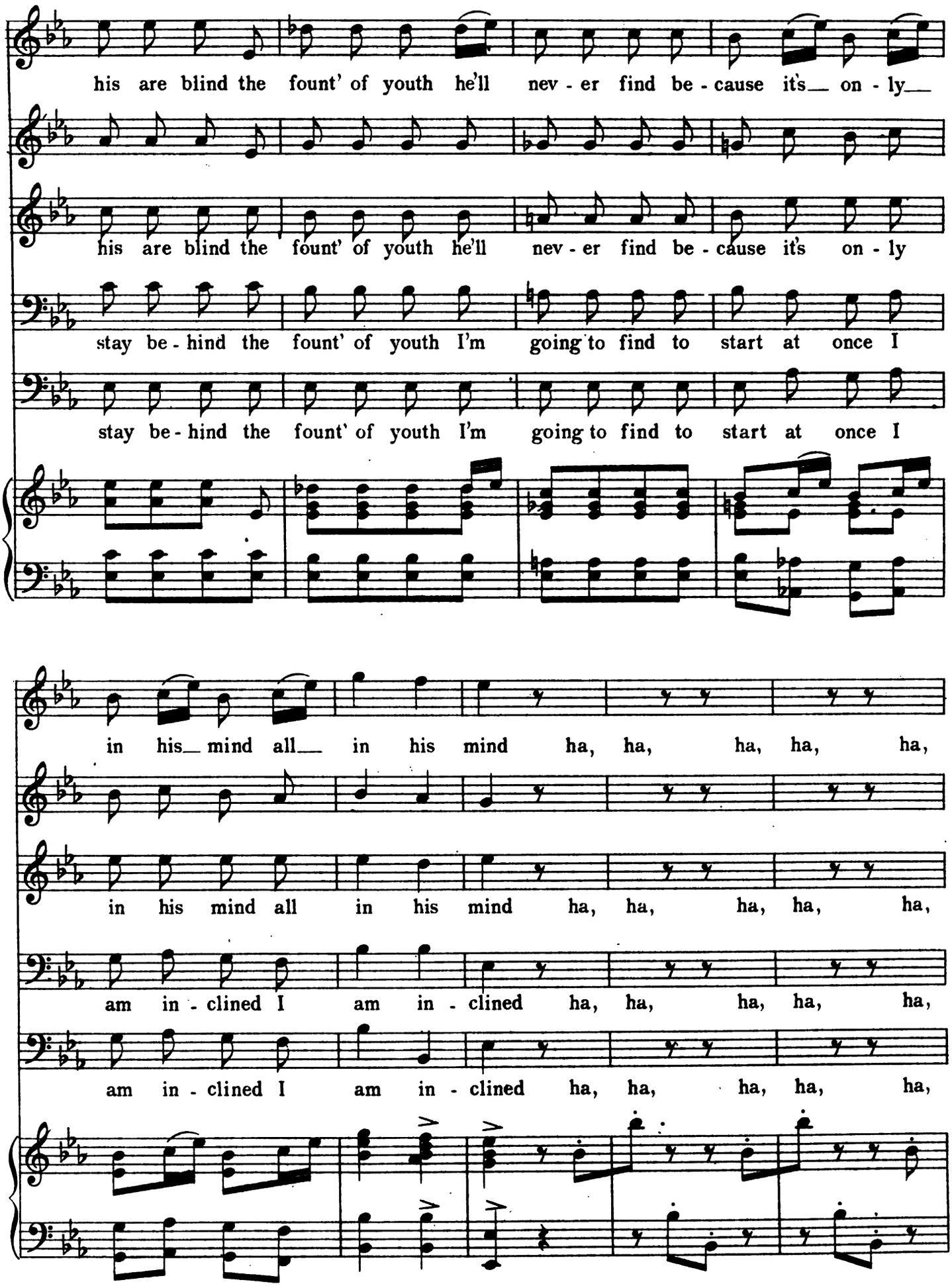

mag - ic - al land out - side of thy realm oh,
PIOLA.
Lie all the charms of the
King, Lie all the charms of the
cresc.
ff
long a - go in the depths of a crys - tal spring.
long a - go in the depths of a crys - tal spring.
fff
fff

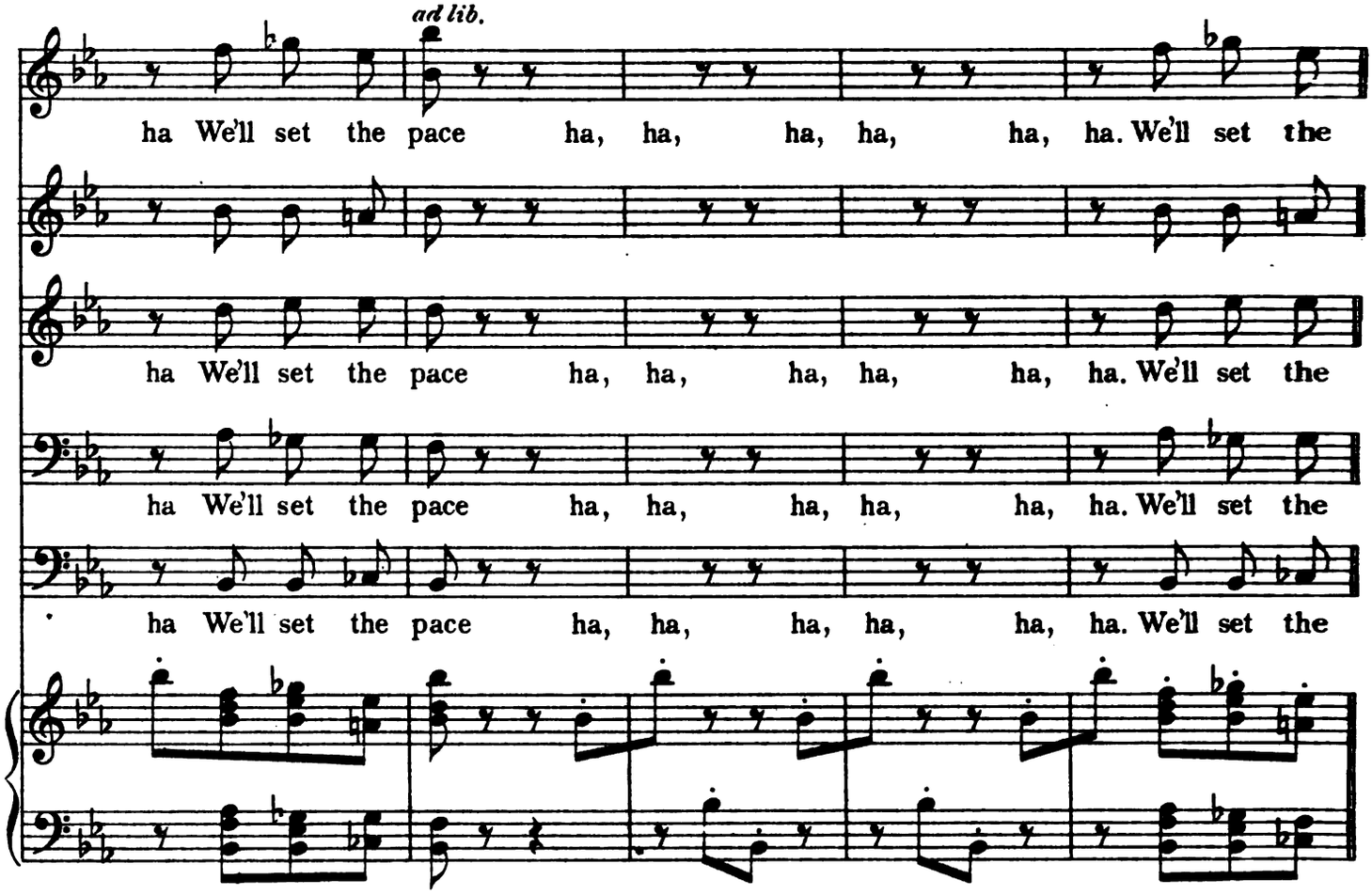

Allegro.
ANNETTE.
In lands un - known he now will try a wild goose
ANGELA.
PEDRO.
In lands un - known he now will try a wild goose
Dr FISS.
Allegro.
pp leggiero.
chase He might as well at - tempt to fly we'll set the pace He
chase He might as well at - tempt to fly we'll set the pace He

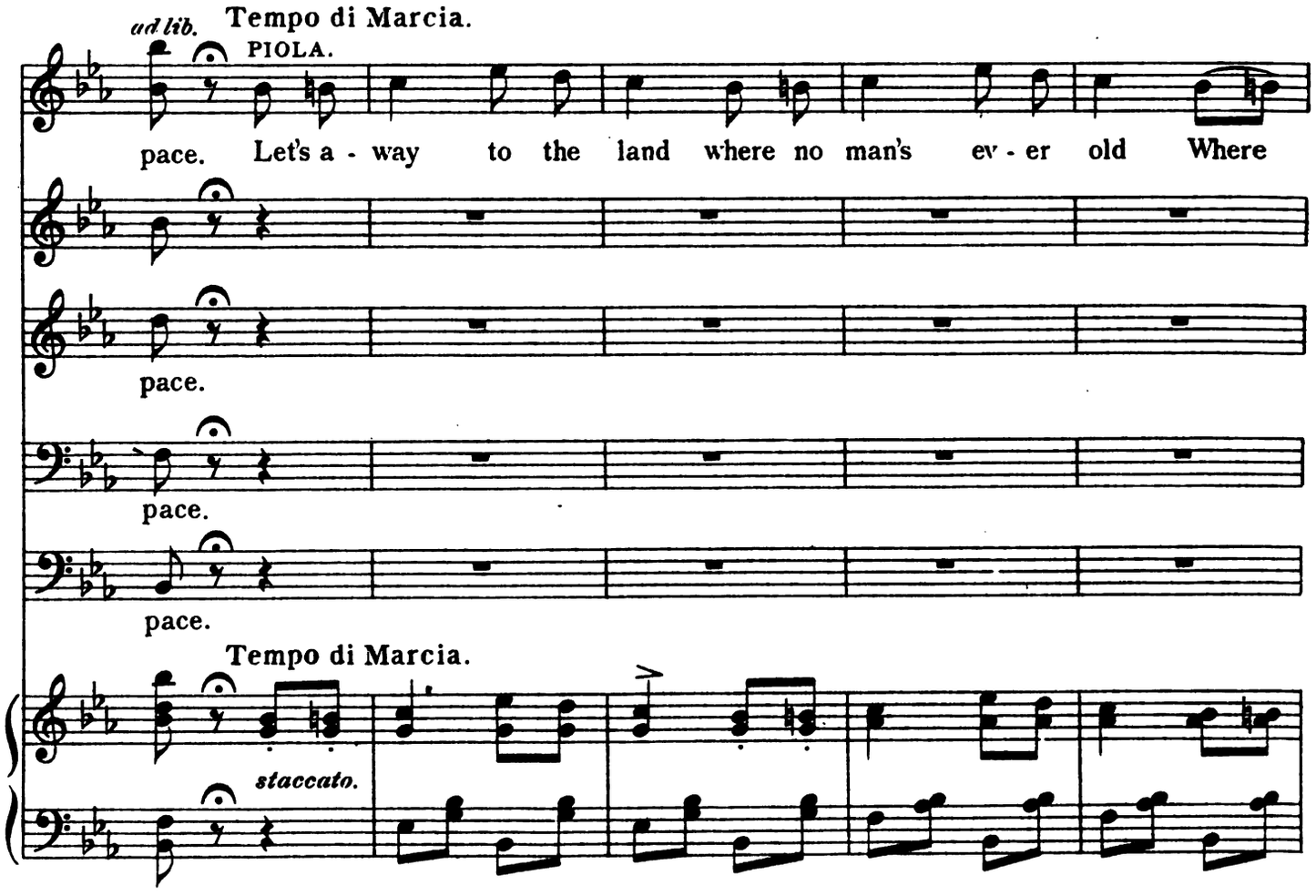

thinks that fair - y tale is true and hopes his youth he can re - new the
thinks that fair - y tale is true and hopes his youth he can re - new the
joke we now will car - ry through this chance we must em - brace, He
joke we now will car - ry through this chance we must em - brace, He
I'm
KING DODO.
I'm

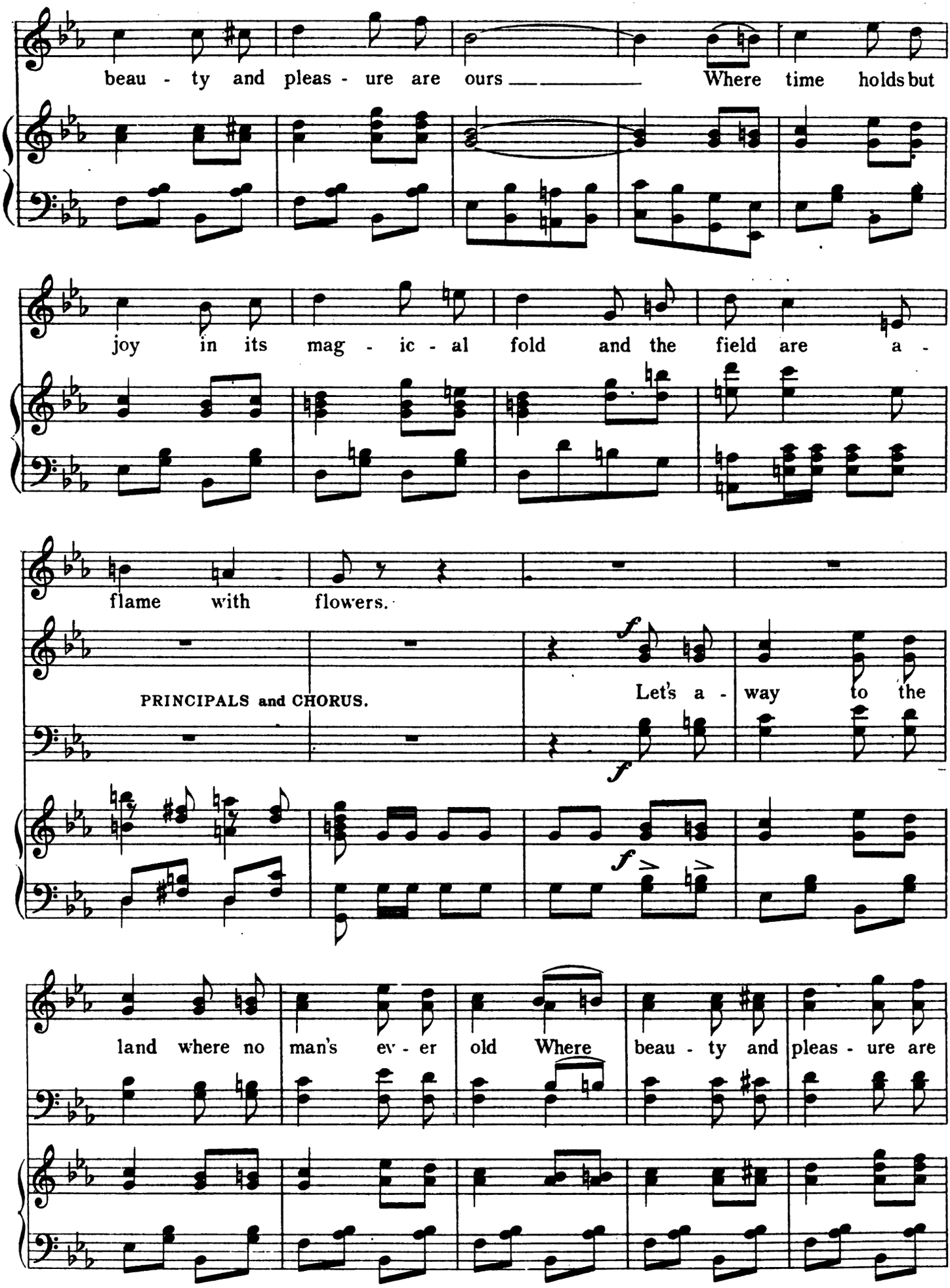

thinks that he'll grow young a - gain poor King ha! ha! I -
thinks that he'll grow young a - gain poor King ha! ha! I -
sure that he'll grow young a - gain let's sing ha! ha! With -
sure that I'll grow young a - gain let's sing ha! ha! With -

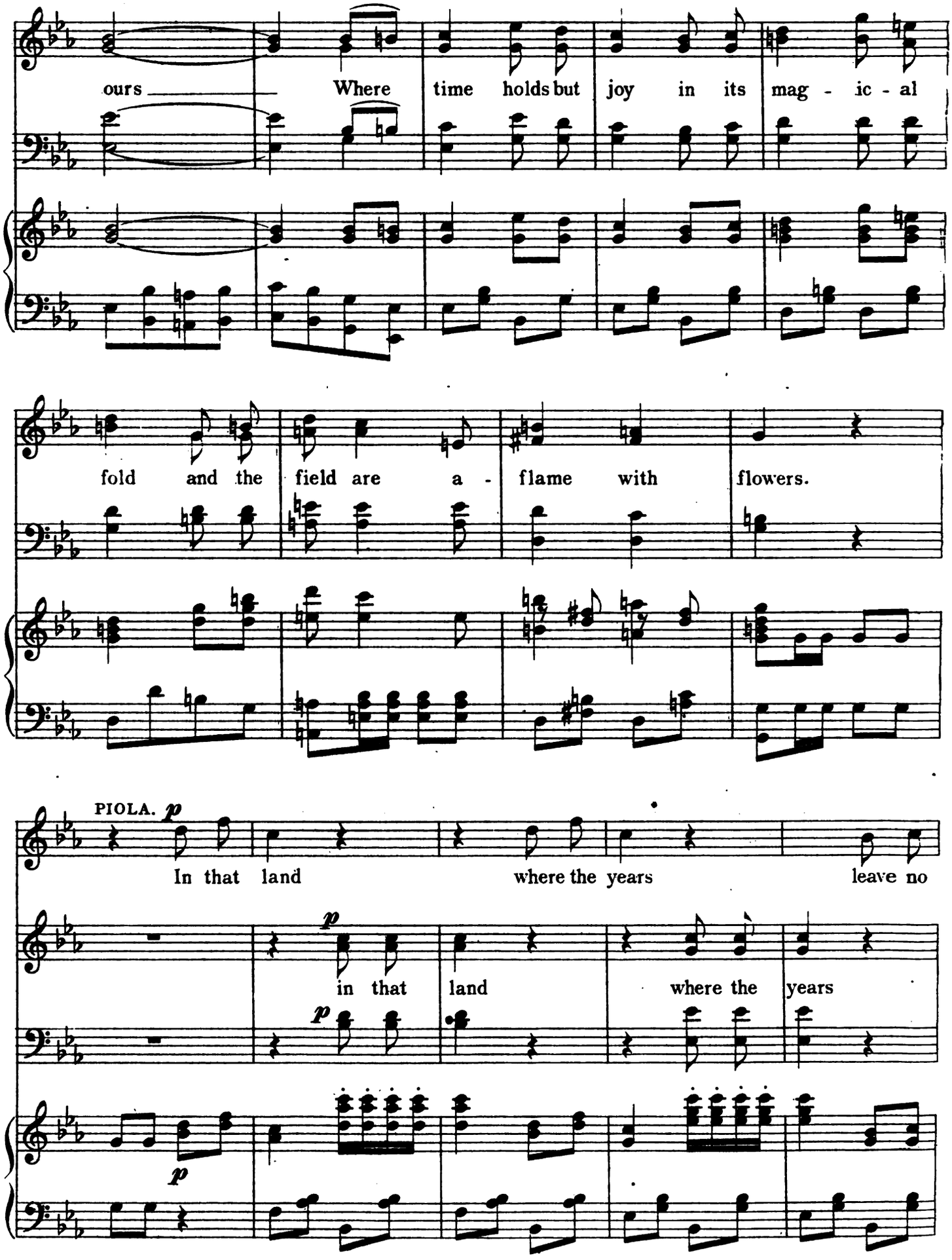

ma - gine how he'll try to find the spring ha! ha! our eyes are o - pen
ma - gine how he'll try to find the spring ha! ha! our eyes are o - pen
in the time we'll sure - ly find the spring ha! ha! let fools and cow - ards
in the time we'll sure - ly find the spring ha! ha! let fools and cow - ards

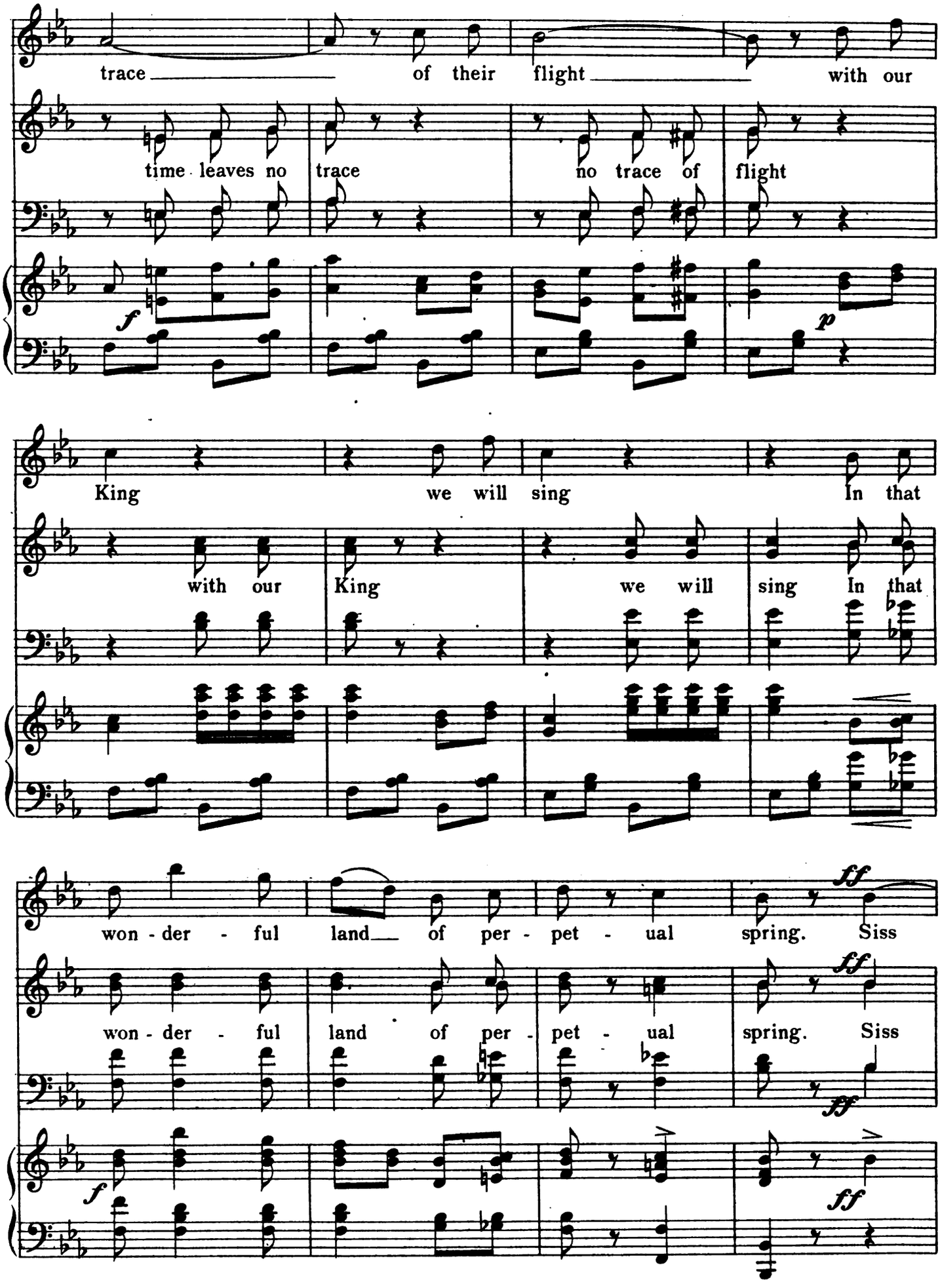

his are blind the fount' of youth he'll nev - er find be - cause it's on - ly
his are blind the fount' of youth he'll nev - er find be - cause it's on - ly
stay be - hind the fount' of youth I'm going to find to start at once I
stay be - hind the fount' of youth I'm going to find to start at once I
in his mind all in his mind ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
in his mind all in his mind ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
am in - clined I am in - clined ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
am in - clined I am in - clined ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

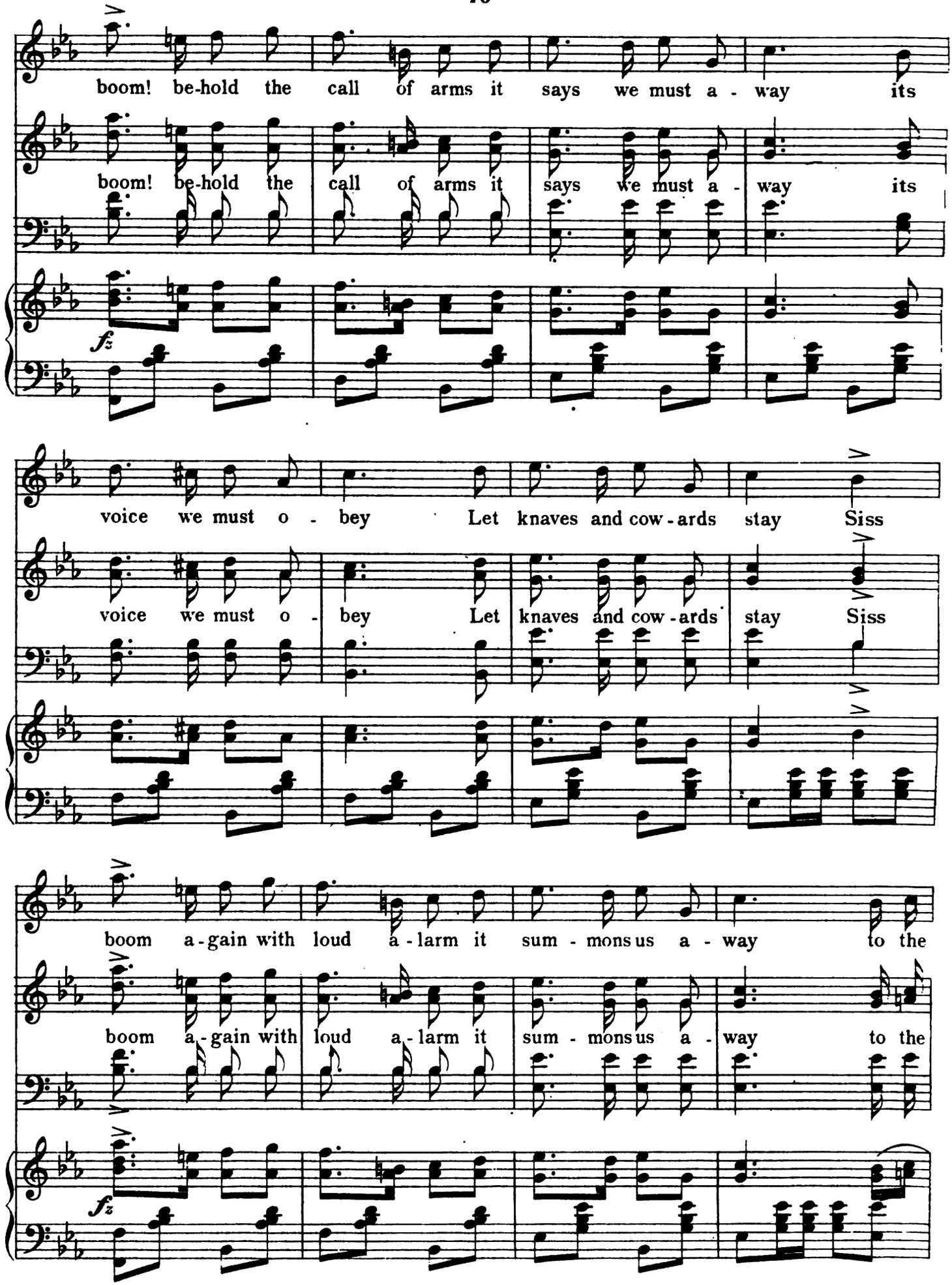

ad lib.
ha We'll set the pace ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. We'll set the
ha We'll set the pace ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. We'll set the
ha We'll set the pace ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. We'll set the
ha We'll set the pace ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. We'll set the

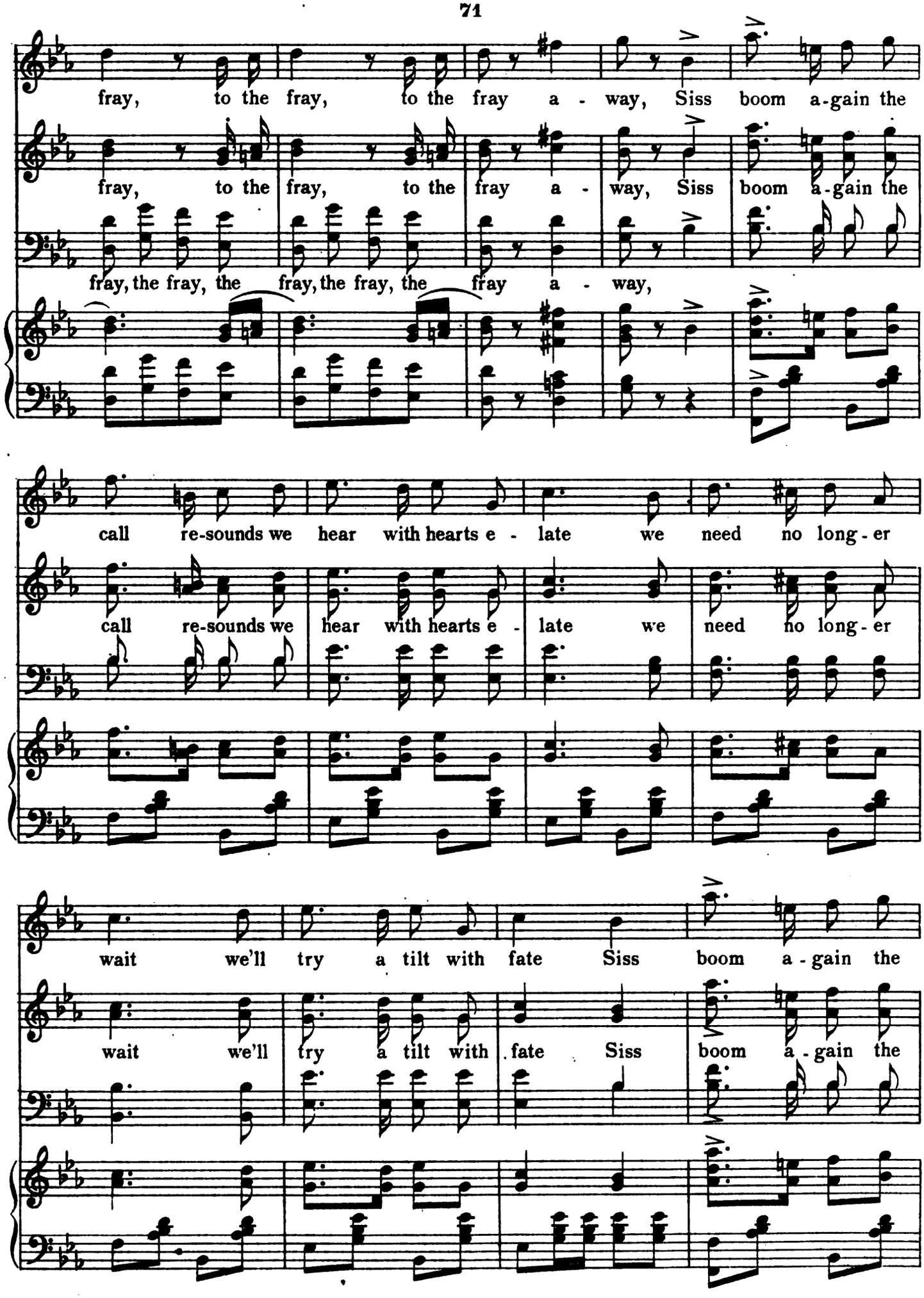

ad lib.
Tempo di Marcia.
PIOLA.
pace. Let's a - way to the land where no man's ev - er old Where
pace.
pace.
pace.
Tempo di Marcia.
staccato.

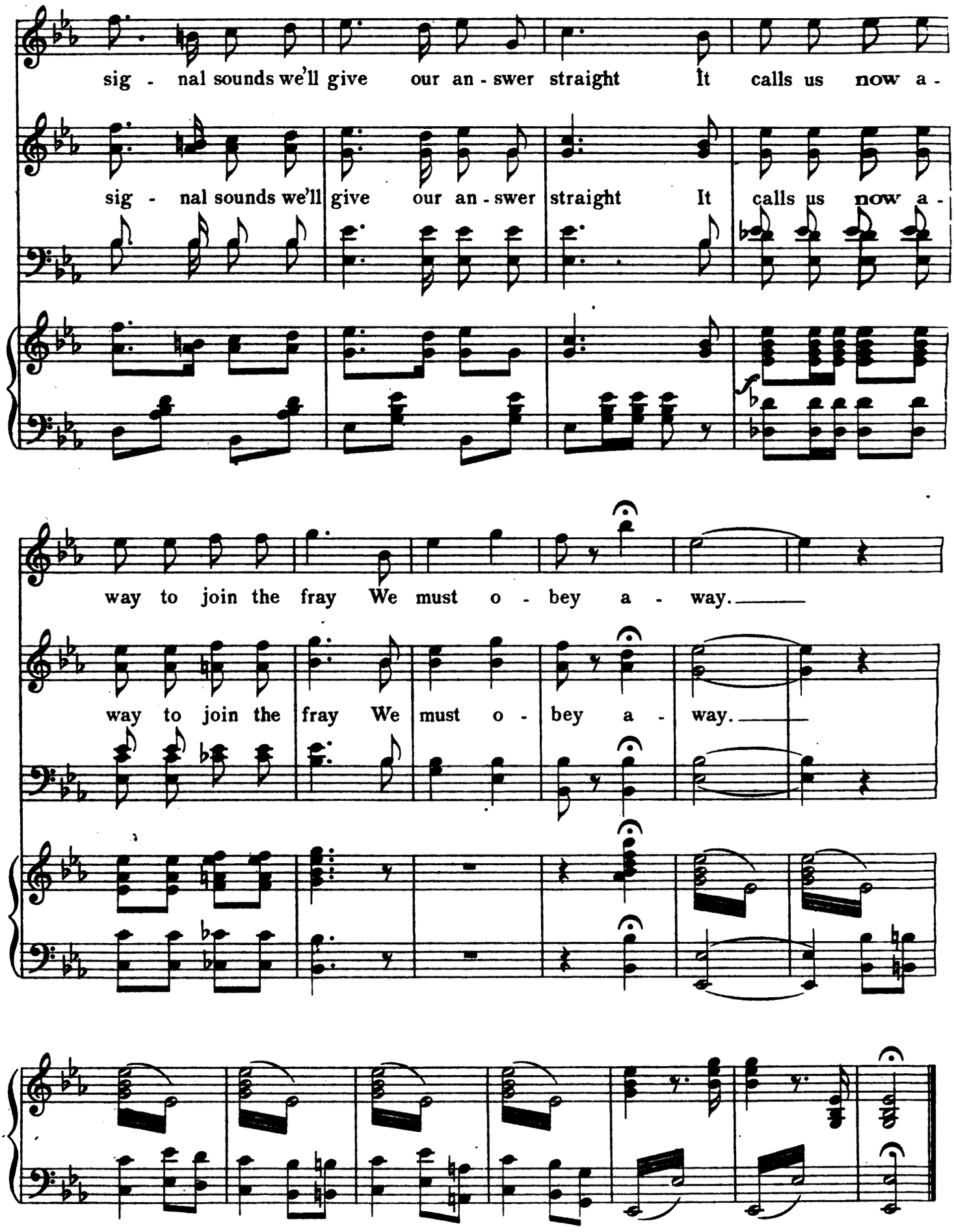

beau - ty and pleas - ure are ours Where time holds but
joy in its mag - ic - al fold and the field are a -
flame with flowers.
PRINCIPALS and CHORUS.
Let's a - way to the
land where no man's ev - er old Where beau - ty and pleas - ure are


ours
Where time holds but joy in its mag - ic - al
fold and the field are a - flame with flowers.
PIOLA. p
In that land where the years leave no
p
in that land where the years
p


trace of their flight with our
time leaves no trace no trace of flight
King we will sing In that
with our King we will sing In that
won - der - ful land of per - pet - ual spring. Siss
won - der - ful land of per - pet - ual spring. Siss


boom! be-hold the call of arms it says we must a - way its
boom! be-hold the call of arms it says we must a - way its
fz
voice we must o - bey Let knaves and cow-ards stay Siss
voice we must o - bey Let knaves and cow-ards stay Siss
boom a-gain with loud a-larm it sum - mons us a - way to the
boom a-gain with loud a-larm it sum - mons us a - way to the
fz


fray, to the fray, to the fray a - way, Siss boom a-gain the
fray, to the fray, to the fray a - way, Siss boom a-gain the
fray, the fray, the fray, the fray, the fray a - way,
call re-sounds we hear with hearts e - late we need no long - er
call re-sounds we hear with hearts e - late we need no long - er
wait we'll try a tilt with fate Siss boom a - gain the
wait we'll try a tilt with fate Siss boom a - gain the


sig - nal sounds we'll give our an - swer straight It calls us now a -
sig - nal sounds we'll give our an - swer straight It calls us now a -
way to join the fray We must o - bey a - way.
way to join the fray We must o - bey a - way.

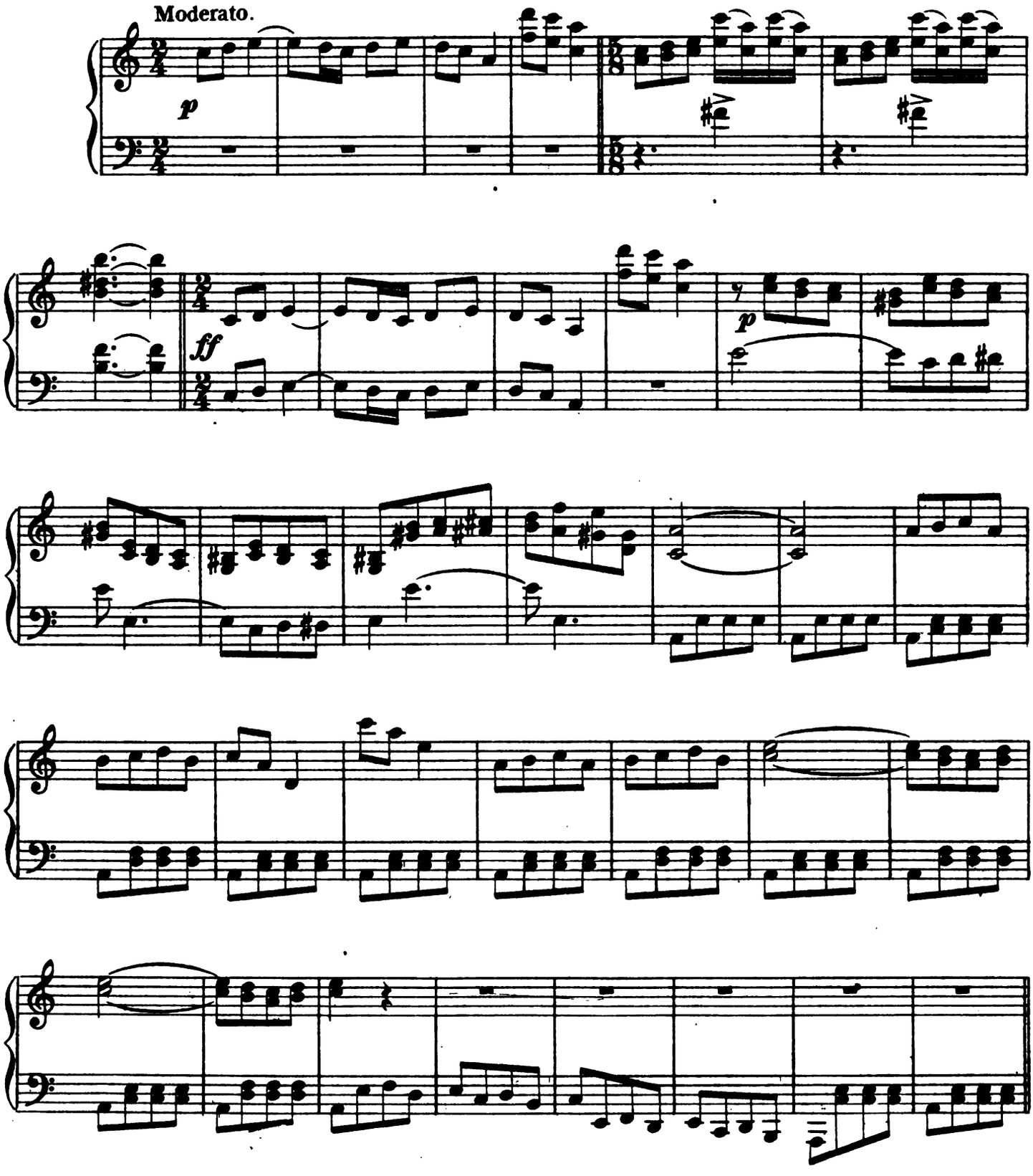
Act II.

Opening Chorus.

No 10.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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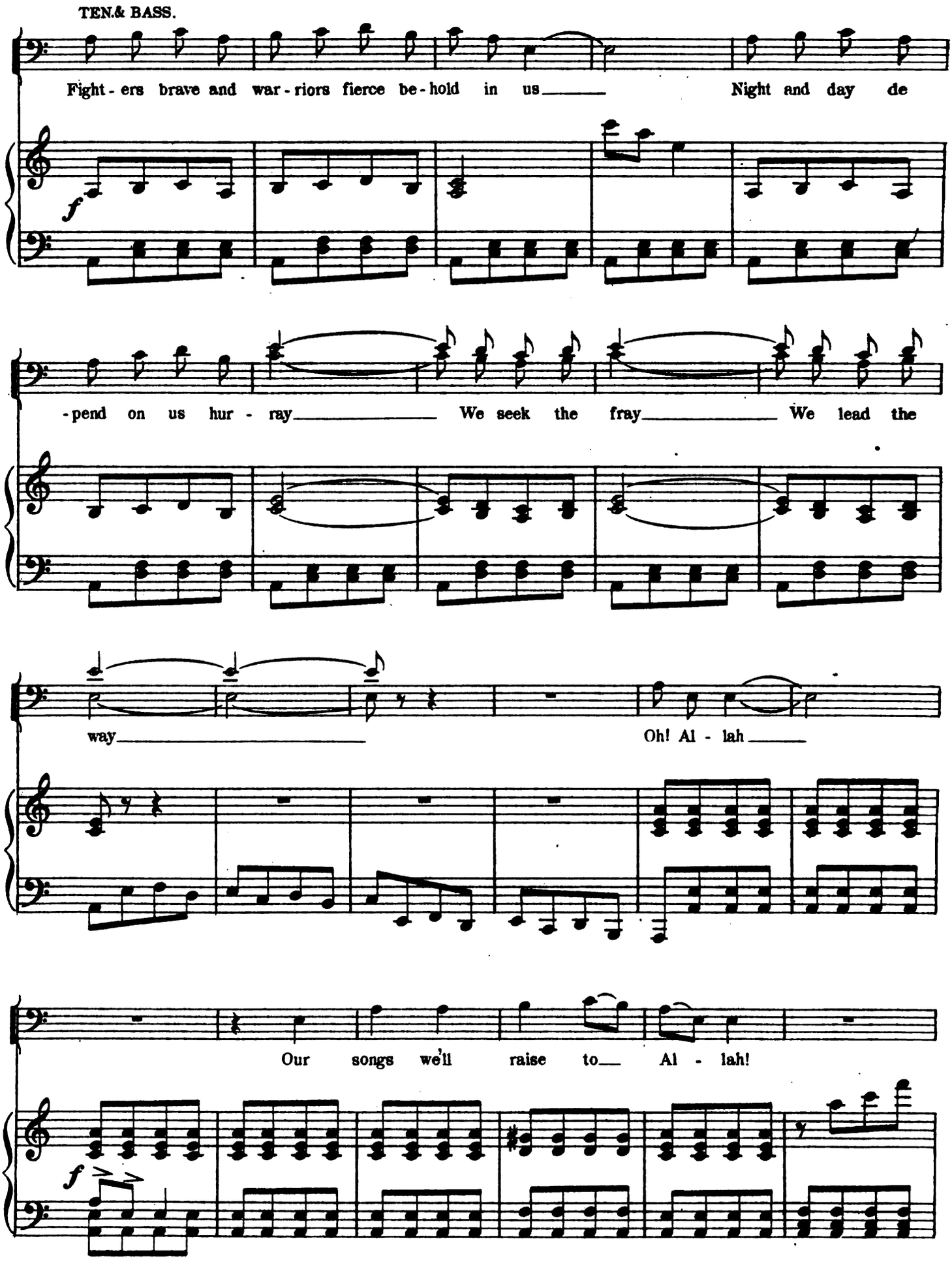
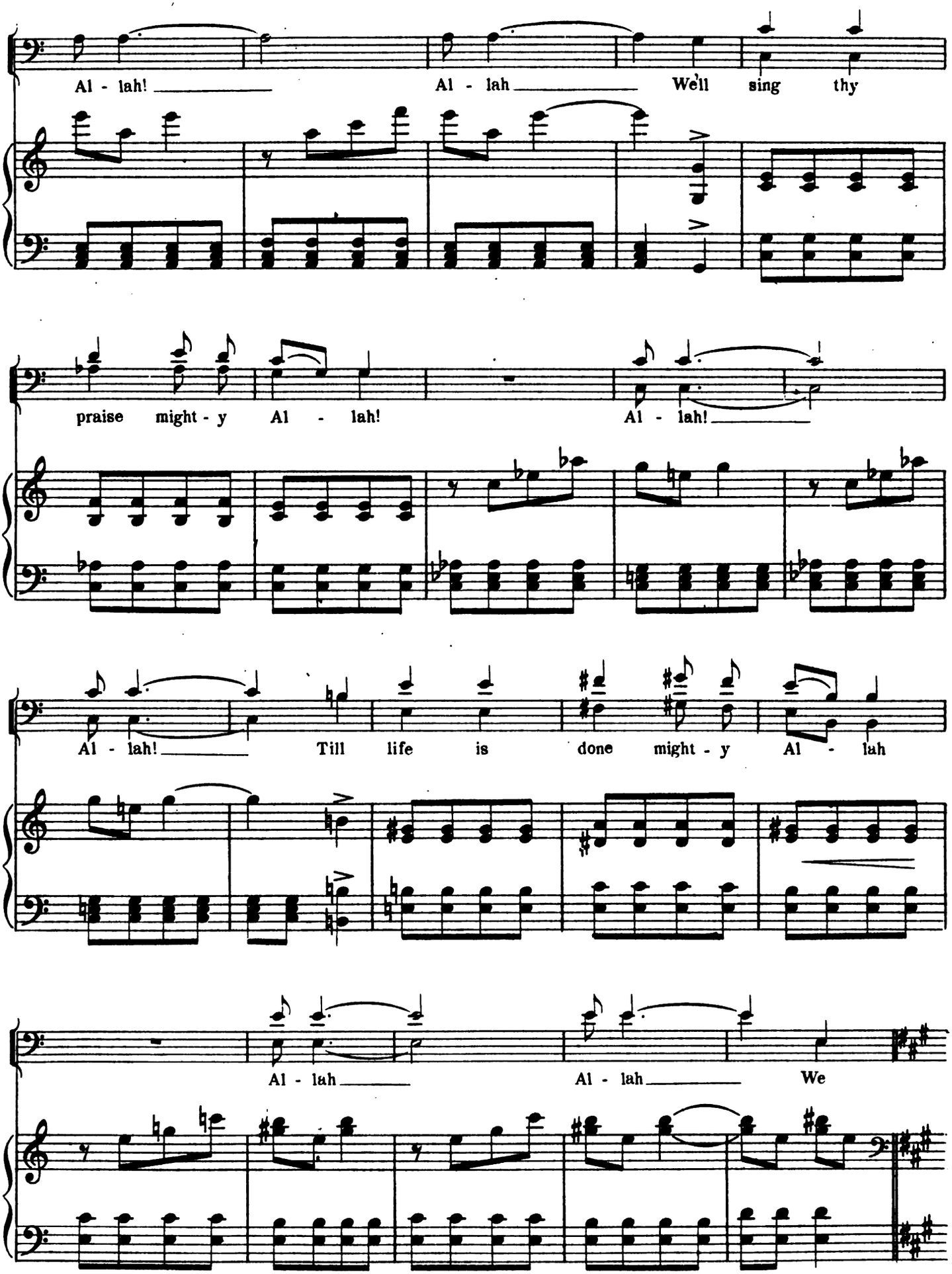
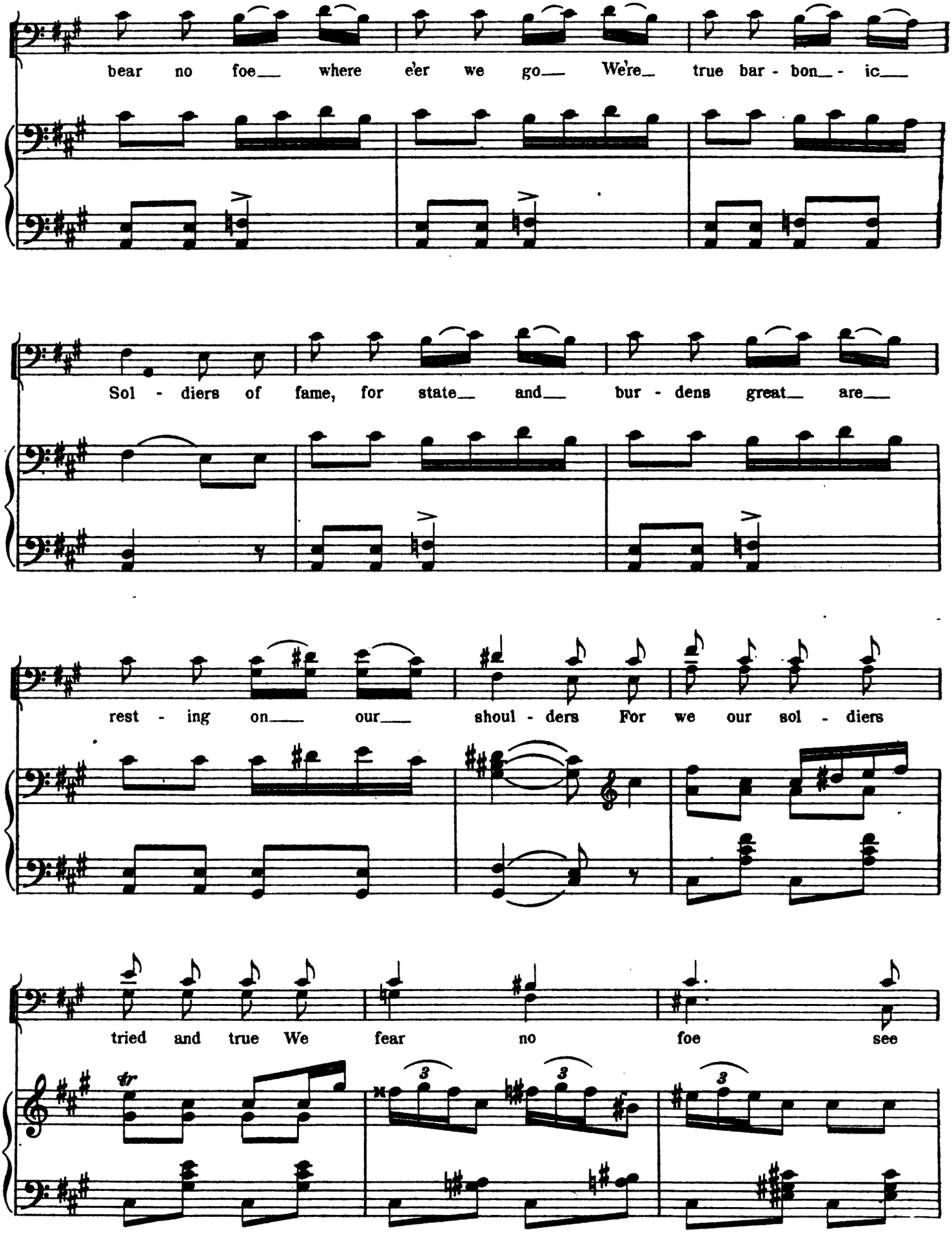
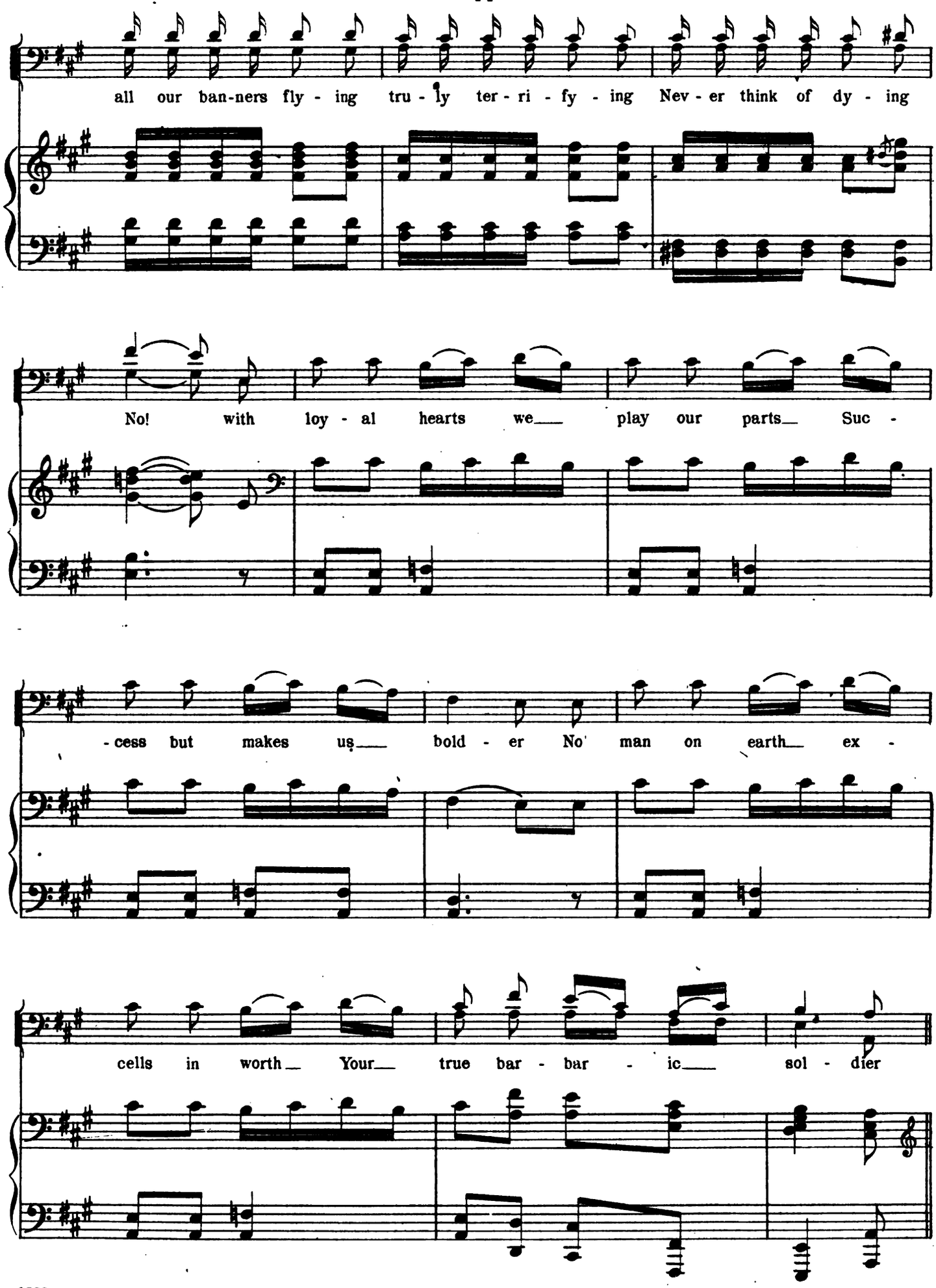

TEN.& BASS.
Fight - ers brave and war - riors fierce be - hold in us
Night and day de
f
- pend on us hur - ray
We seek the fray
We lead the
way
Oh! Al - lah
Our songs we'll raise to
Al - lah!
f


Al - lah! Al - lah We'll sing thy
praise might - y Al - lah! Al - lah!
Al - lah! Till life is done might - y Al - lah
Al - lah Al - lah We

meno mosso.


bear no foe where e'er we go We're true bar - bon - ic
Sol - diers of fame, for state and bur - dens great are
rest - ing on our shoul - ders For we our sol - diers
tried and true We fear no foe see

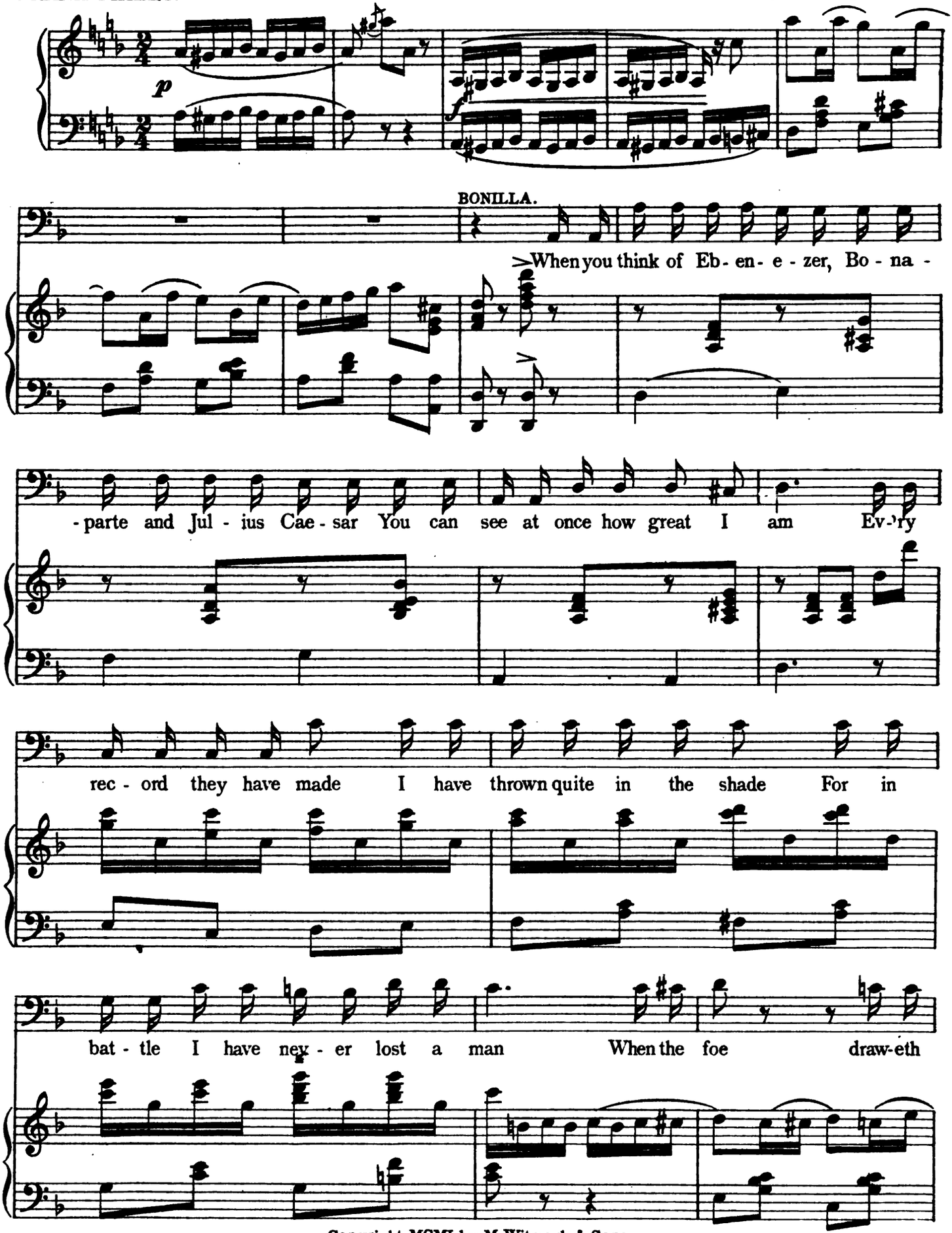

all our ban-ners fly - ing tru - ly ter - ri - fy - ing Nev - er think of dy - ing
No! with loy - al hearts we play our parts Suc -
- cess but makes us bold - er No man on earth ex -
cells in worth Your true bar - bar - ic sol - dier

No 11.

A True Barbaric Soldier.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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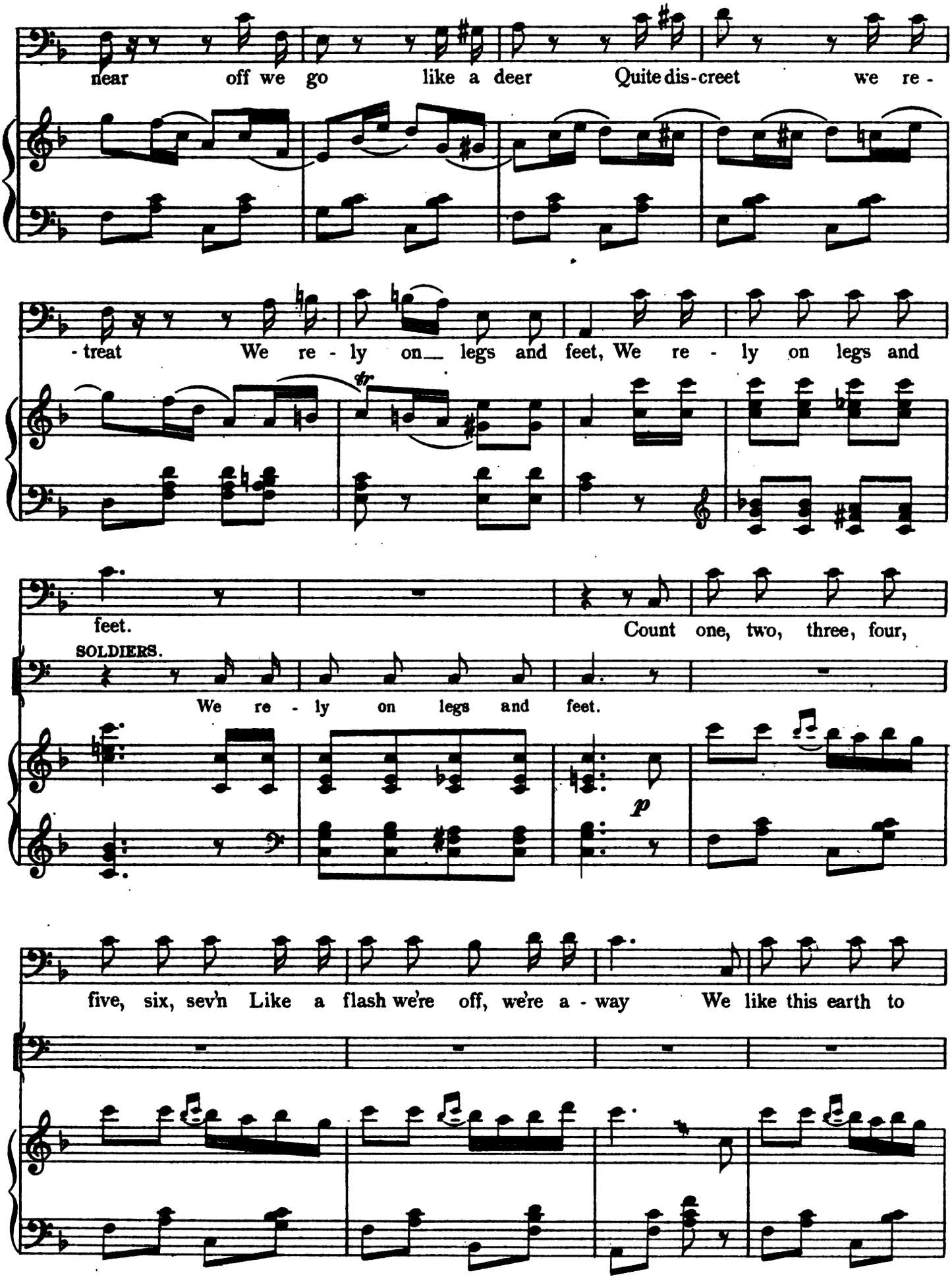
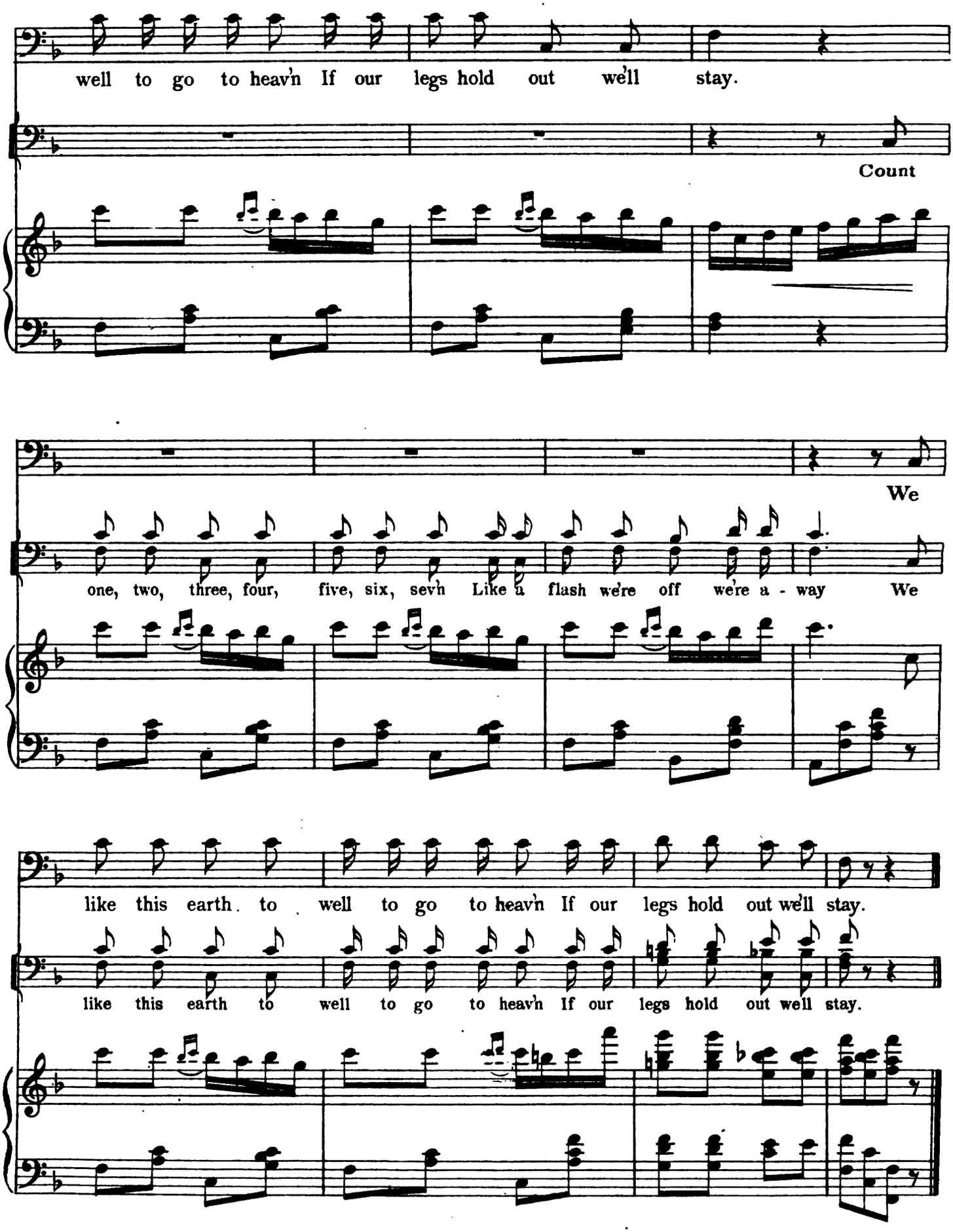

near off we go like a deer Quite dis-creet we re-
-treat We re-ly on legs and feet, We re-ly on legs and
feet.
Count one, two, three, four,
SOLDIERS.
We re-ly on legs and feet.
p
five, six, sev'n Like a flash we're off, we're a-way We like this earth to

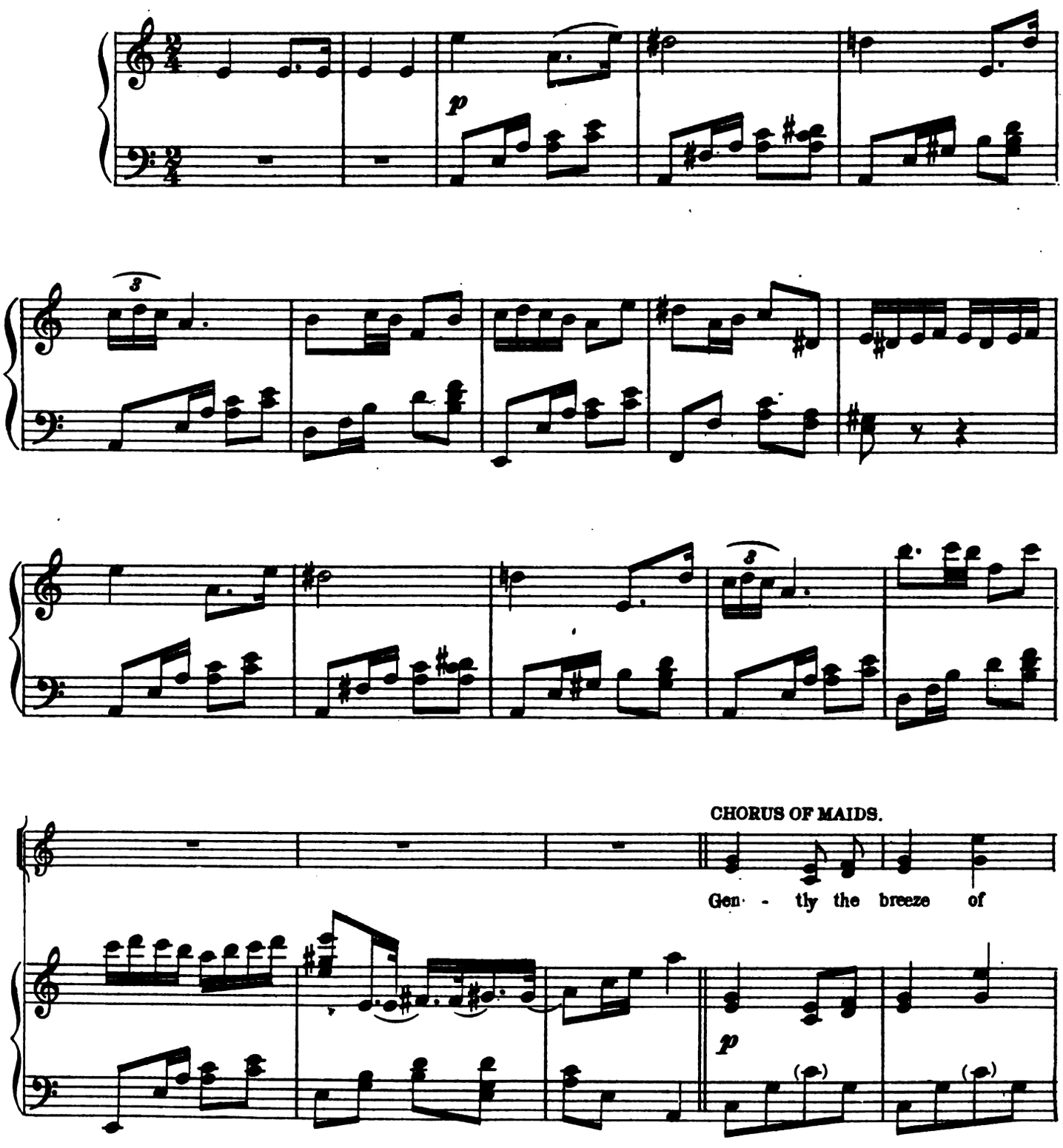

well to go to heav'n If our legs hold out we'll stay.
Count
We
one, two, three, four, five, six, sev'n Like a flash we're off we're a - way We
like this earth to well to go to heav'n If our legs hold out we'll stay.
like this earth to well to go to heav'n If our legs hold out well stay.

Entrance of the Queen.

No 12.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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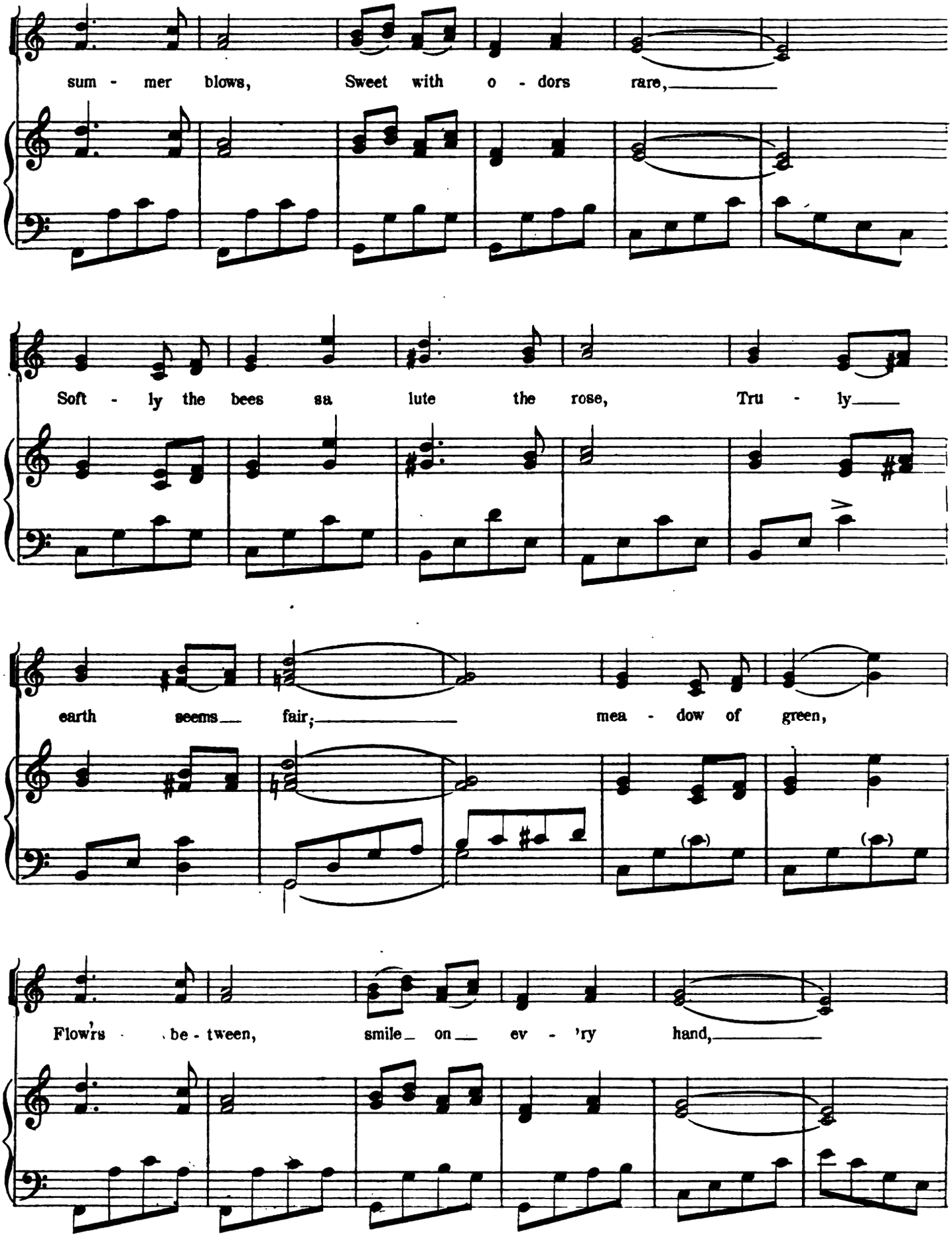
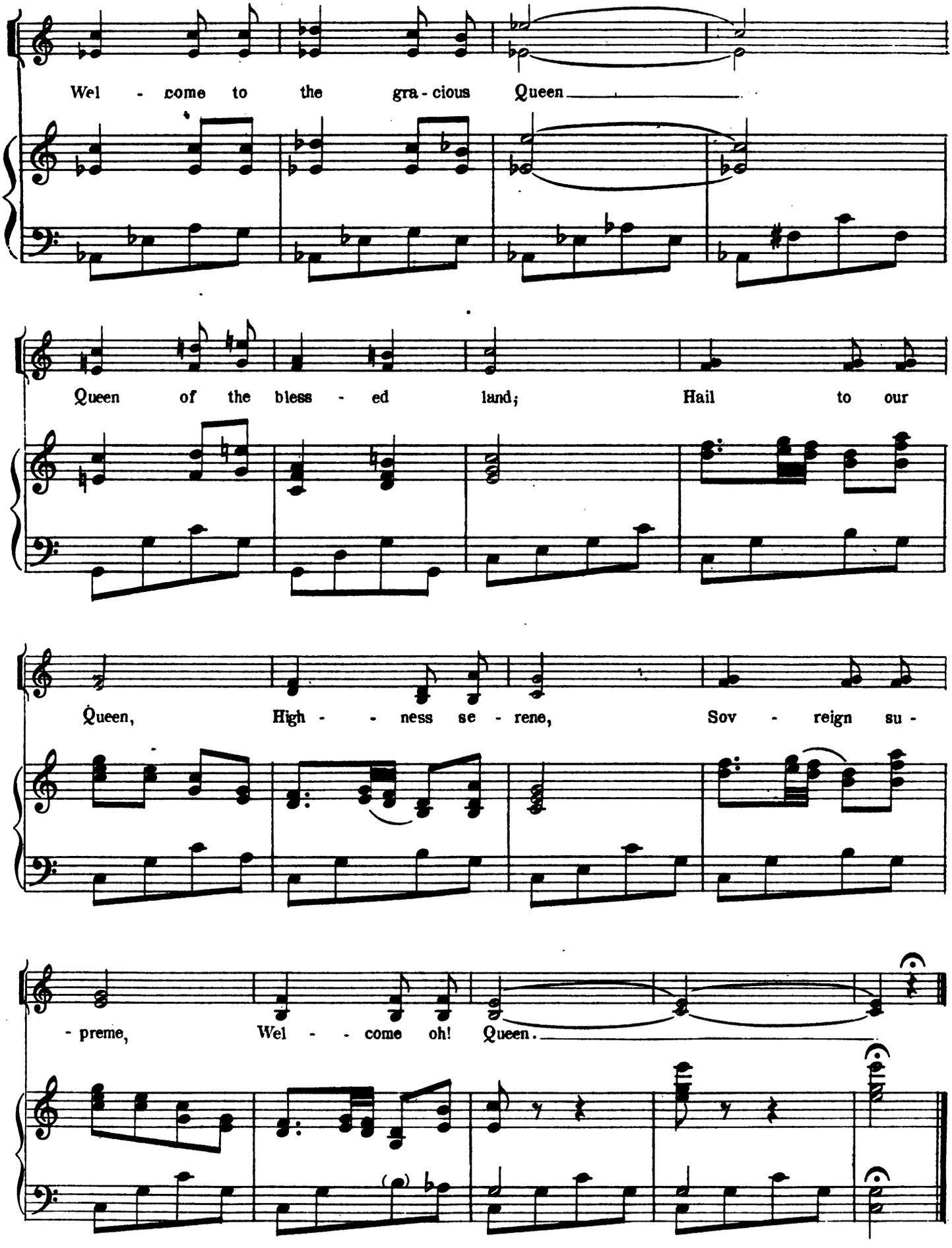

sum - mer blows, Sweet with o - dors rare,
Soft - ly the bees sa lute the rose, Tru - ly
earth seems fair; mea - dow of green,
Flow'rs be - tween, smile on ev - 'ry hand,


Wel - come to the gra - cious Queen
Queen of the bless - ed land; Hail to our
Queen, High - - ness se - rene, Sov - reign su -
- preme, Wel - - come oh! Queen.

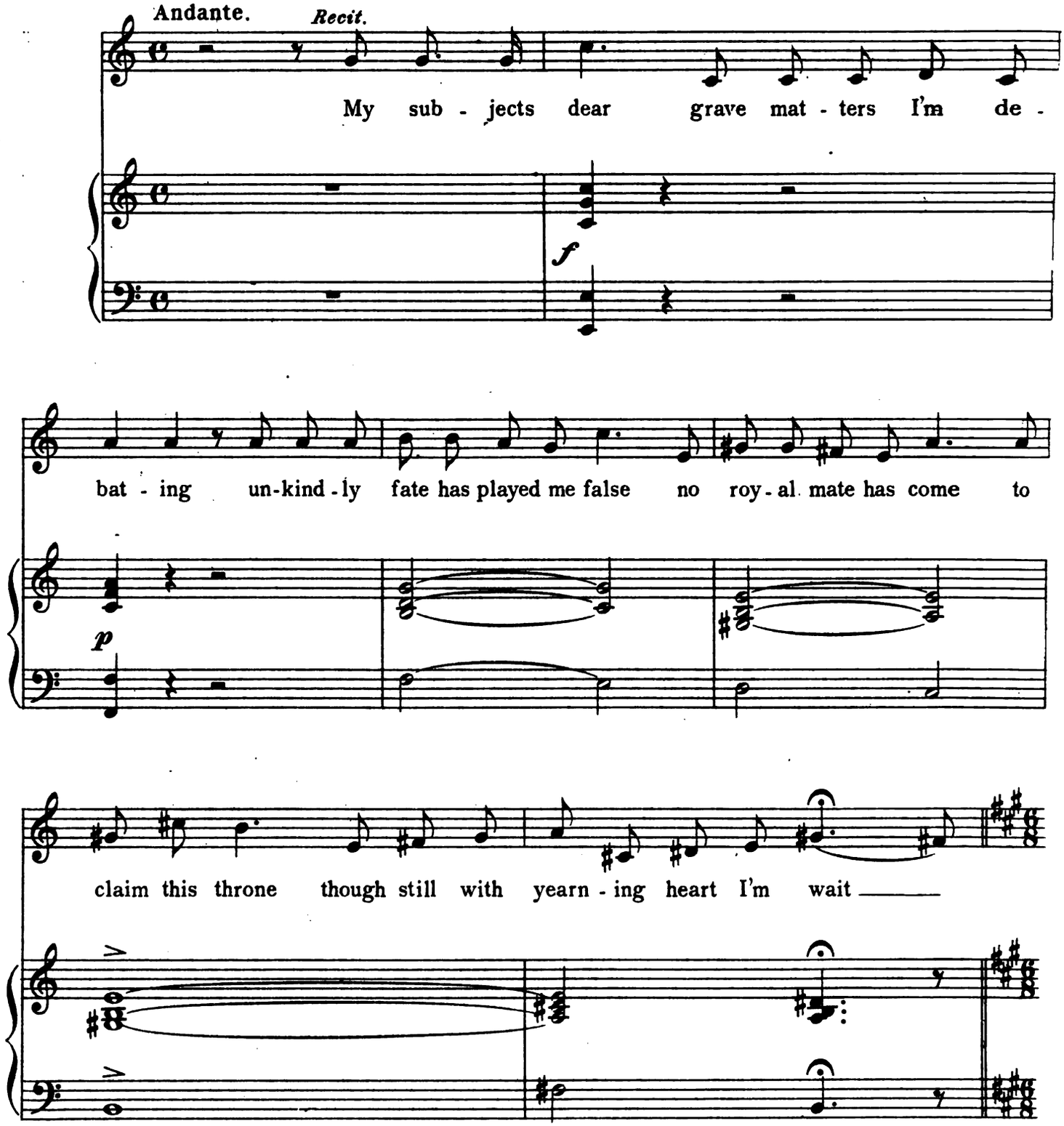
For Love I Live Alone.

No. 13.

(Queen.)

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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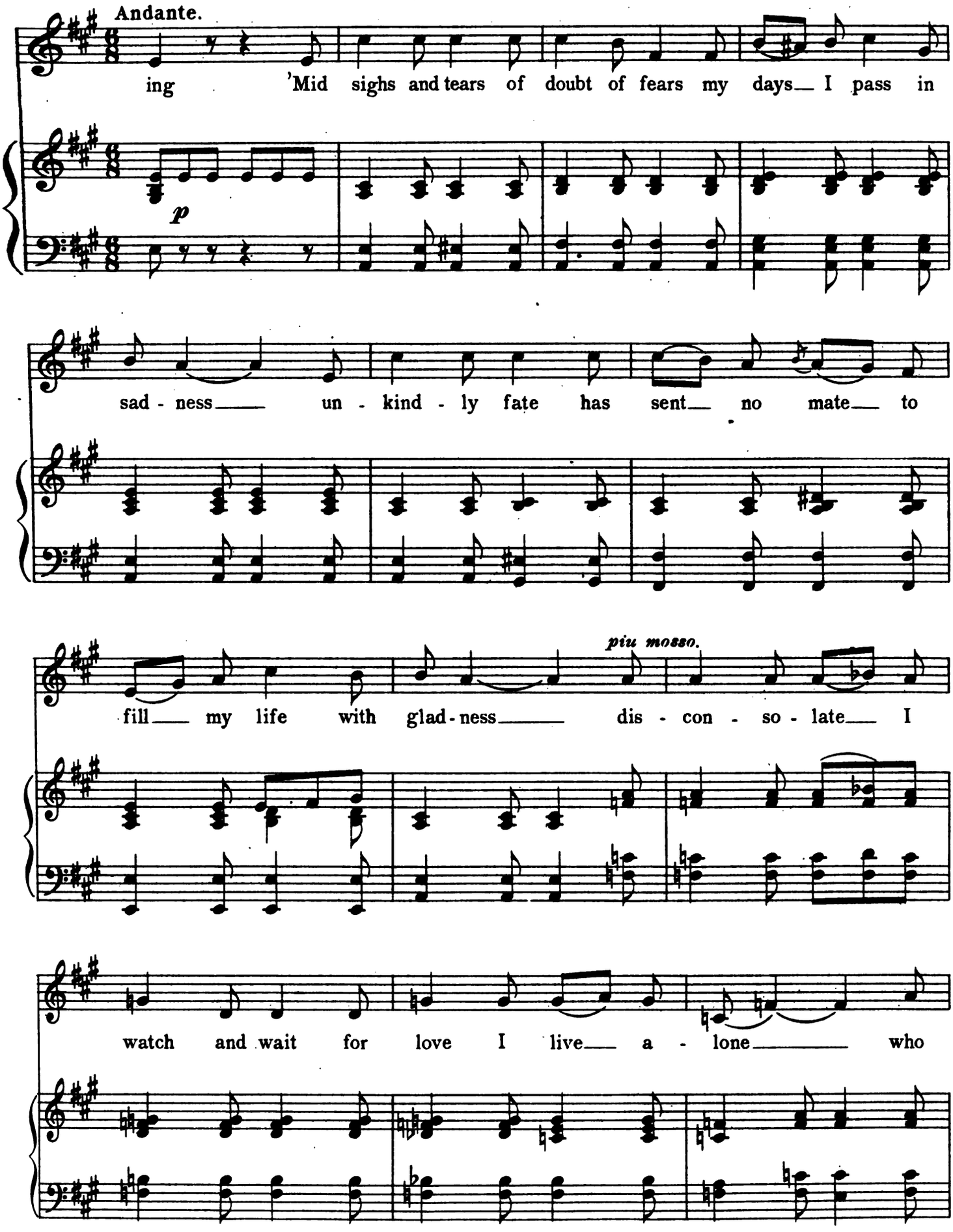
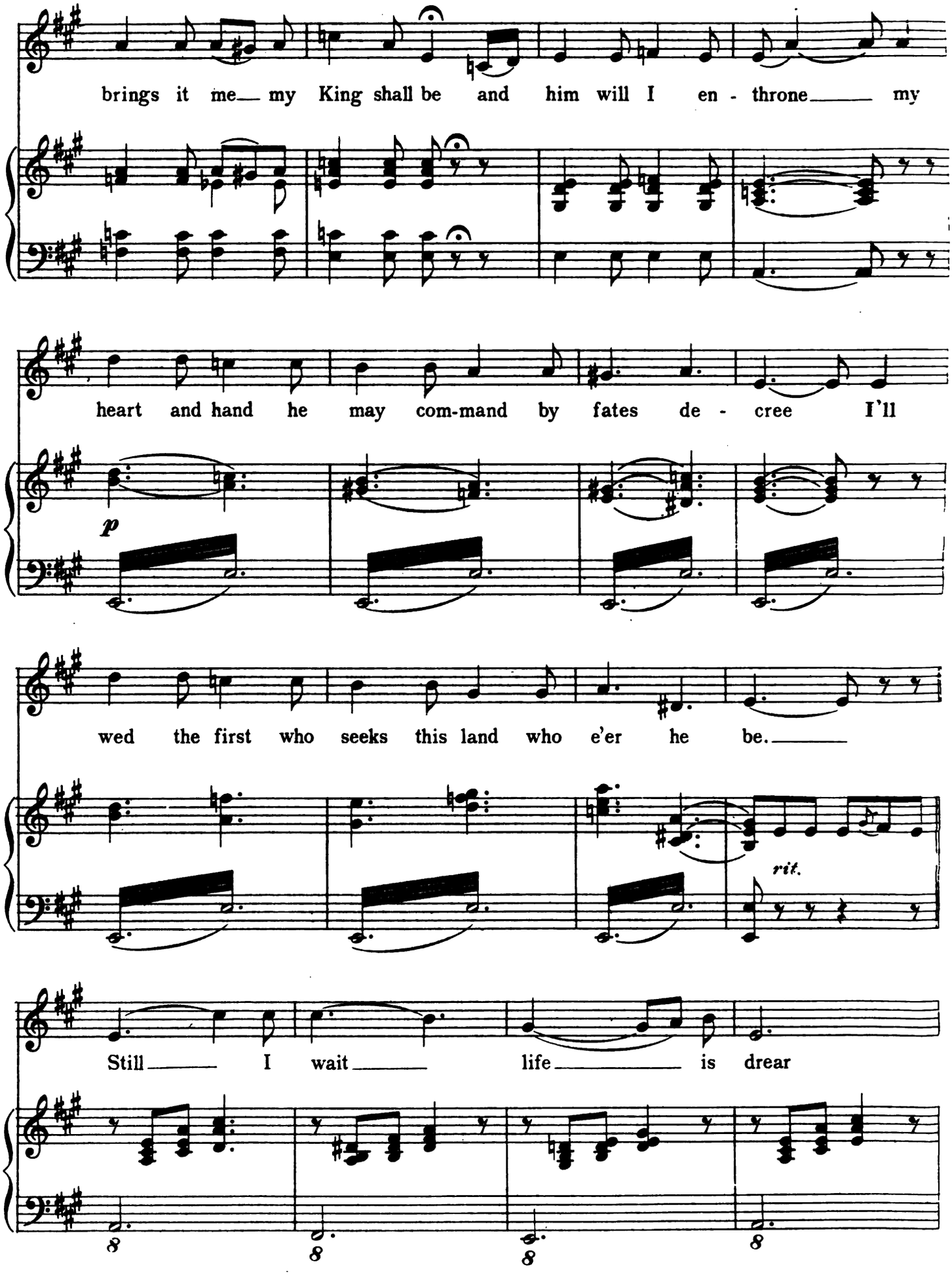
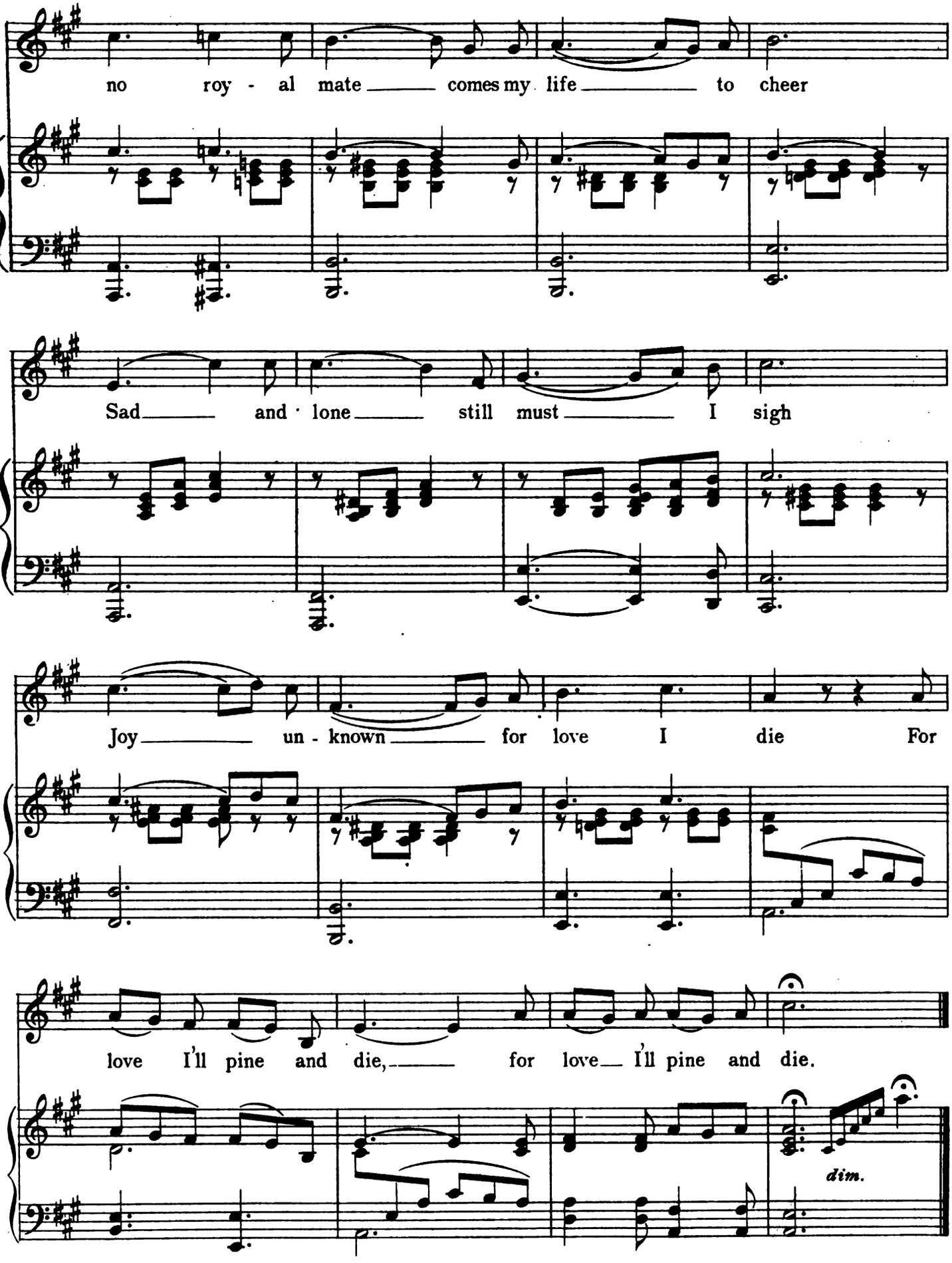

Andante.
ing 'Mid sighs and tears of doubt of fears my days I pass in
p
sad - ness un - kind - ly fate has sent no mate to
piu mosso.
fill my life with glad - ness dis - con - so - late I
watch and wait for love I live a - lone who


brings it me my King shall be and him will I en - throne my
heart and hand he may com-mand by fates de - cree I'll
p
wed the first who seeks this land who e'er he be.
rit.
Still I wait life is drear
8
8
8
8


no roy - al mate comes my life to cheer
Sad and lone still must I sigh
Joy un - known for love I die For
love I'll pine and die, for love I'll pine and die.
dim.

I'll Shut My Eyes and Think It's You.

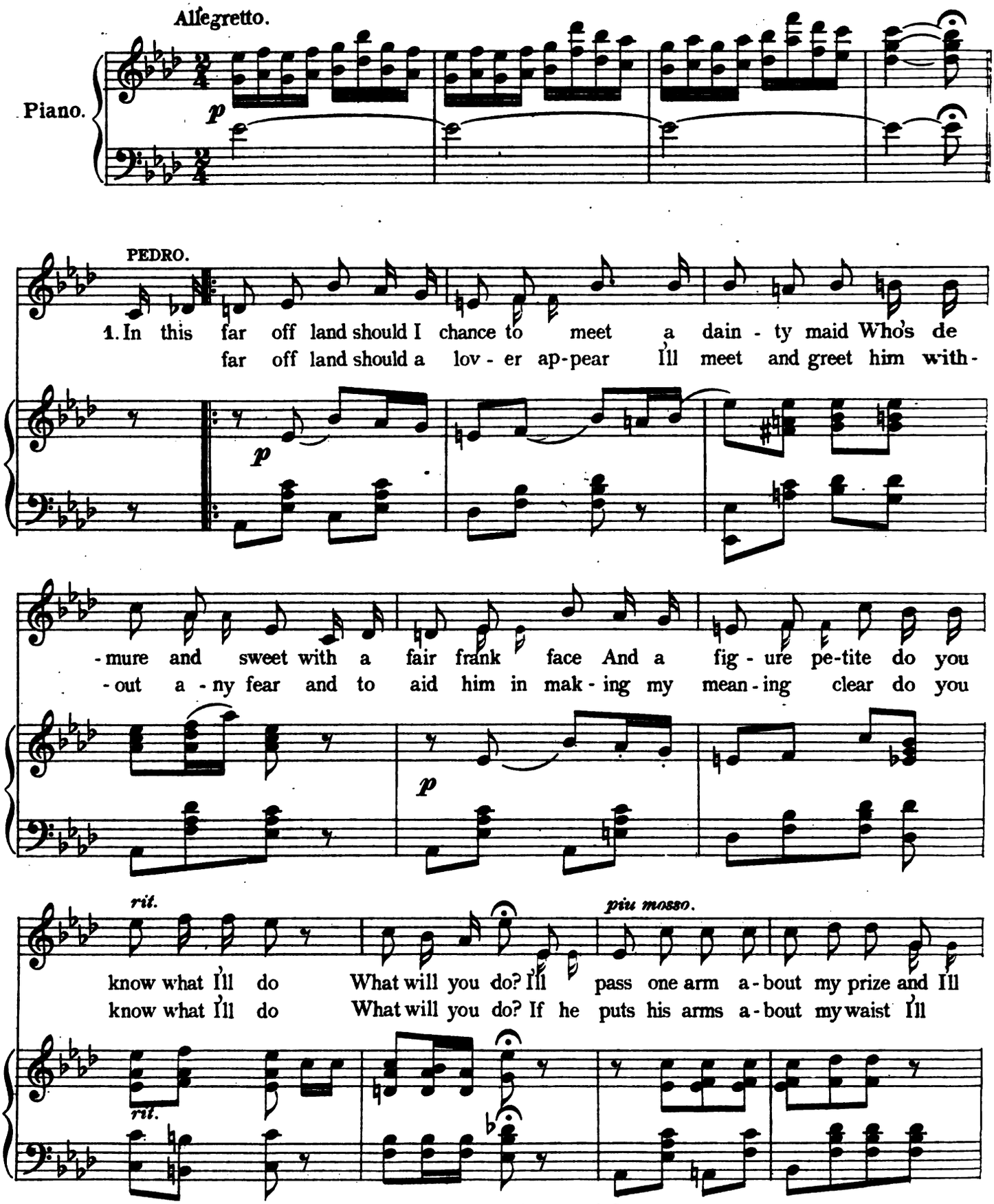
No 14.

DUET.

Pedro and Annette.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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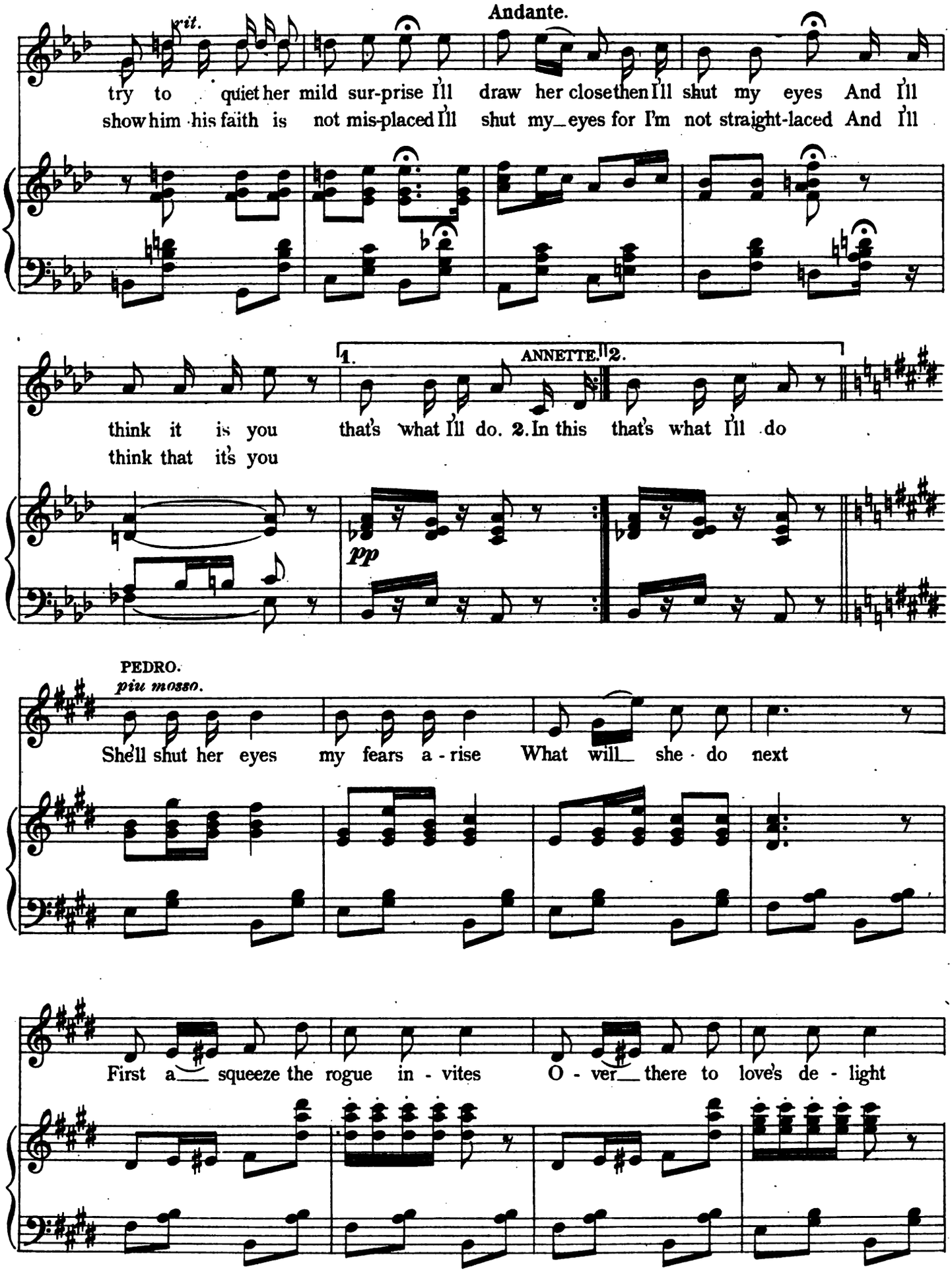
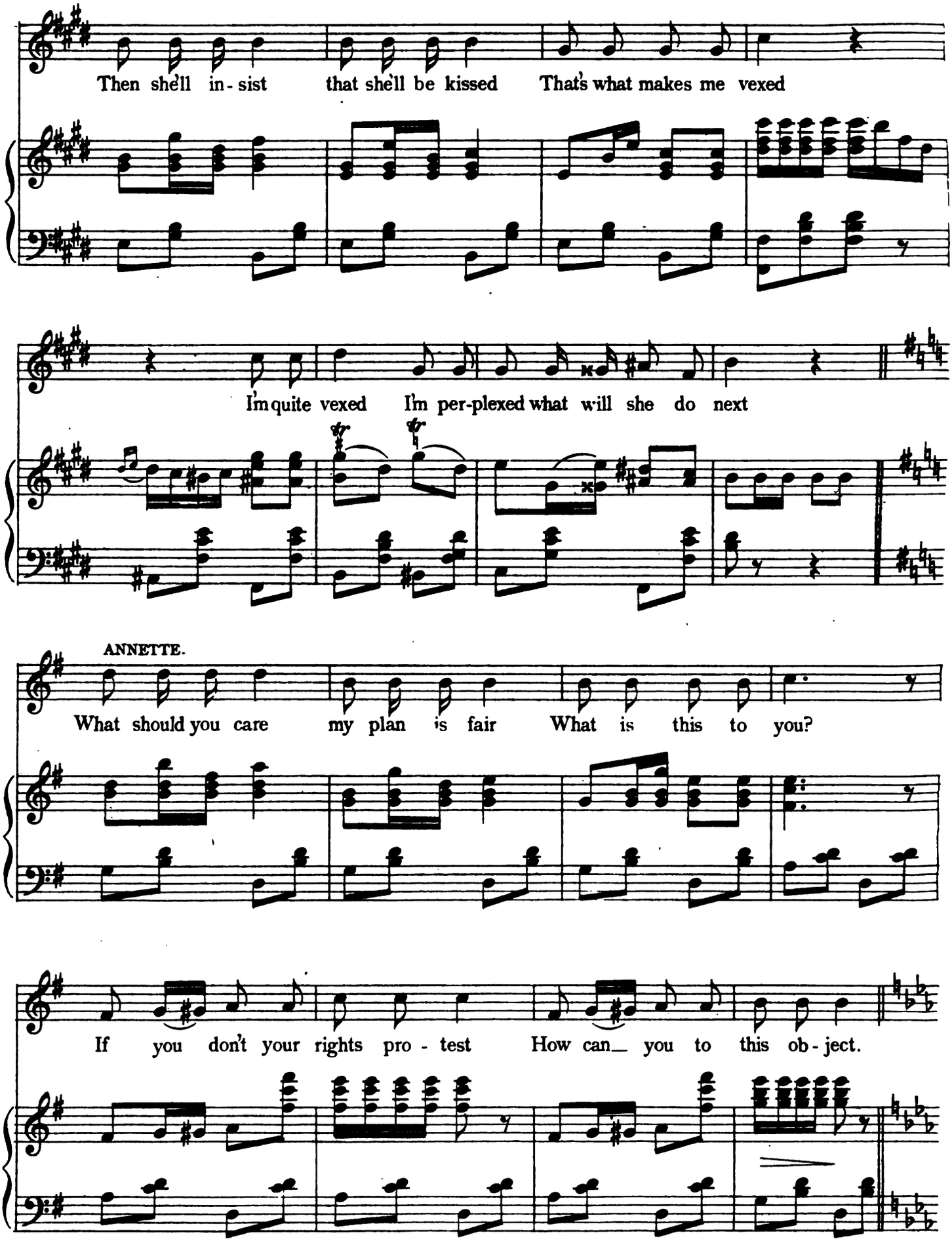
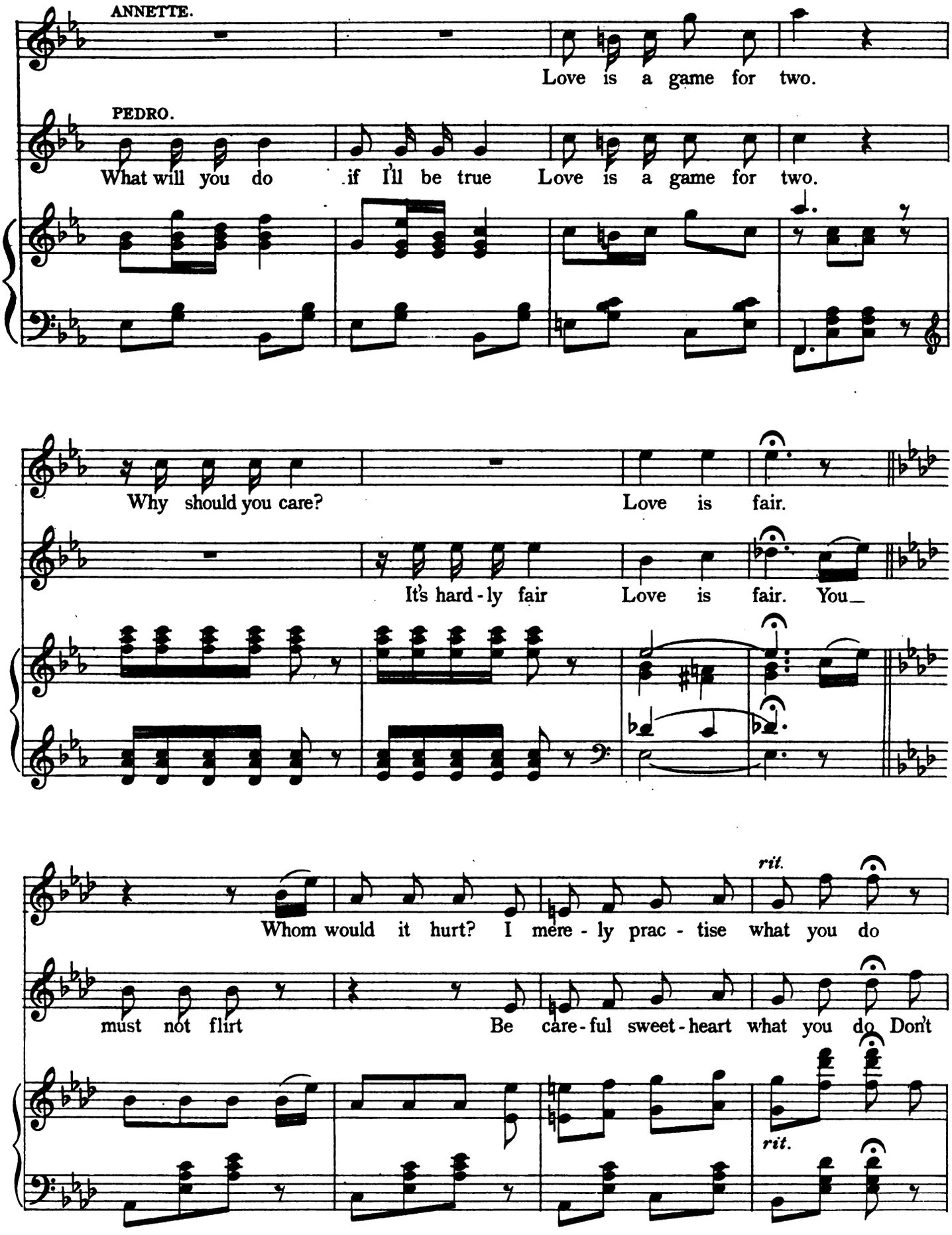
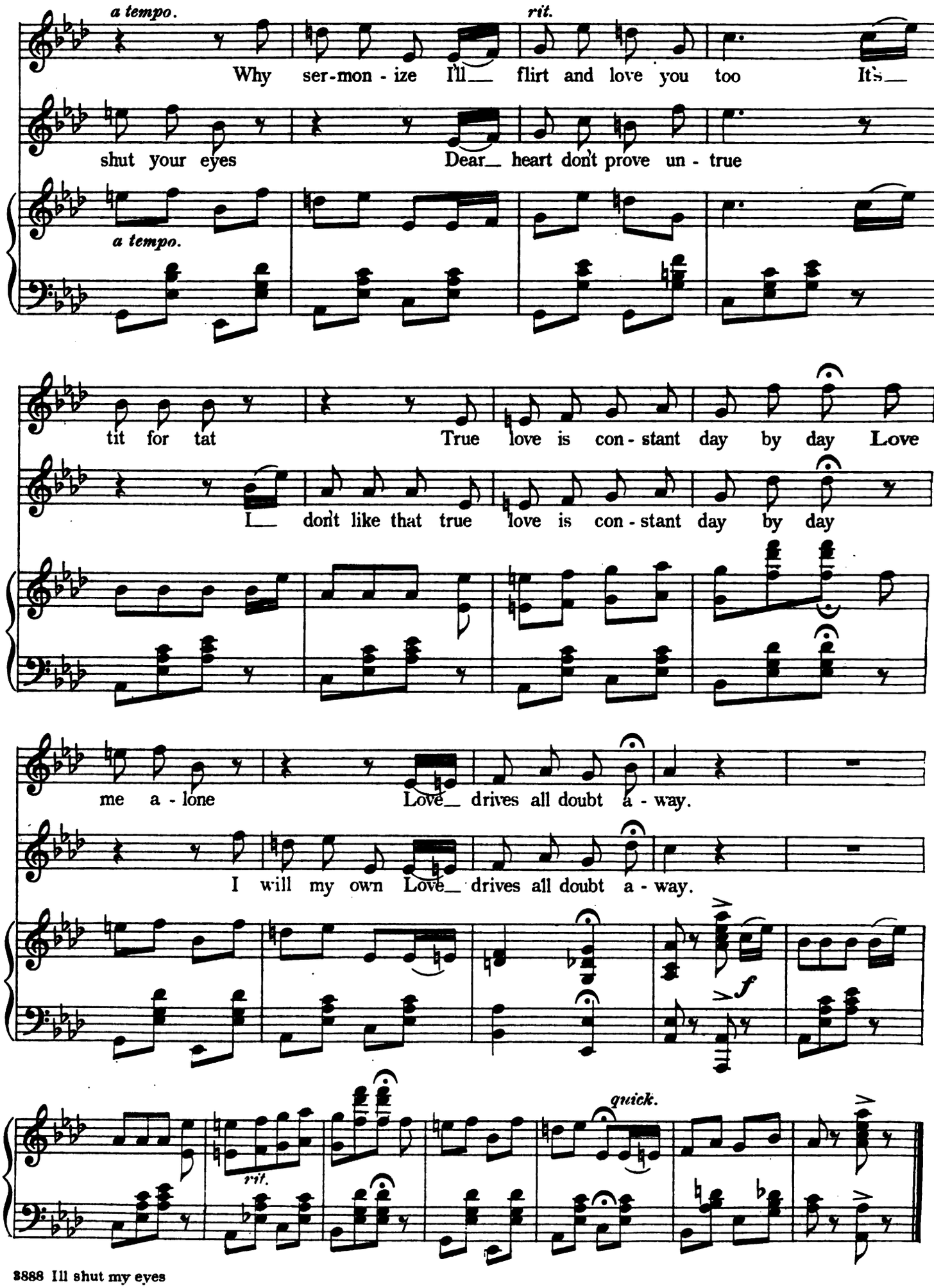

Andante.
rit.
try to quiet her mild sur-prise I'll draw her close then I'll shut my eyes And I'll
show him his faith is not mis-placed I'll shut my_eyes for I'm not straight-laced And I'll
1.
ANNETTE.
2.
think it is you that's what I'll do. 2. In this that's what I'll do
think that it's you
pp
PEDRO.
più mosso.
She'll shut her eyes my fears a - rise What will_ she - do next
First a_ squeeze the rogue in - vites O - ver_ there to love's de - light


Then she'll in - sist that she'll be kissed That's what makes me vexed
I'm quite vexed I'm per-plexed what will she do next
ANNETTE.
What should you care my plan is fair What is this to you?
If you don't your rights pro - test How can you to this ob - ject.

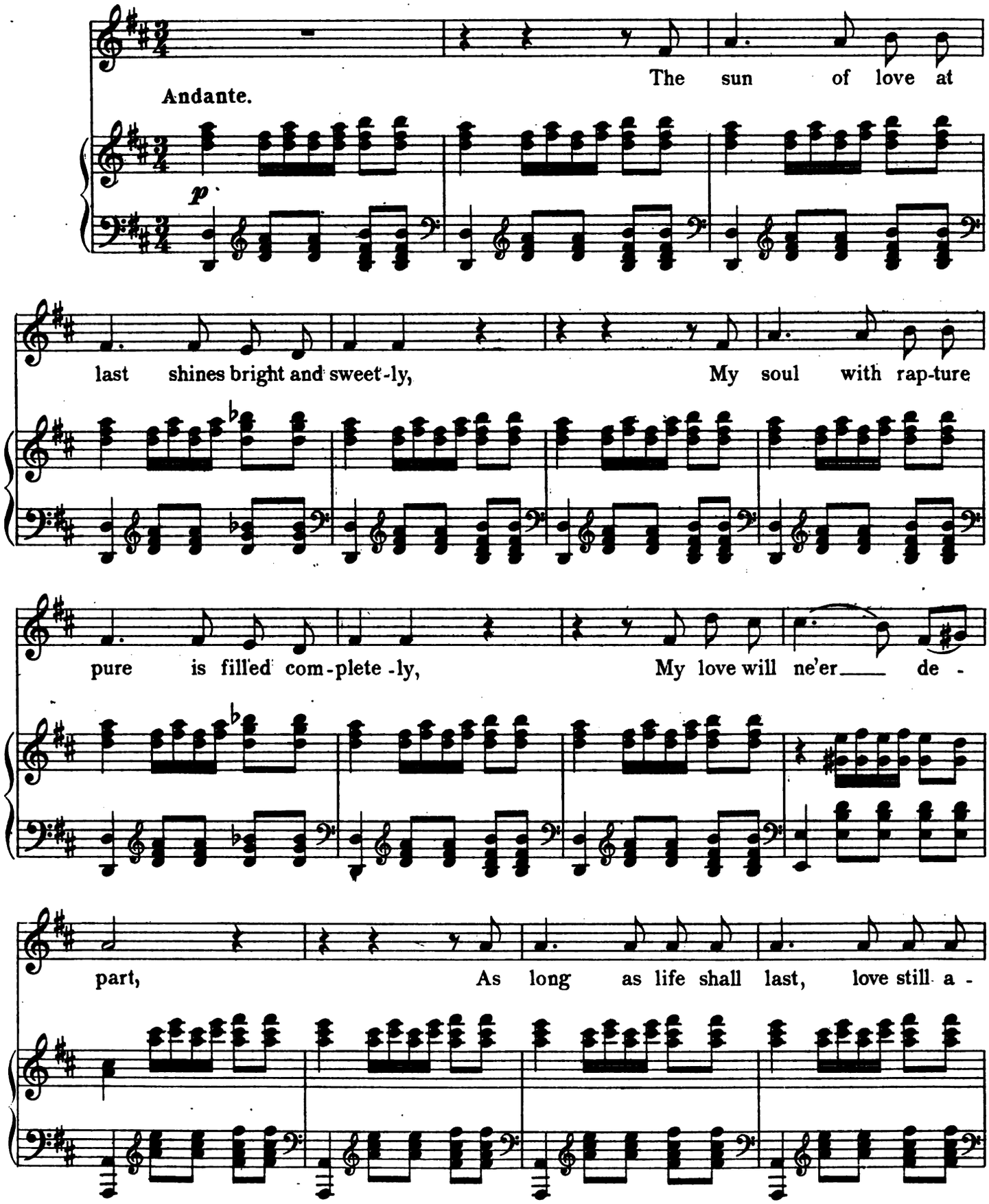

ANNETTE.
Love is a game for two.
PEDRO.
What will you do if I'll be true Love is a game for two.
Why should you care? Love is fair.
It's hard-ly fair Love is fair. You_
rit.
Whom would it hurt? I mere-ly prac-tise what you do
must not flirt Be care-ful sweet-heart what you do Don't
rit.


a tempo.
rit.
Why ser-mon - ize I'll flirt and love you too It's
shut your eyes Dear heart don't prove un - true
a tempo.
tit for tat True love is con - stant day by day Love
I don't like that true love is con - stant day by day
me a - lone Love drives all doubt a - way.
I will my own Love drives all doubt a - way.
f
quick.
rit.

No 15. Claim Thou Thine Own.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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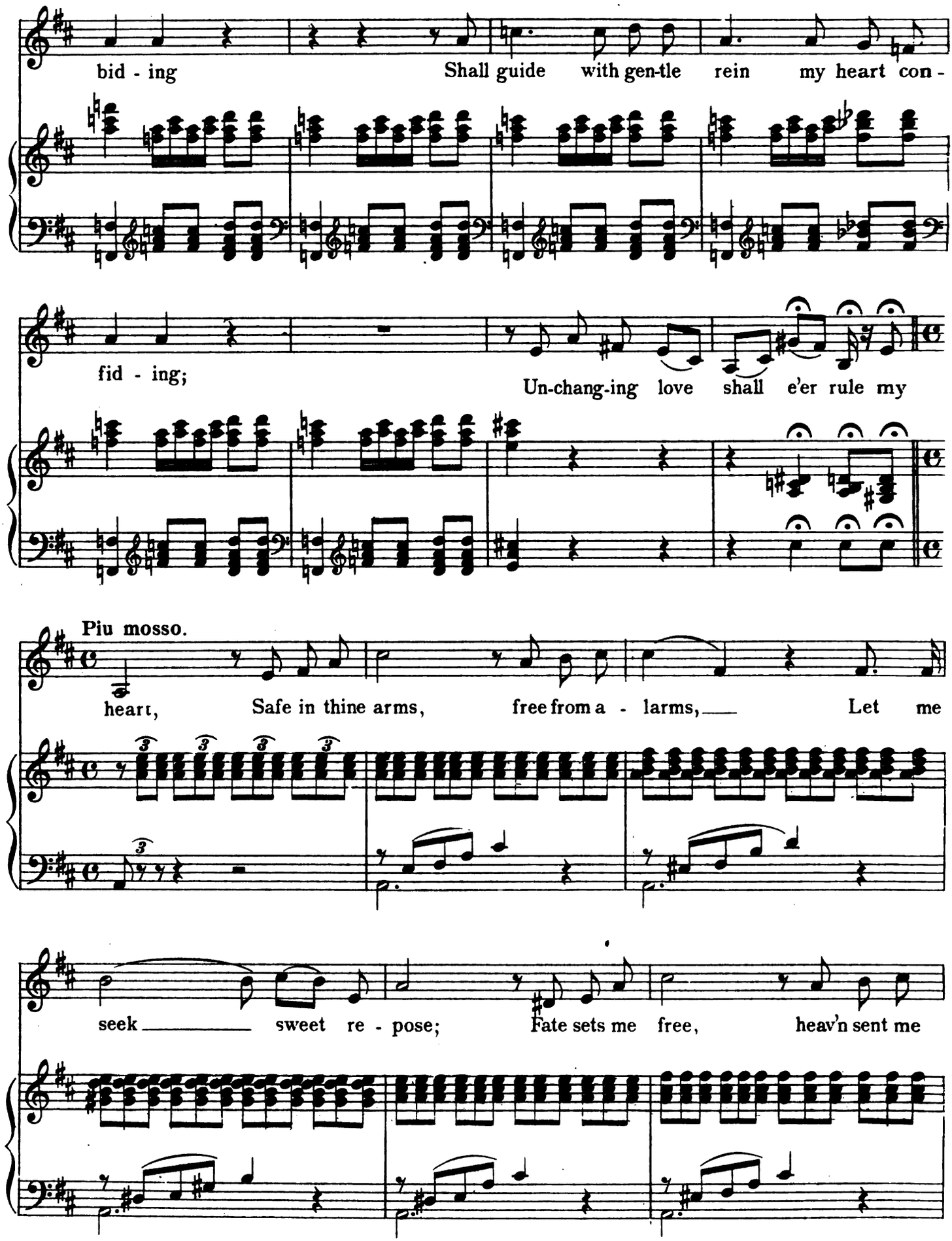
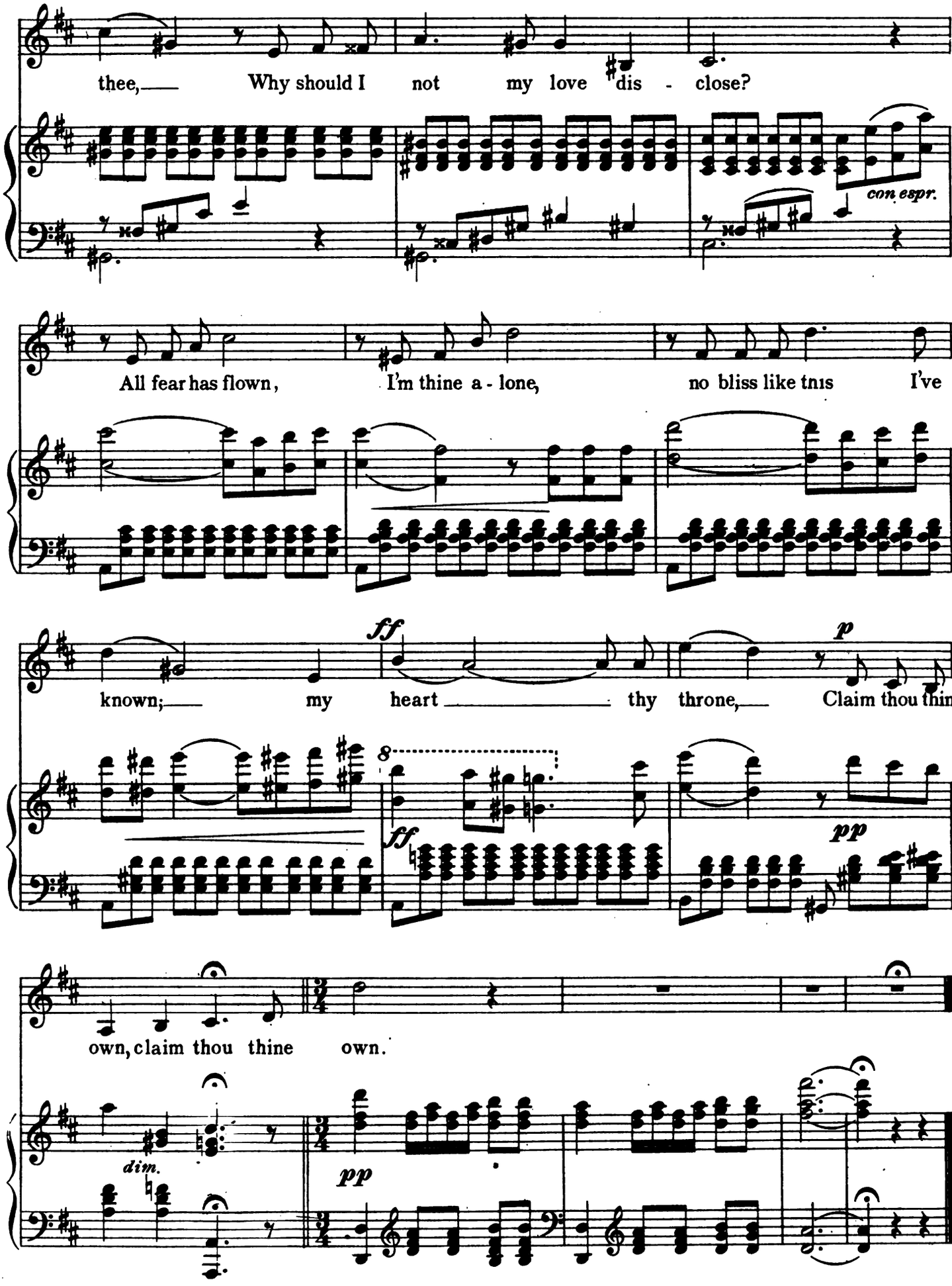

bid - ing
Shall guide with gen-tle rein my heart con -
fid - ing;
Un-chang-ing love shall e'er rule my
Piu mosso.
heart,
Safe in thine arms, free from a - larms,
Let me
seek
sweet re - pose;
Fate sets me free,
heav'n sent me

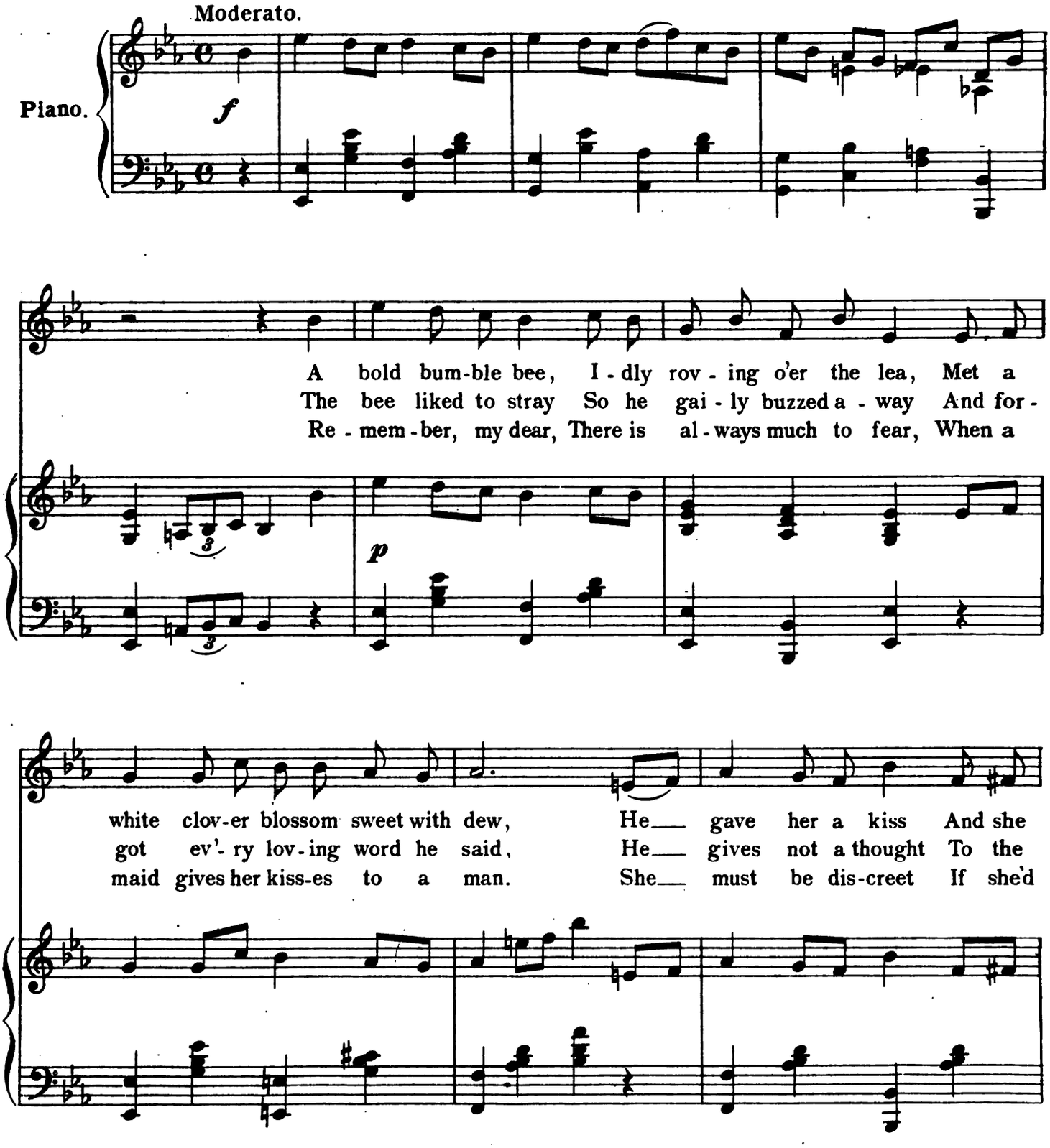

thee,— Why should I not my love dis - close?
con espr.
All fear has flown, I'm thine a - lone, no bliss like this I've
known;— my heart — thy throne,— Claim thou thine
ff
p
8
ff
pp
own, claim thou thine own.
dim.
pp

The Tale of a Bumble-Bee.

No. 16.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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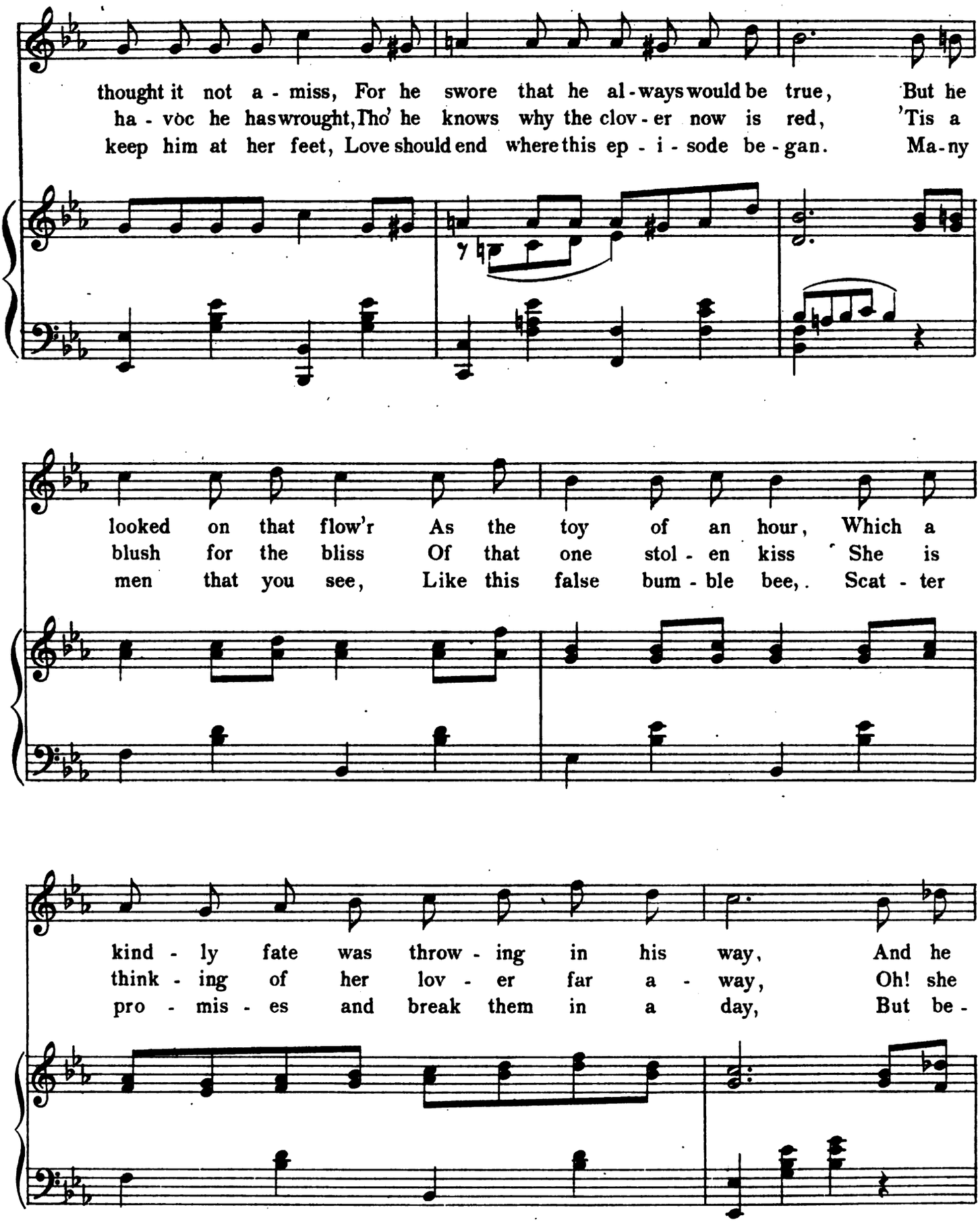
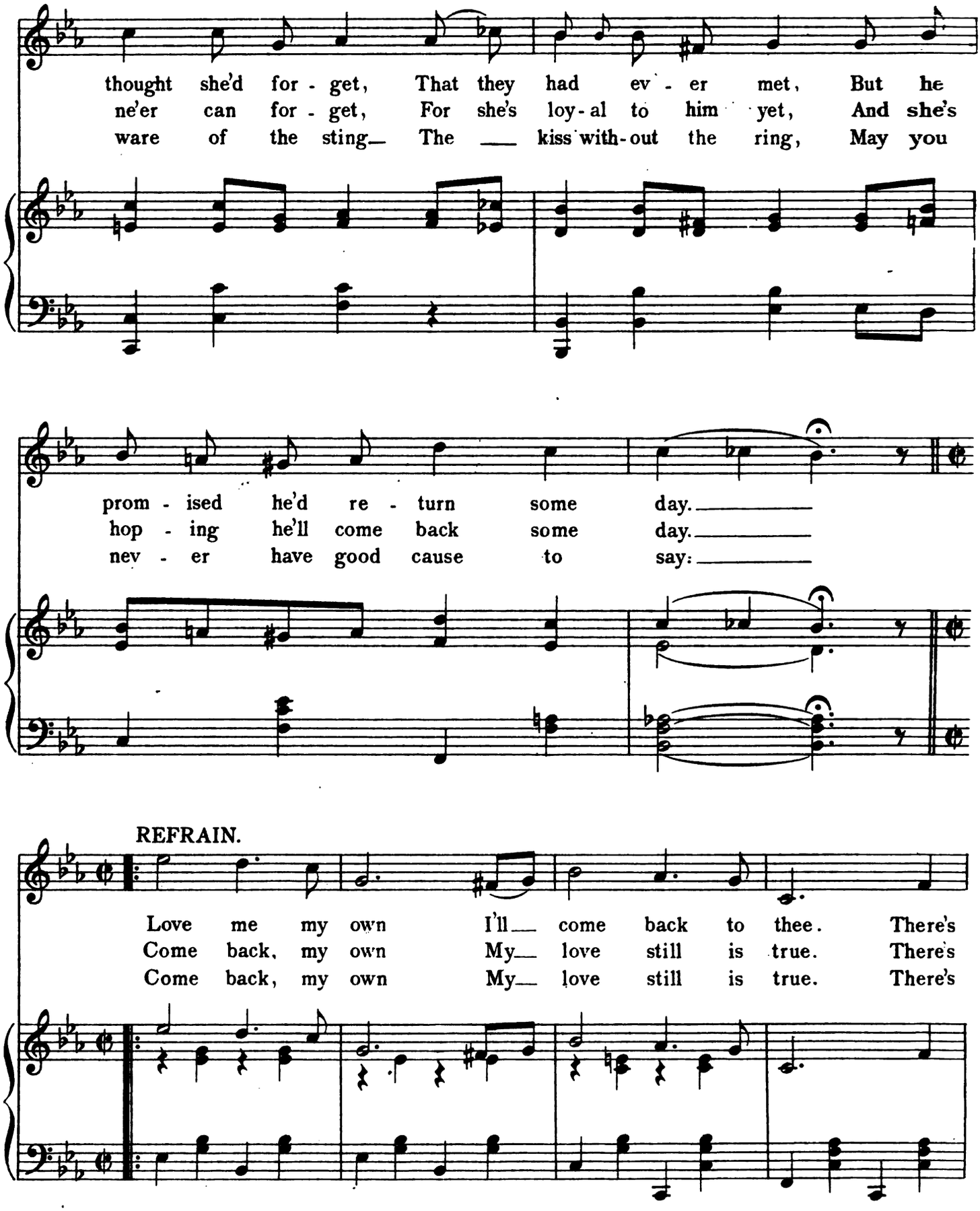
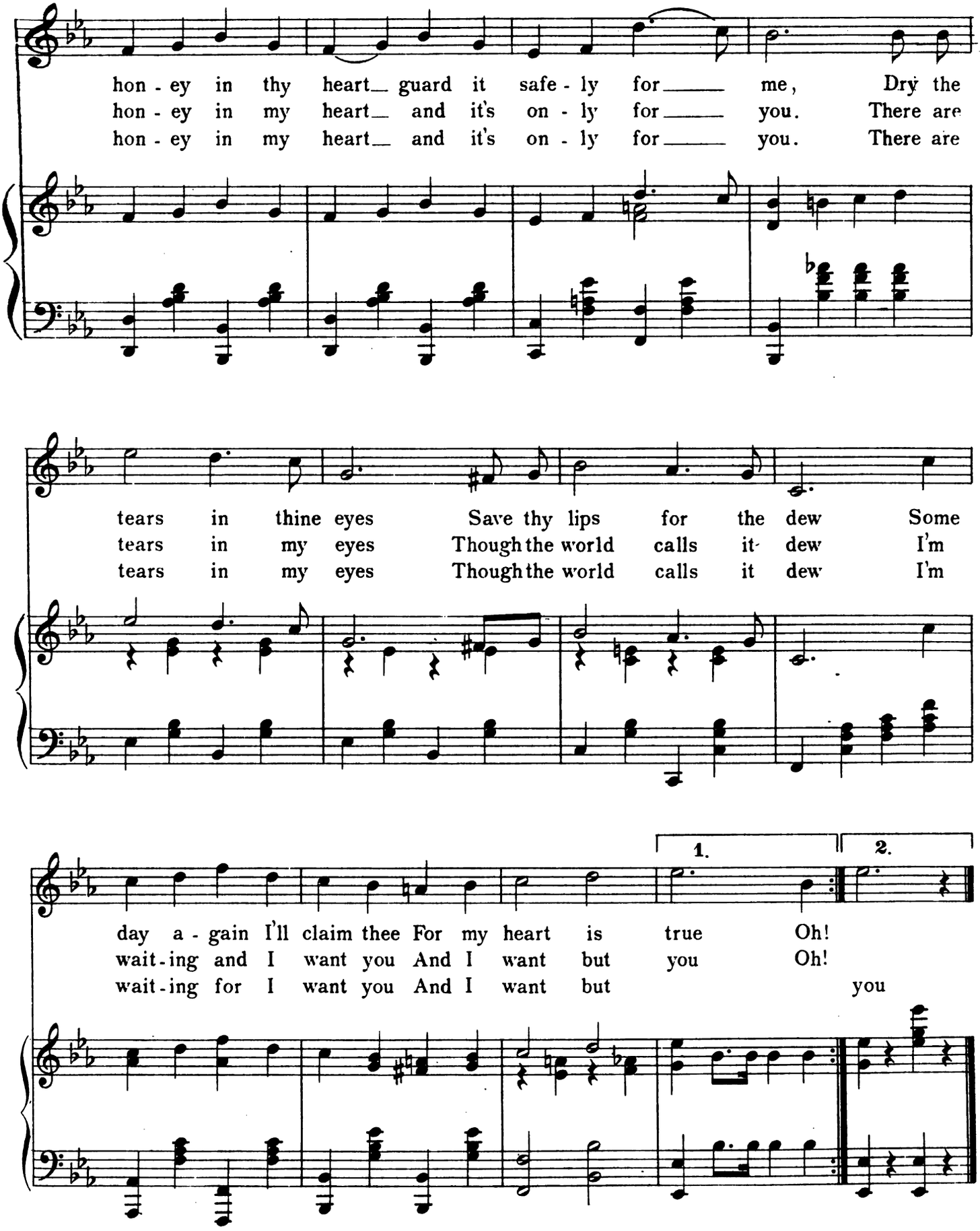

thought it not a - miss, For he swore that he al - ways would be true, But he
ha - voc he has wrought, Tho' he knows why the clov - er now is red, 'Tis a
keep him at her feet, Love should end where this ep - i - sode be - gan. Ma - ny
looked on that flow'r As the toy of an hour, Which a
blush for the bliss Of that one stol - en kiss She is
men that you see, Like this false bum - ble bee, Scat - ter
kind - ly fate was throw - ing in his way, And he
think - ing of her lov - er far a - way, Oh! she
pro - mis - es and break them in a day, But be -


thought she'd for - get, That they had ev - er met, But he
ne'er can for - get, For she's loy - al to him yet, And she's
ware of the sting— The — kiss with - out the ring, May you
prom - ised he'd re - turn some day.
hop - ing he'll come back some day.
nev - er have good cause to say:
REFRAIN.
Love me my own I'll— come back to thee. There's
Come back, my own My— love still is true. There's
Come back, my own My— love still is true. There's

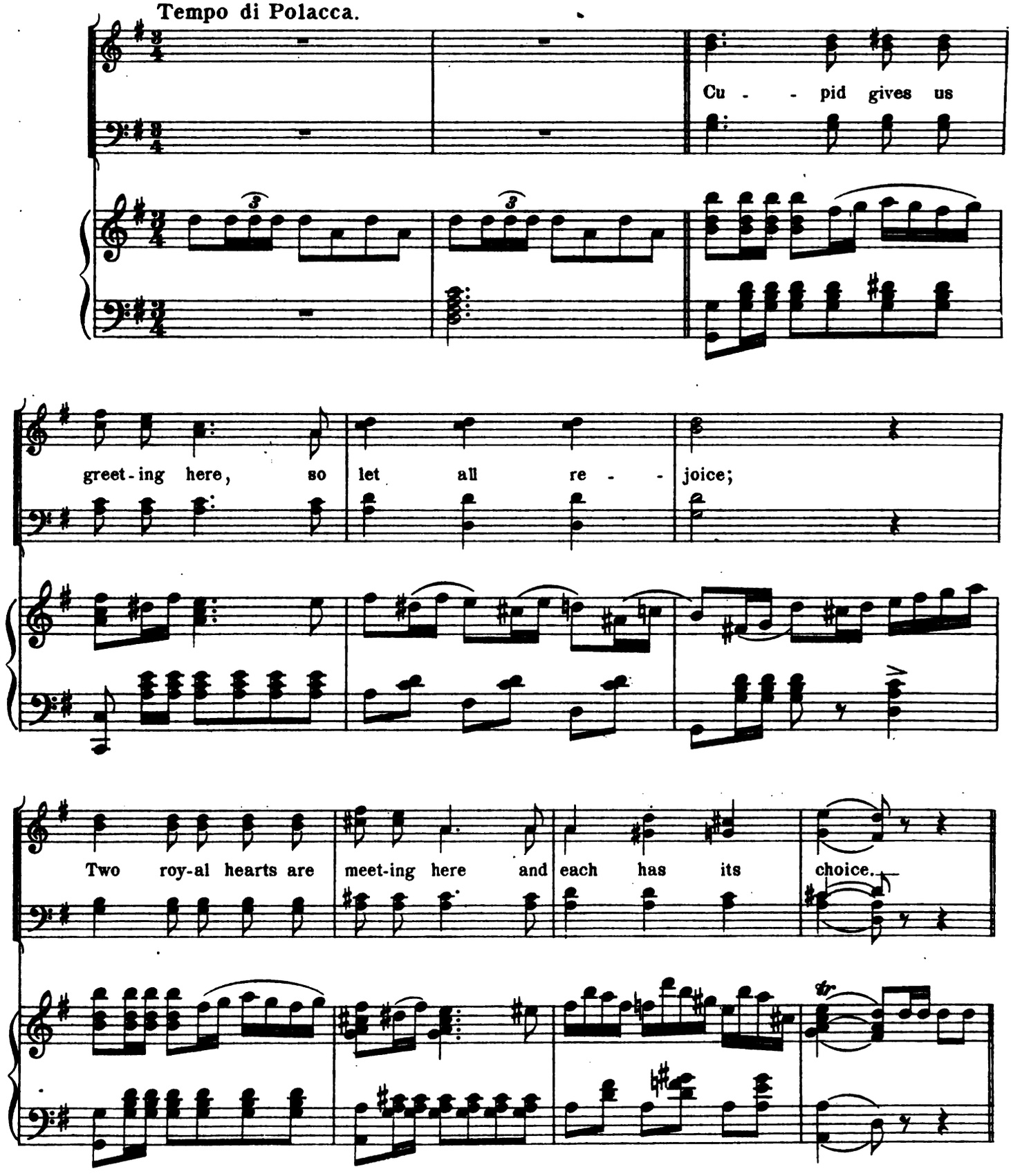

hon - ey in thy heart guard it safe - ly for me, Dry the
hon - ey in my heart and it's on - ly for you. There are
hon - ey in my heart and it's on - ly for you. There are
tears in thine eyes Save thy lips for the dew Some
tears in my eyes Though the world calls it dew I'm
tears in my eyes Though the world calls it dew I'm
1.
2.
day a - gain I'll claim thee For my heart is true Oh!
wait - ing and I want you And I want but you Oh!
wait - ing for I want you And I want but you

No 17. Finale II.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Polacca.



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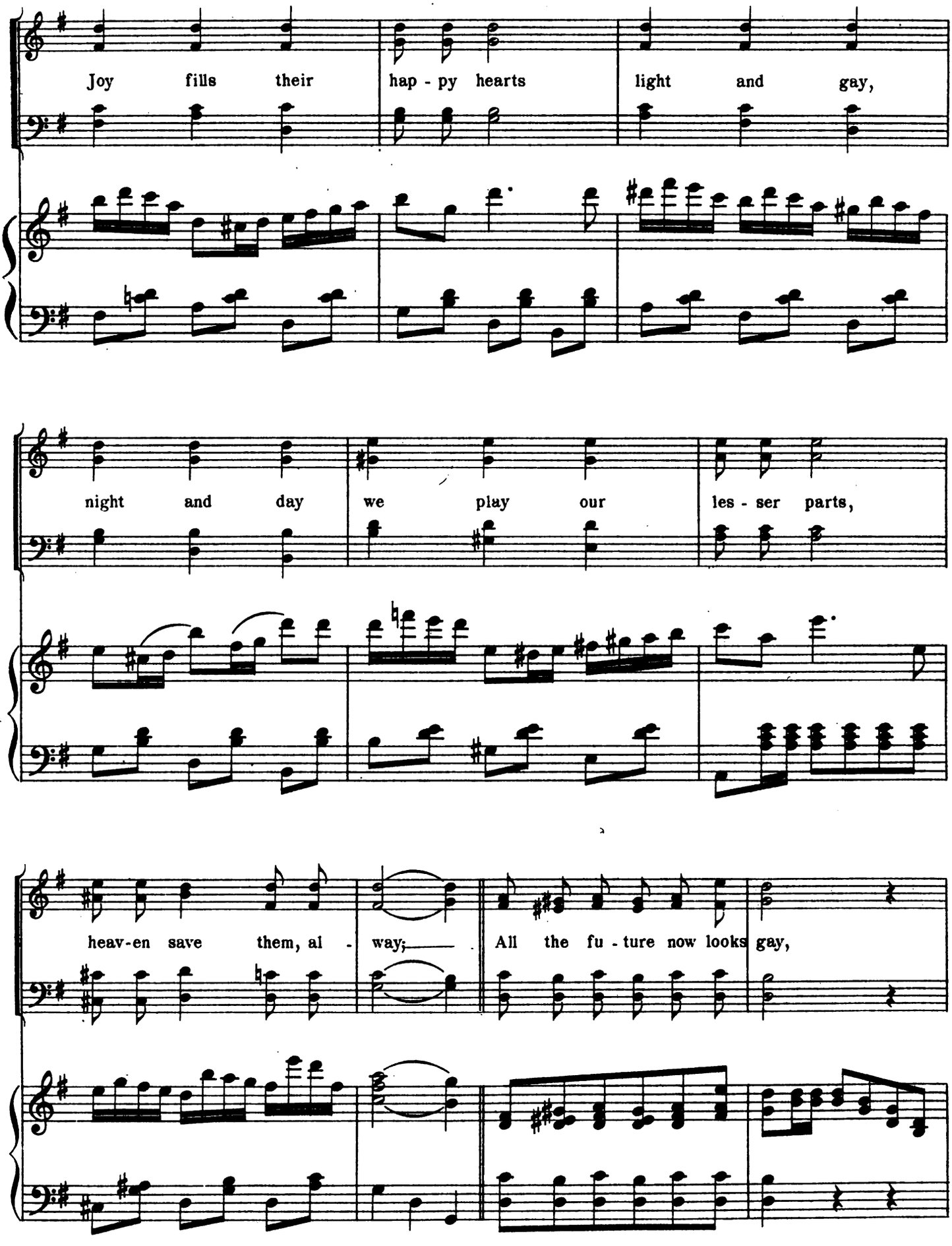
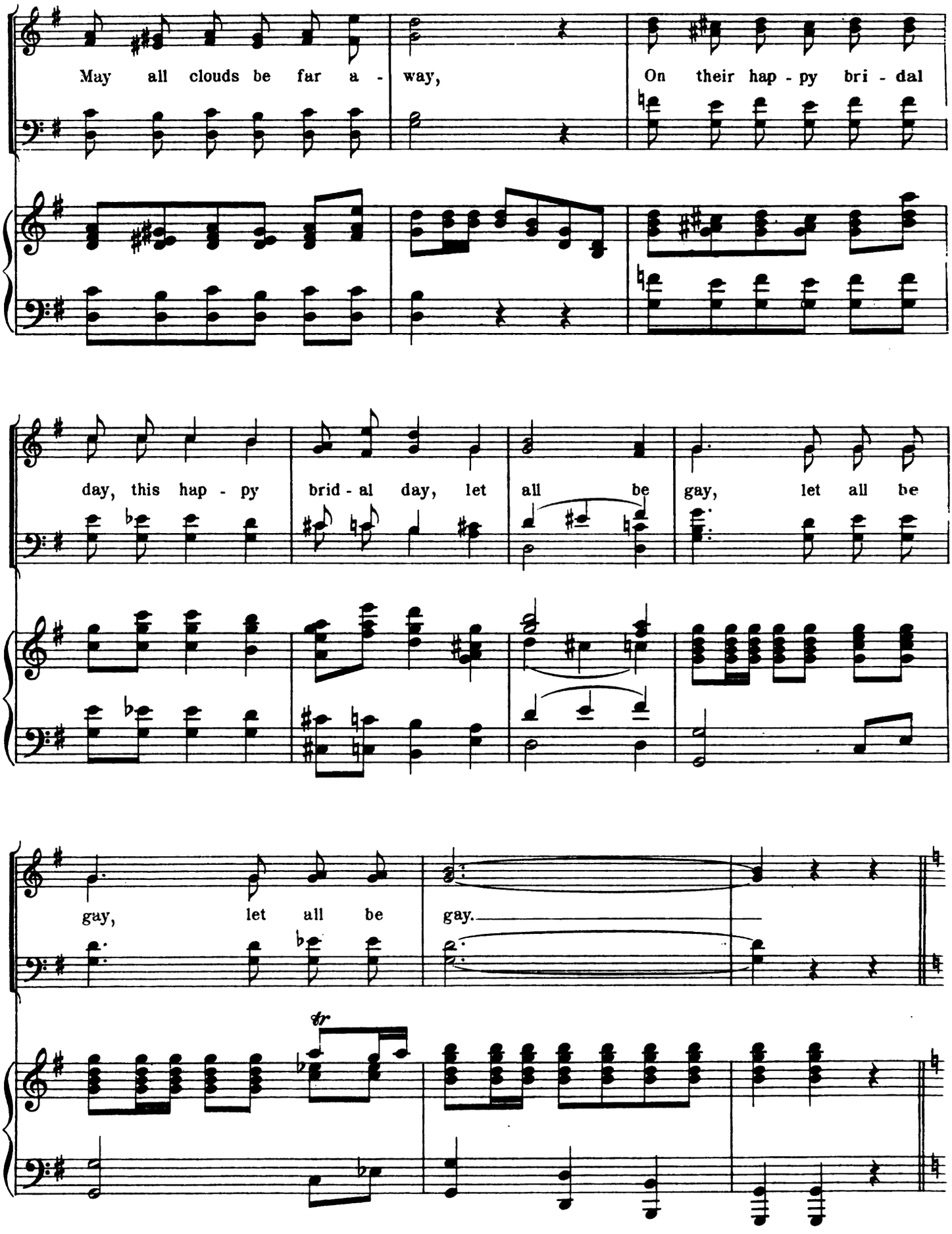
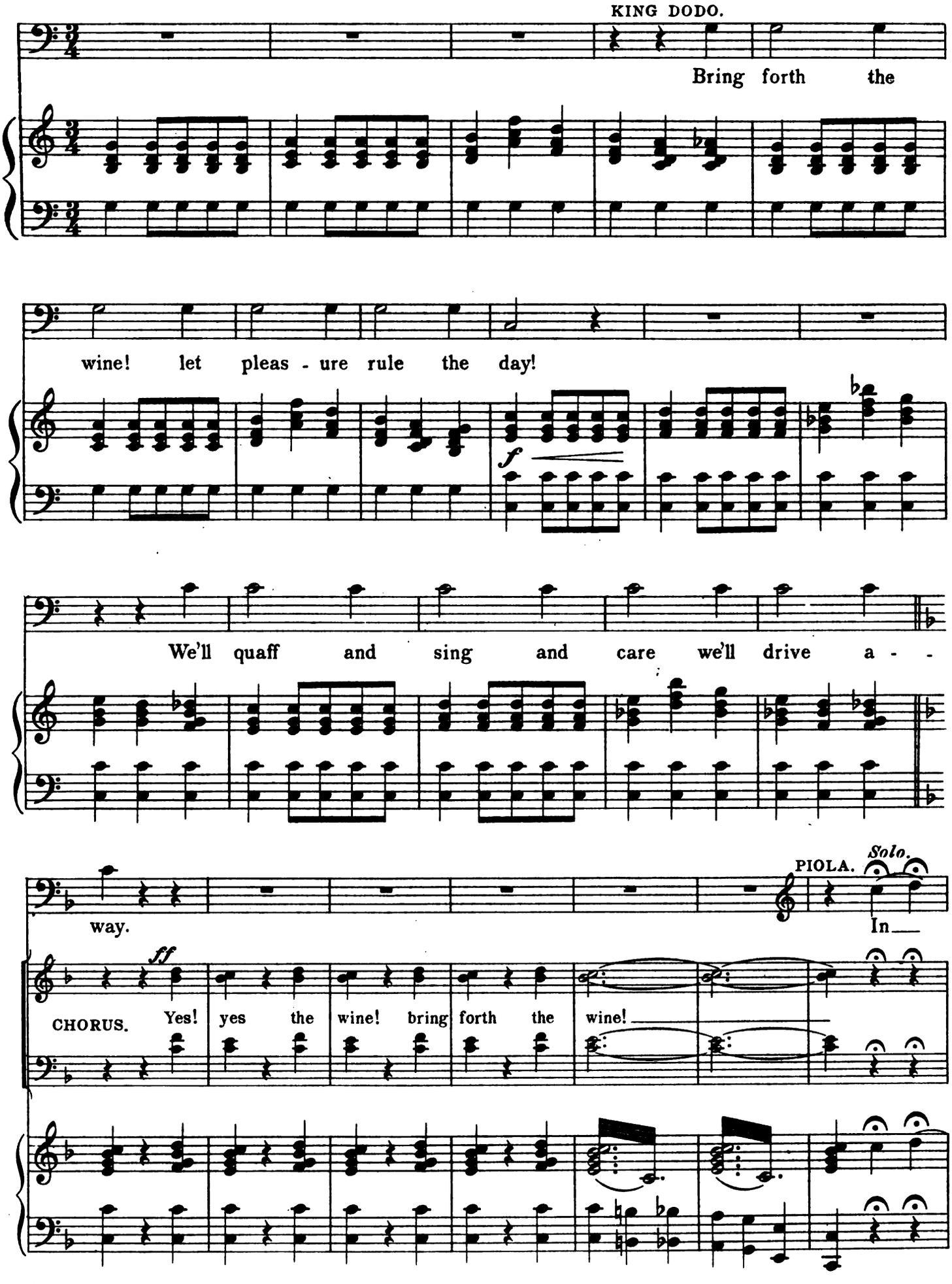
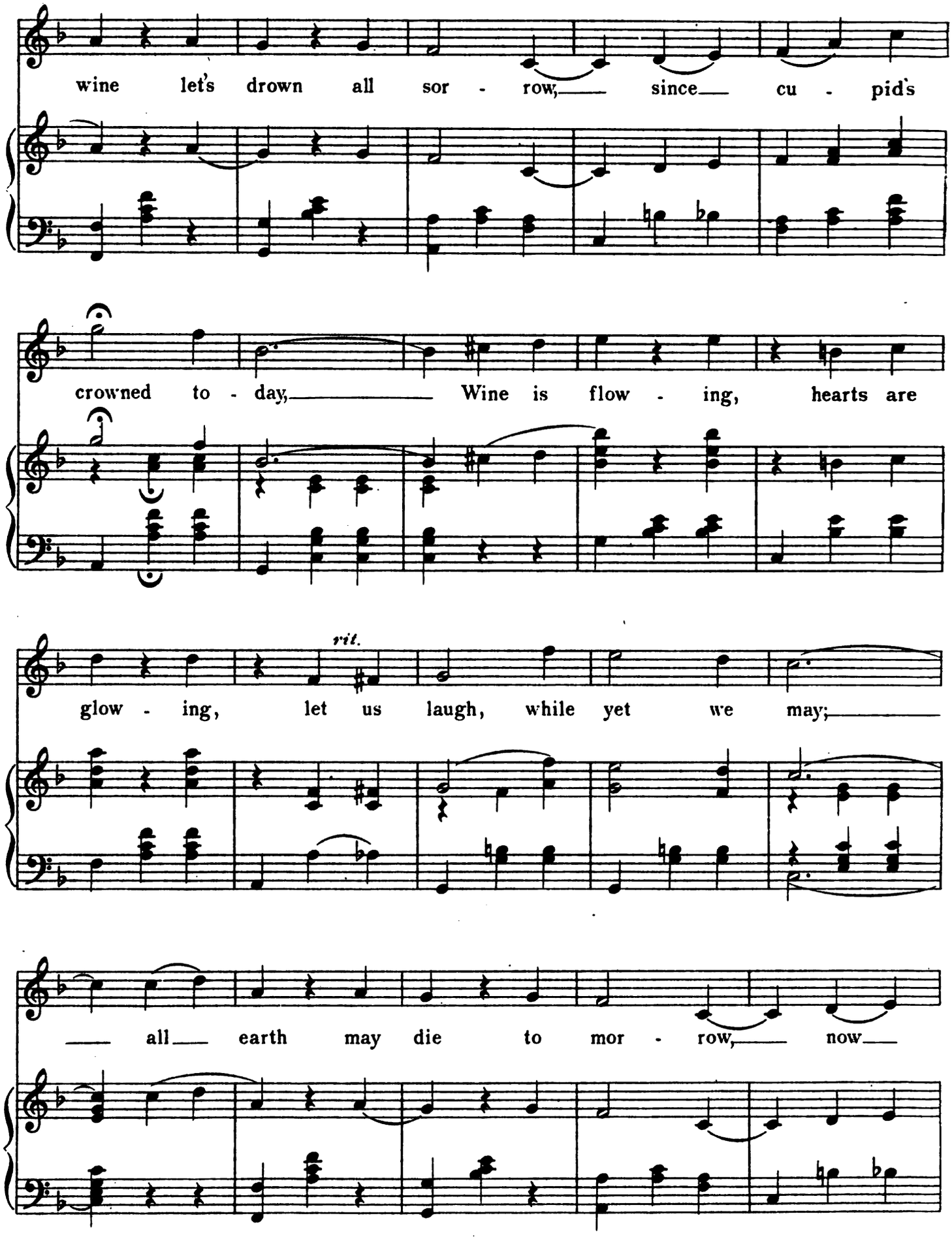
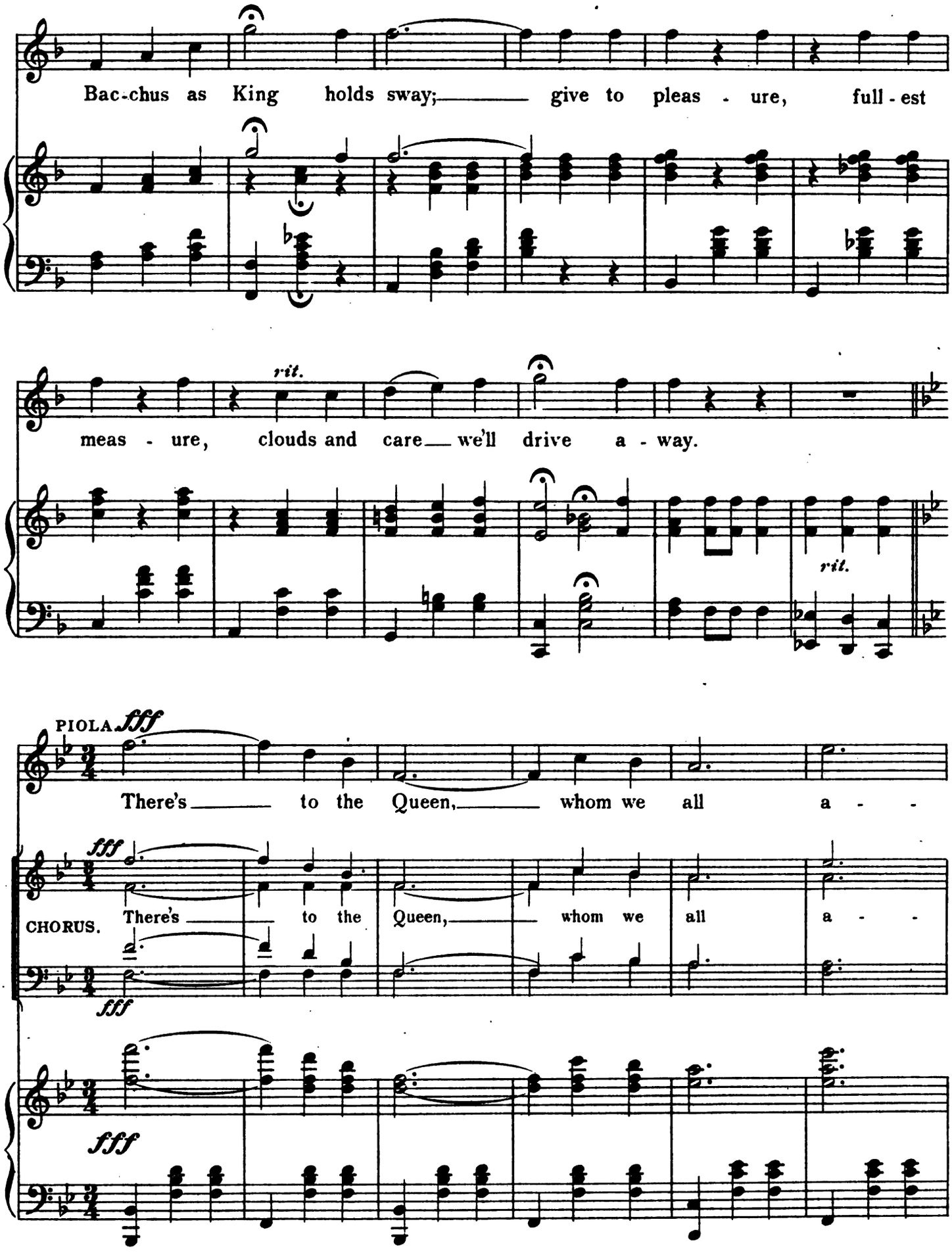
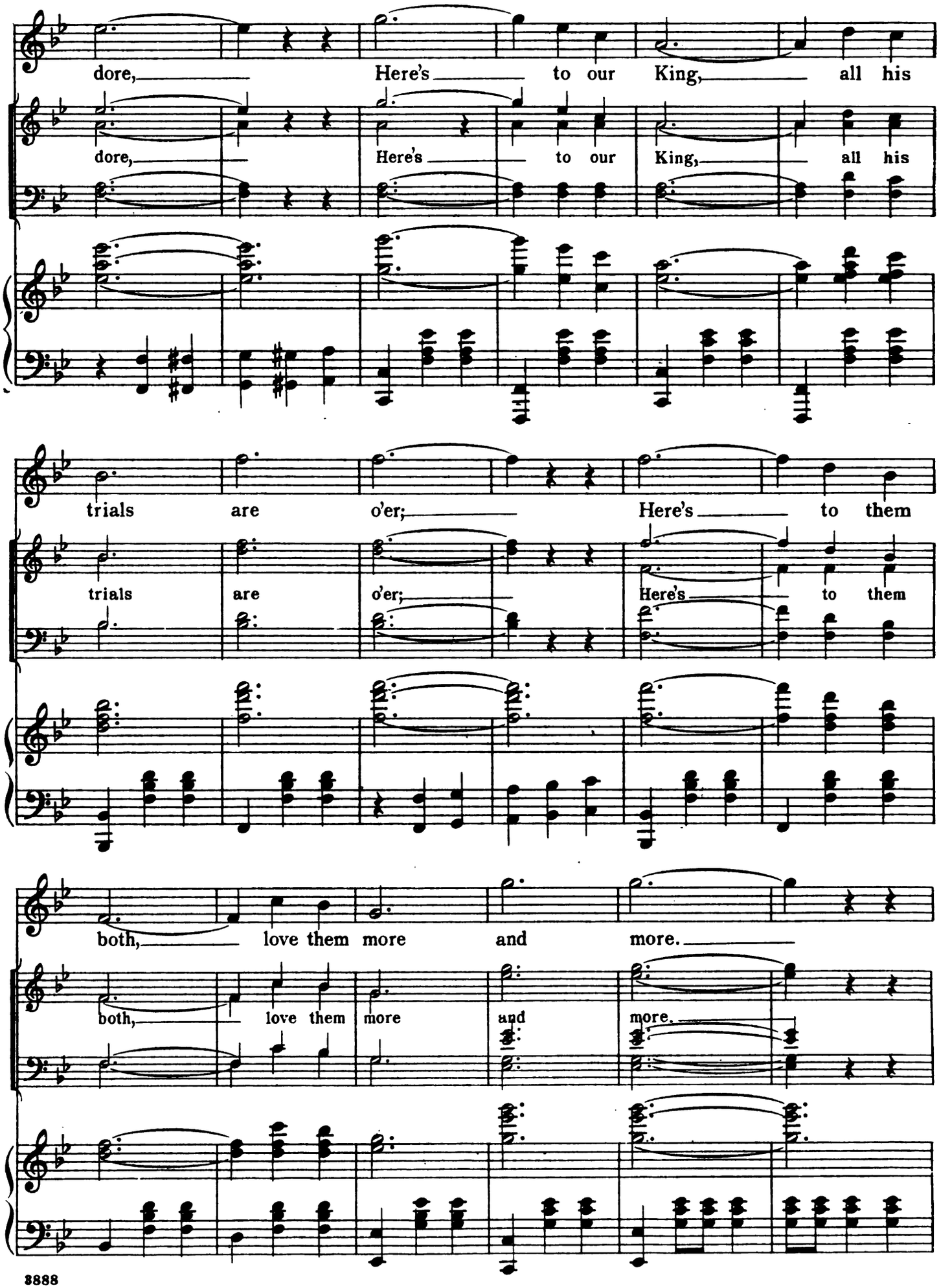

Joy fills their hap - py hearts light and gay,
night and day we play our les - ser parts,
heav-en save them, al - way;
All the fu - ture now looks gay,

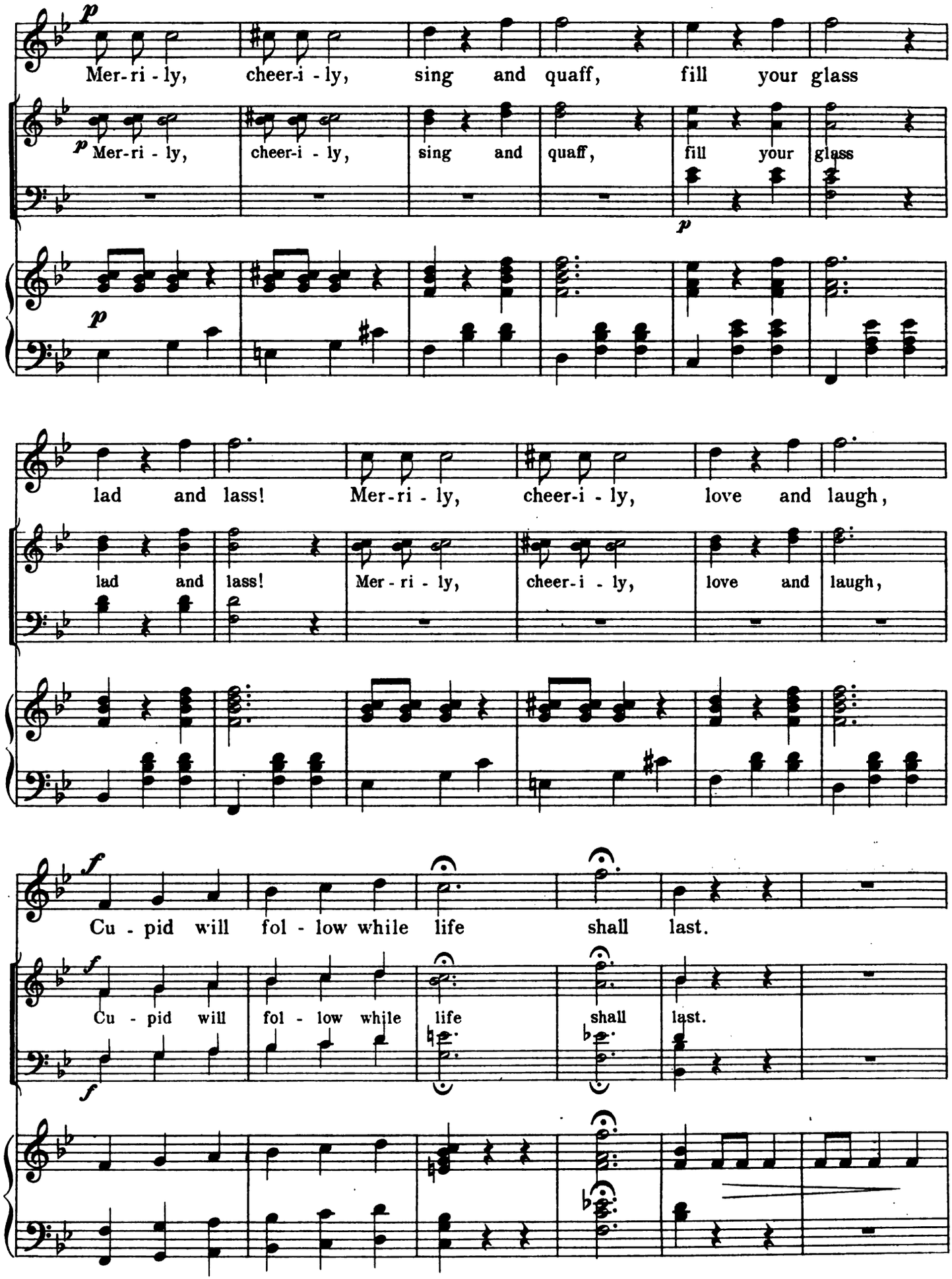

May all clouds be far a - way,
On their hap - py bri - dal
day, this hap - py brid - al day, let all be gay, let all be
gay, let all be gay.
tr

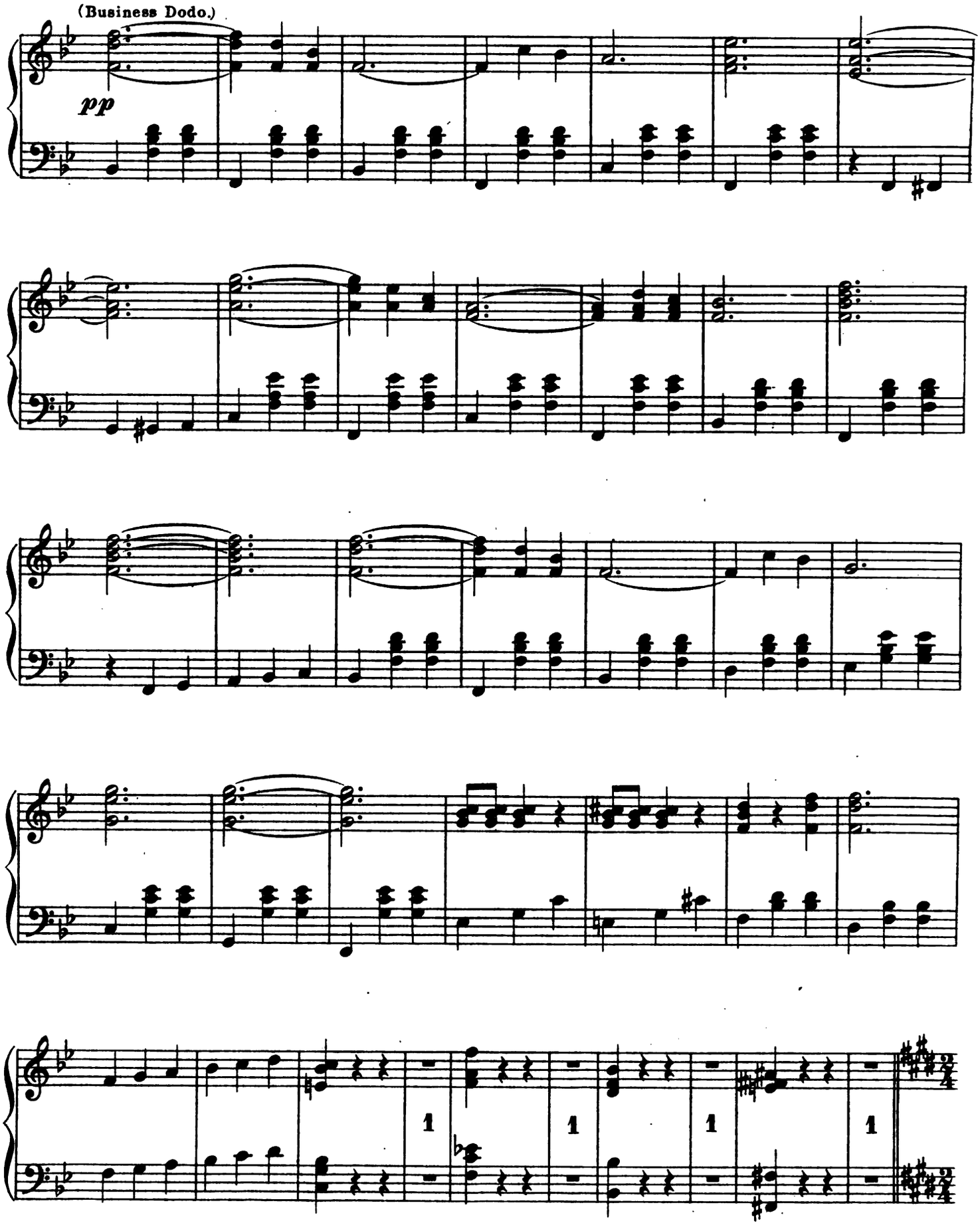

KING DODO.
Bring forth the
wine! let pleas - ure rule the day!
f
We'll quaff and sing and care we'll drive a - -
way.
PIOLA.
Solo.
In
ff
CHORUS. Yes! yes the wine! bring forth the wine!

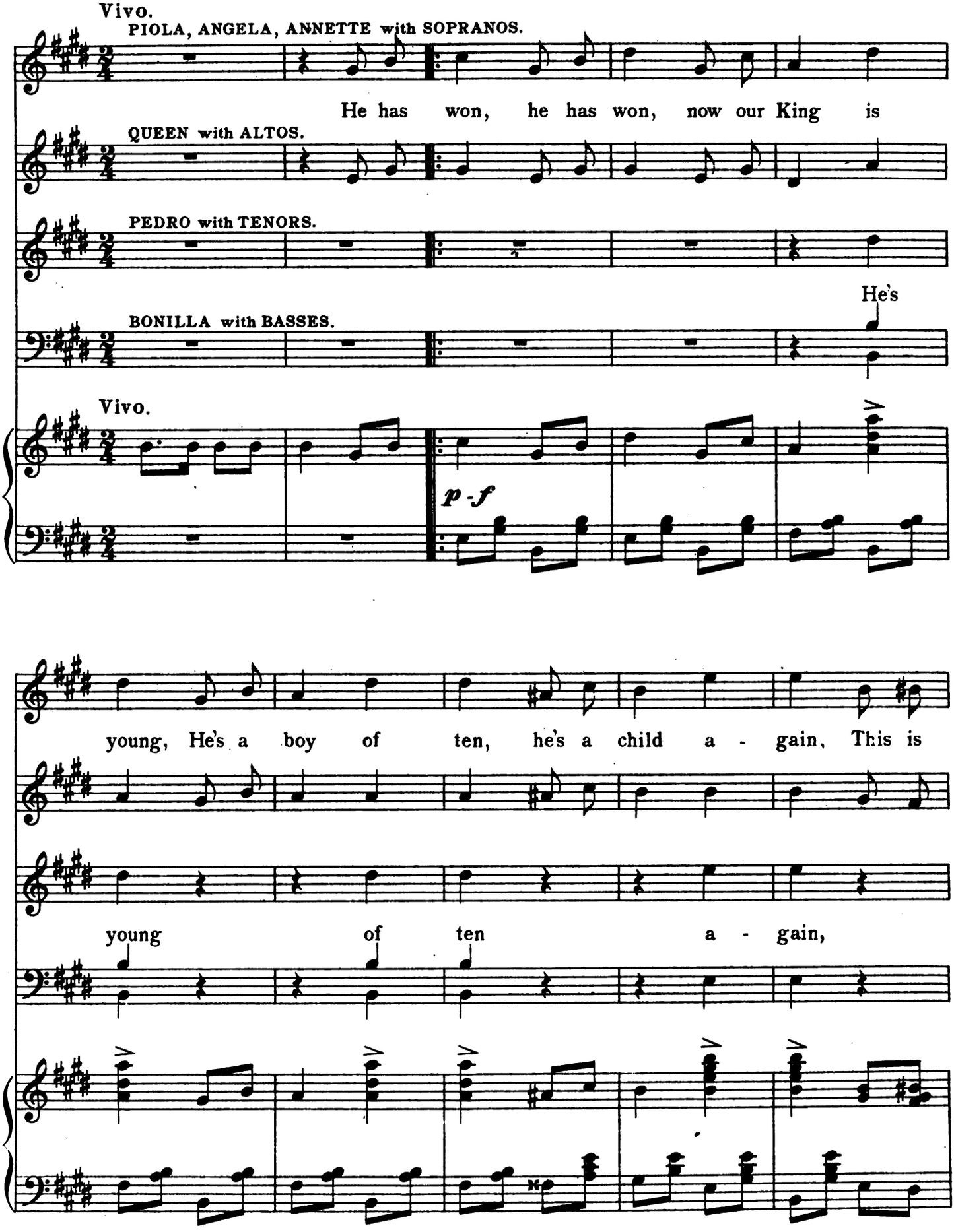

wine let's drown all sor - row, since cu - pid's
crowned to - day, Wine is flow - ing, hearts are
rit.
glow - ing, let us laugh, while yet we may;
all earth may die to mor - row, now

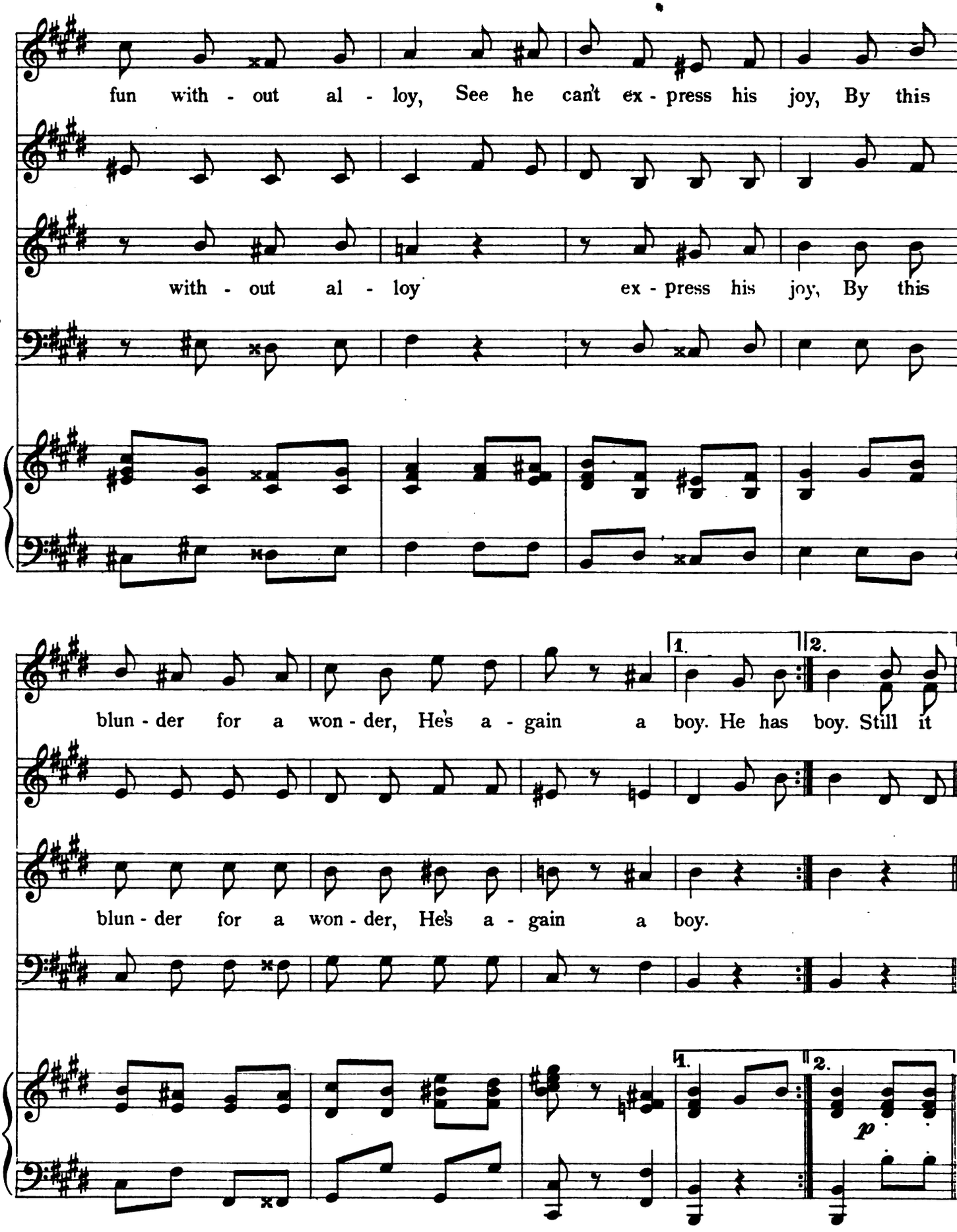

Bac-chus as King holds sway;— give to pleas - ure, full - est
rit.
meas - ure, clouds and care— we'll drive a - way.
rit.
PIOLA
fff
There's— to the Queen,— whom we all a - -
fff
CHORUS.
There's— to the Queen,— whom we all a - -
fff
fff

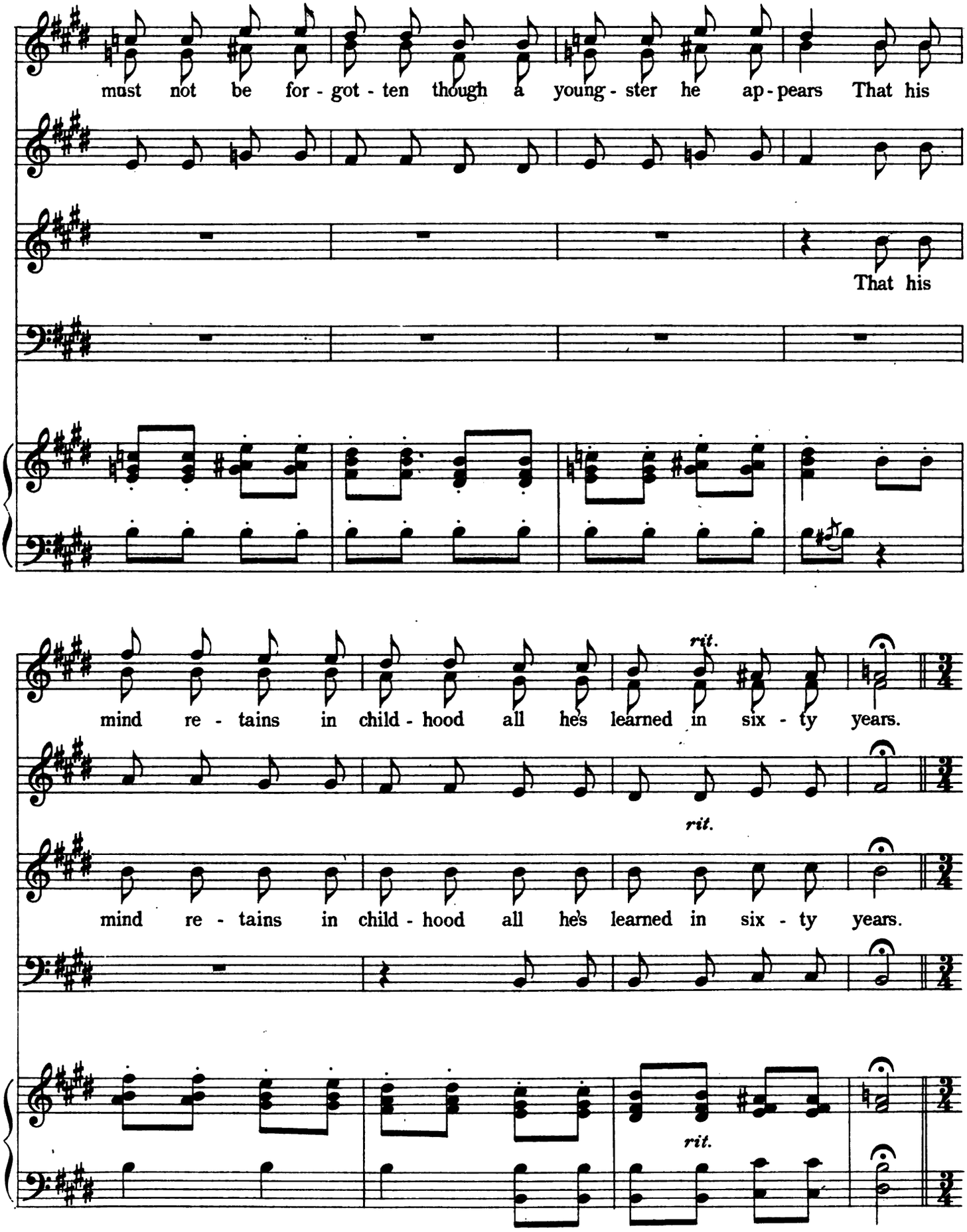

dore, Here's to our King, all his
dore, Here's to our King, all his
trials are o'er; Here's to them
trials are o'er; Here's to them
both, love them more and more.
both, love them more and more.


p
Mer-ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, sing and quaff, fill your glass
p Mer-ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, sing and quaff, fill your glass
p
p
lad and lass! Mer-ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, love and laugh,
lad and lass! Mer - ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, love and laugh,
f
Cu - pid will fol - low while life shall last.
f Cu - pid will fol - low while life shall last.
f


(Business Dodo.)
pp
1
1
1
1

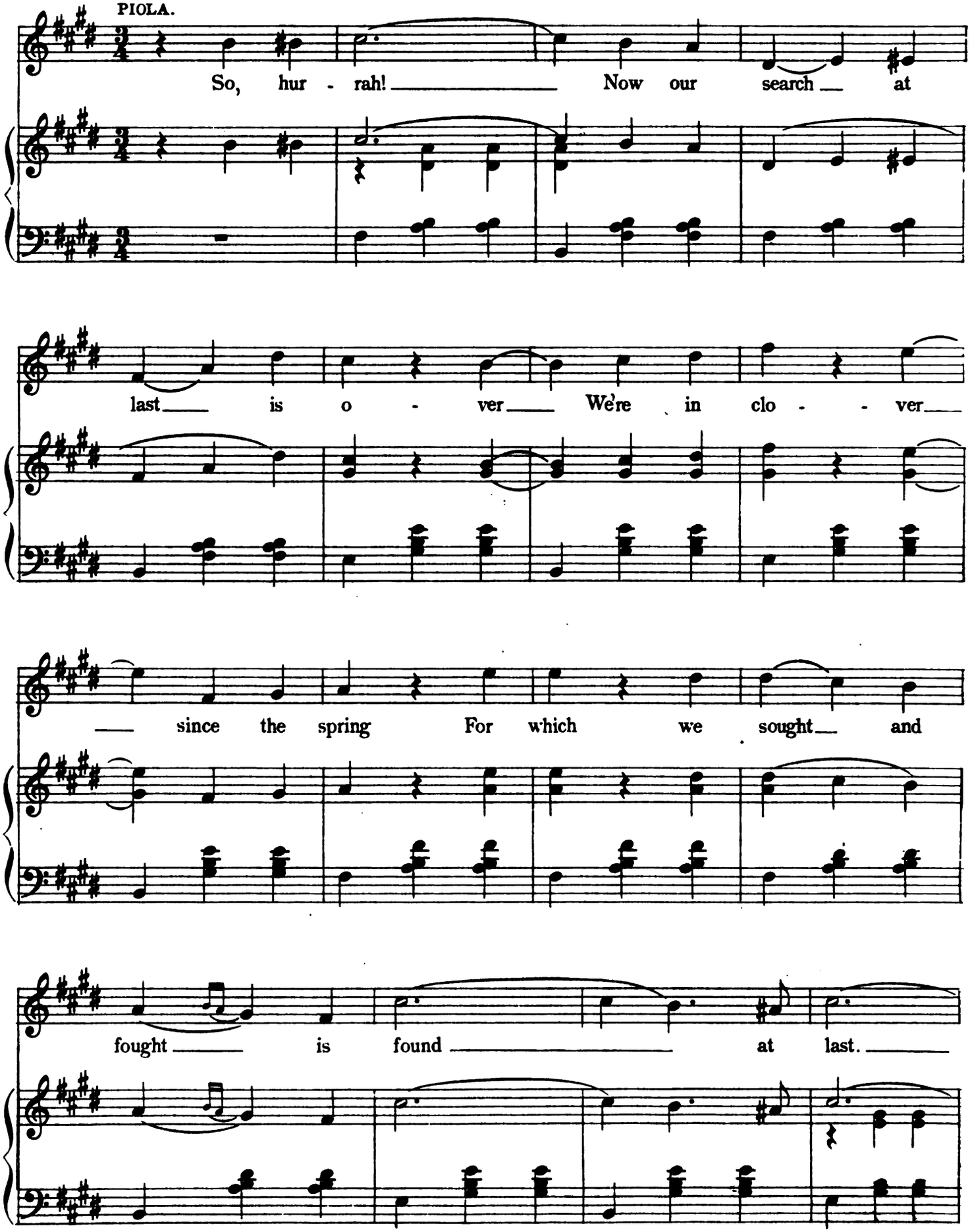

Vivo.
PIOLA, ANGELA, ANNETTE with SOPRANOS.
He has won, he has won, now our King is
QUEEN with ALTOS.
PEDRO with TENORS.
He's
BONILLA with BASSES.
Vivo.
p - f
young, He's a boy of ten, he's a child a - gain, This is
young of ten a - gain,

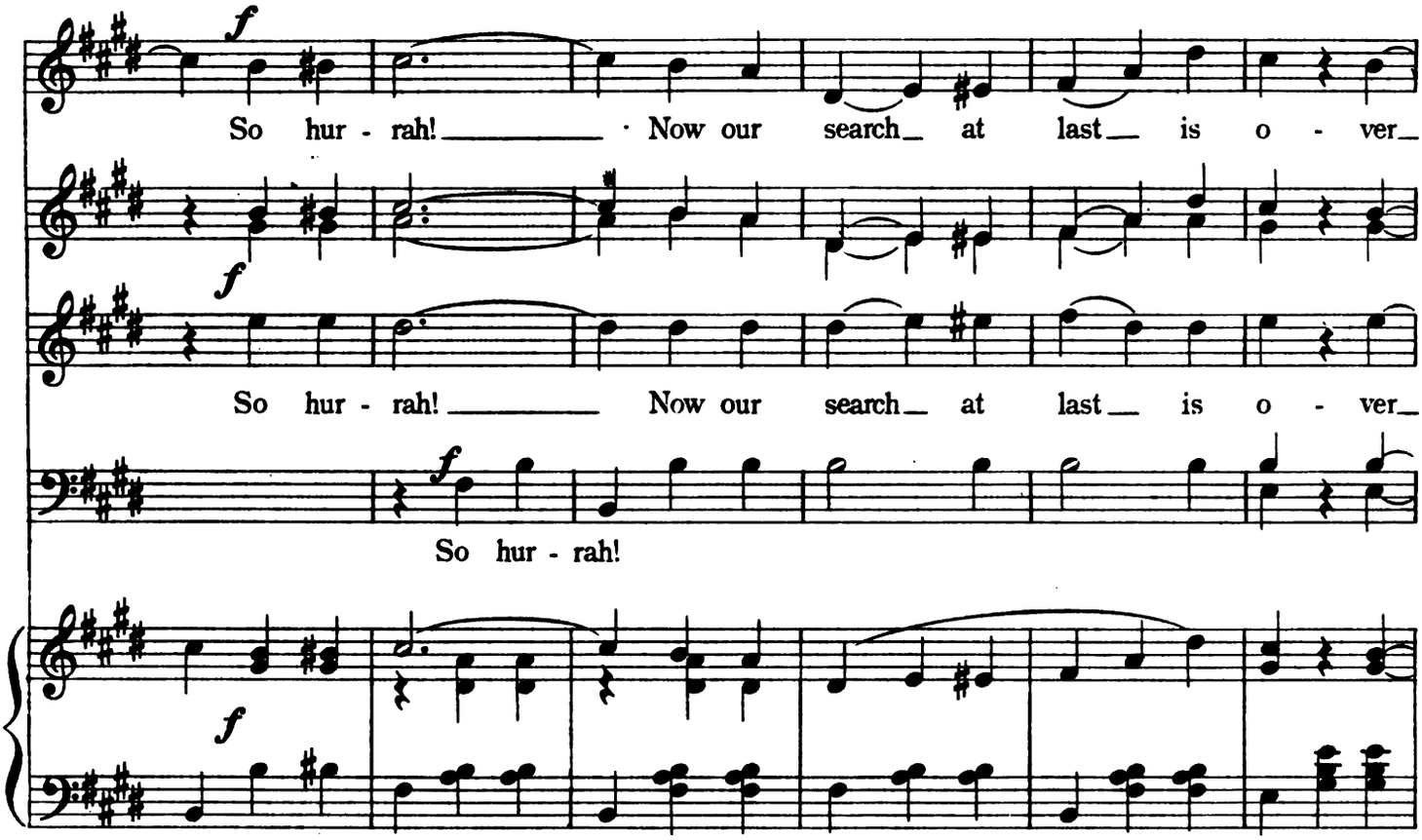

fun with - out al - loy, See he can't ex - press his joy, By this
with - out al - loy ex - press his joy, By this
blun - der for a won - der, He's a - gain a boy. He has boy. Still it
blun - der for a won - der, He's a - gain a boy.
1.
2.
1.
2.
p

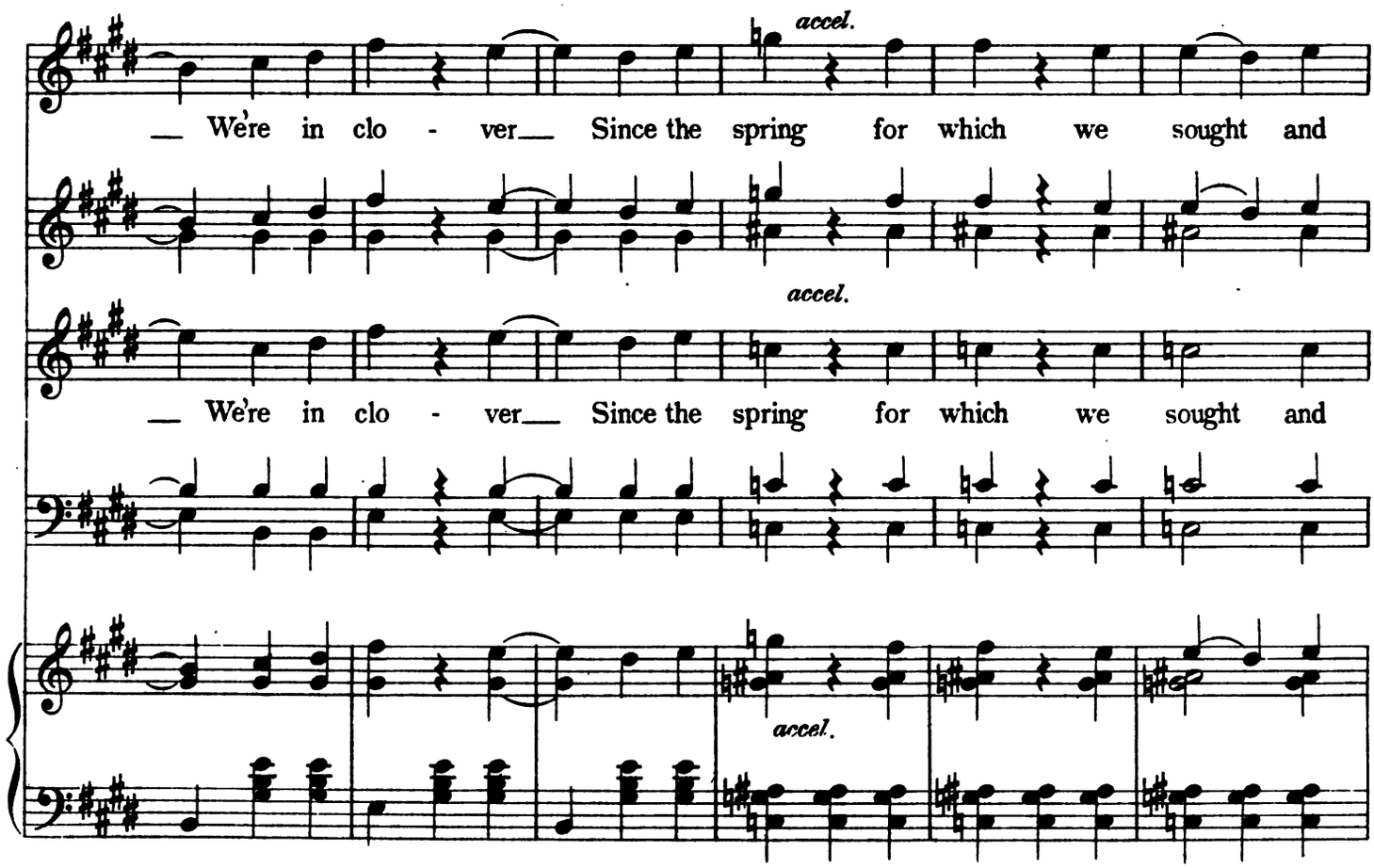

must not be for - got - ten though a young - ster he ap - pears That his
That his
mind re - tains in child - hood all he's learned in six - ty years.
rit.
rit.
mind re - tains in child - hood all he's learned in six - ty years.
rit.

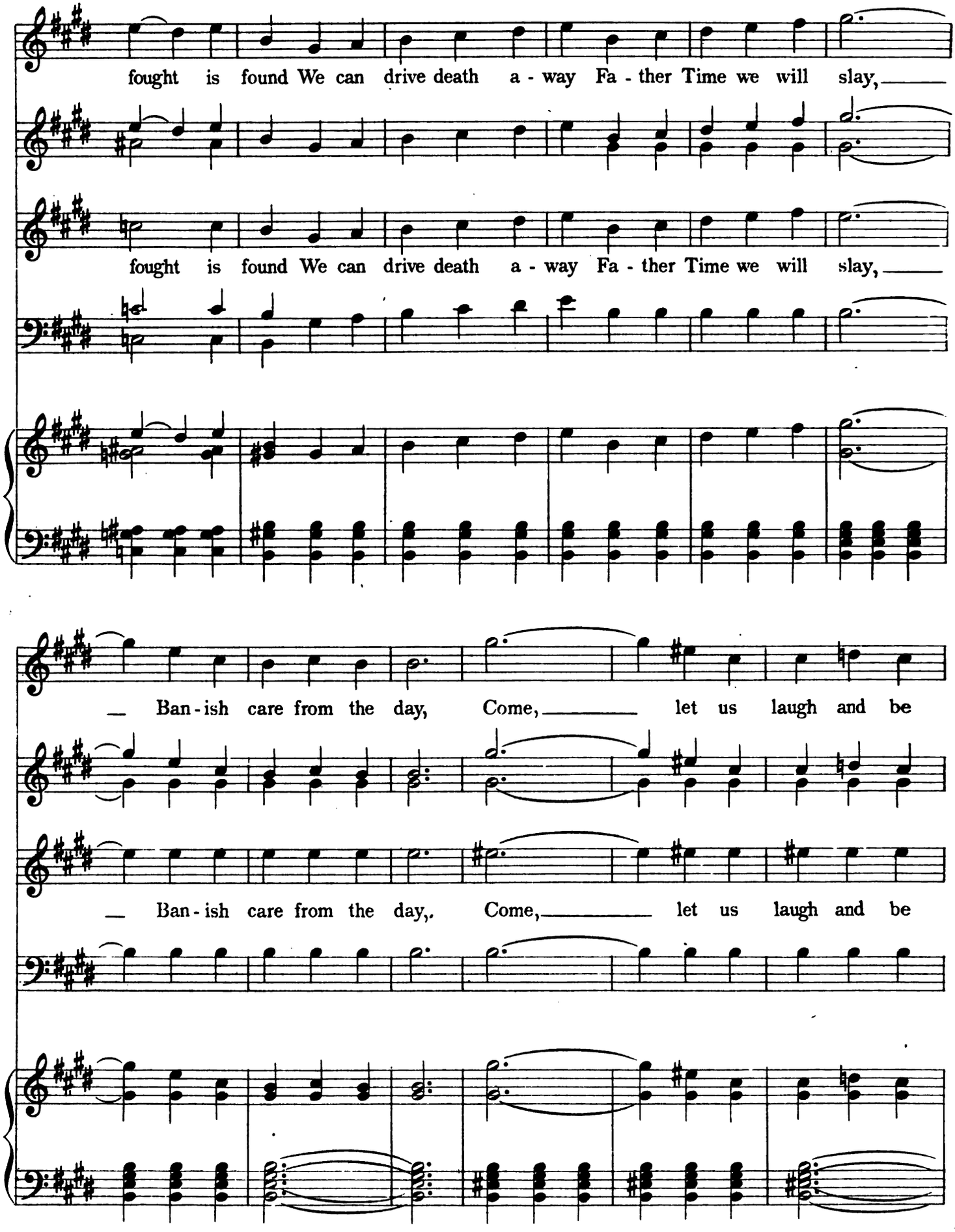
Tempo di Valse.

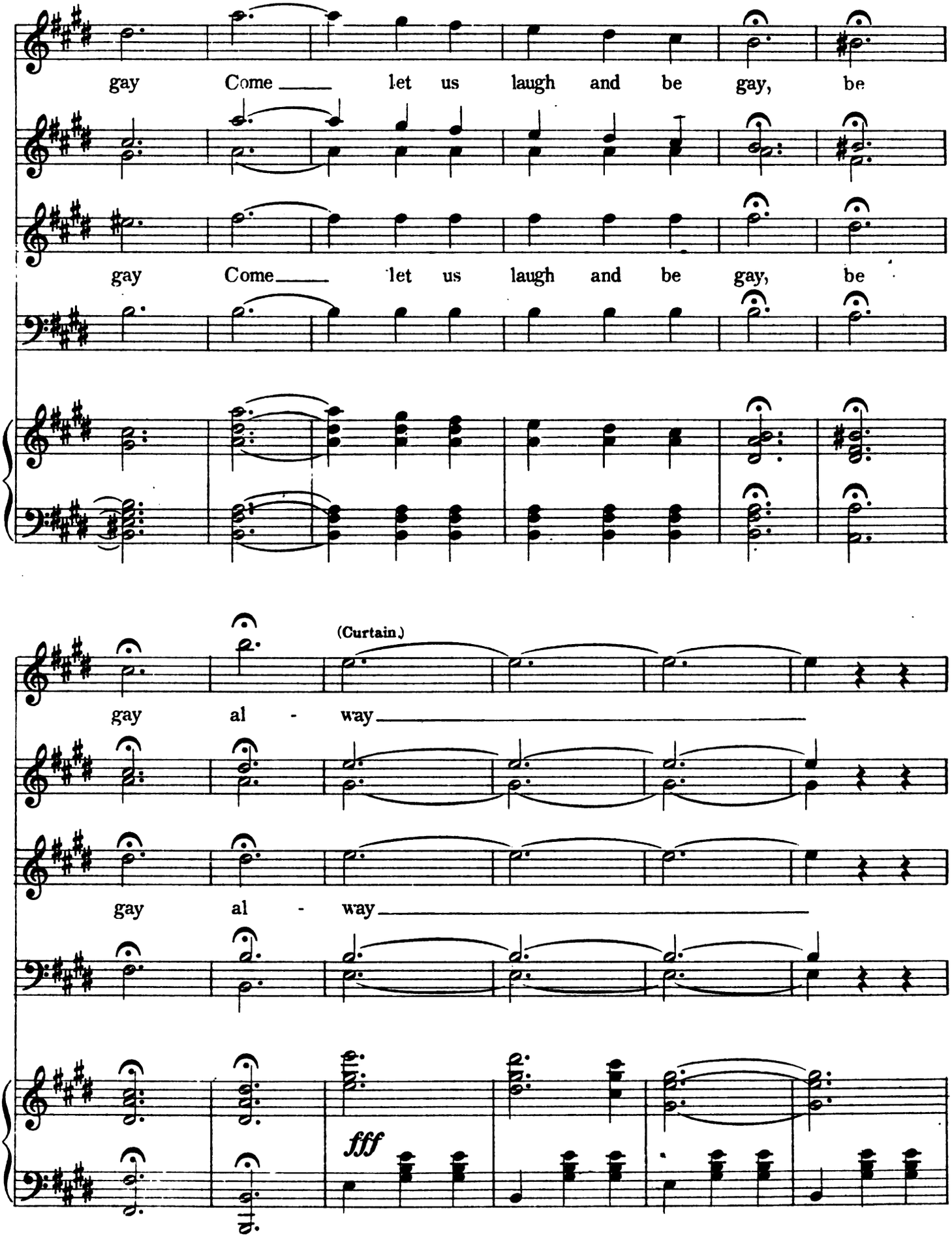
PIOLA.

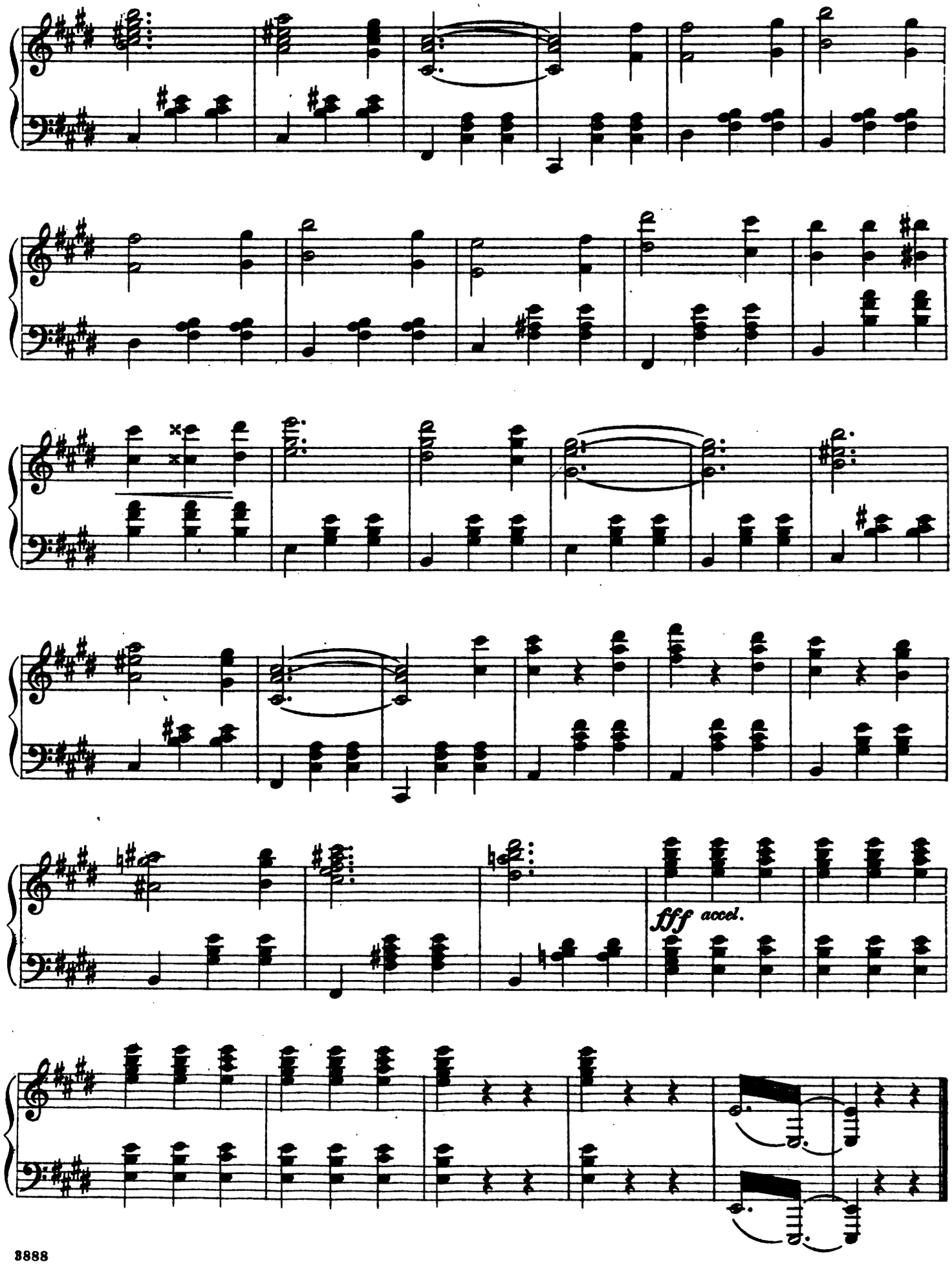



f
So hur - rah! Now our search at last is o - ver
f
So hur - rah! Now our search at last is o - ver
f
So hur - rah!
f


accel.
We're in clo - ver Since the spring for which we sought and
accel.
We're in clo - ver Since the spring for which we sought and
accel.


fought is found We can drive death a - way Fa - ther Time we will slay,
fought is found We can drive death a - way Fa - ther Time we will slay,
Ban - ish care from the day, Come, let us laugh and be
Ban - ish care from the day,. Come, let us laugh and be


gay Come let us laugh and be gay, be
gay Come let us laugh and be gay, be
(Curtain.)
gay al - way
gay al - way
fff


fff accel.

Act III.

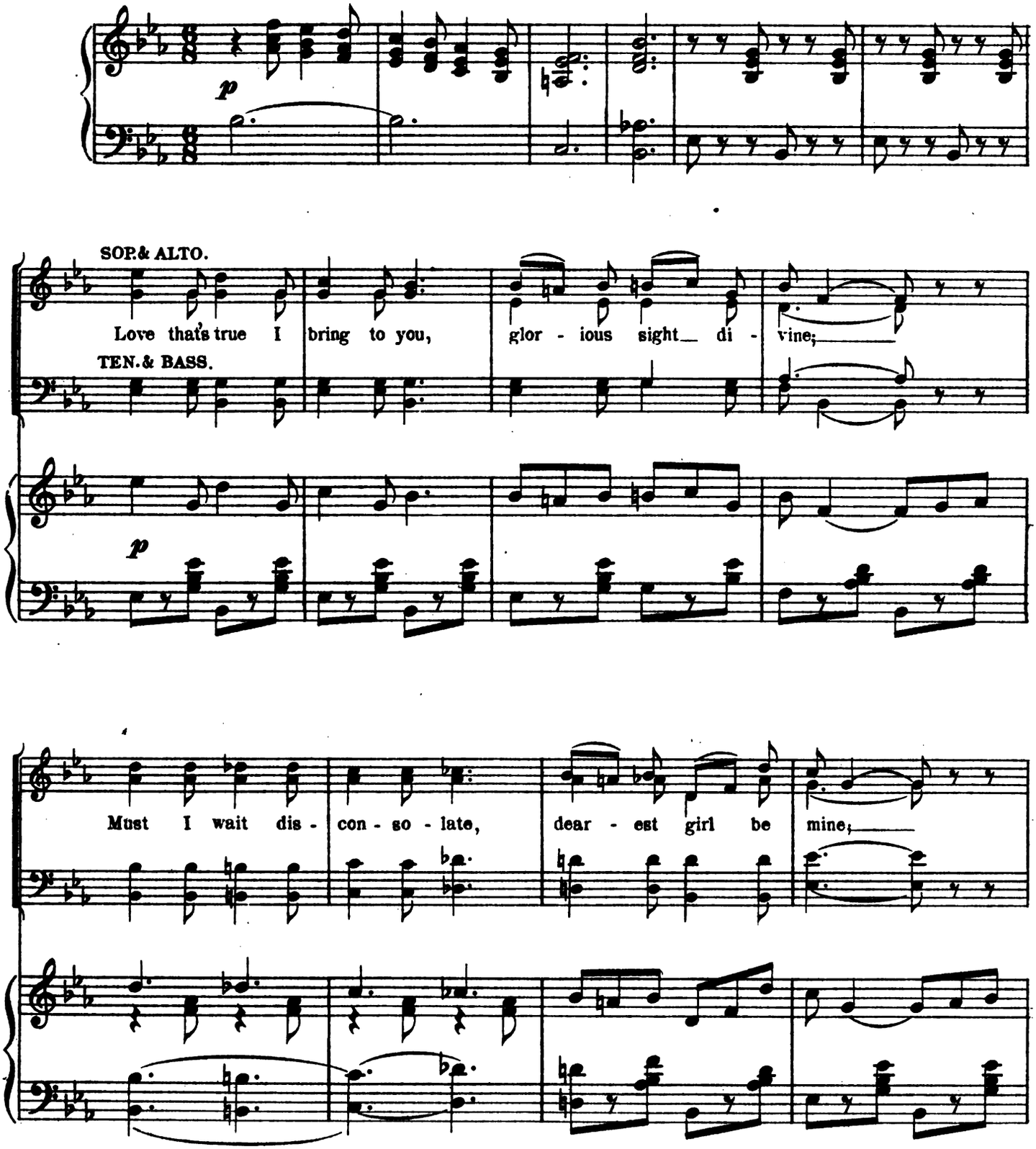
Opening Chorus.

No 18.

SERENADE.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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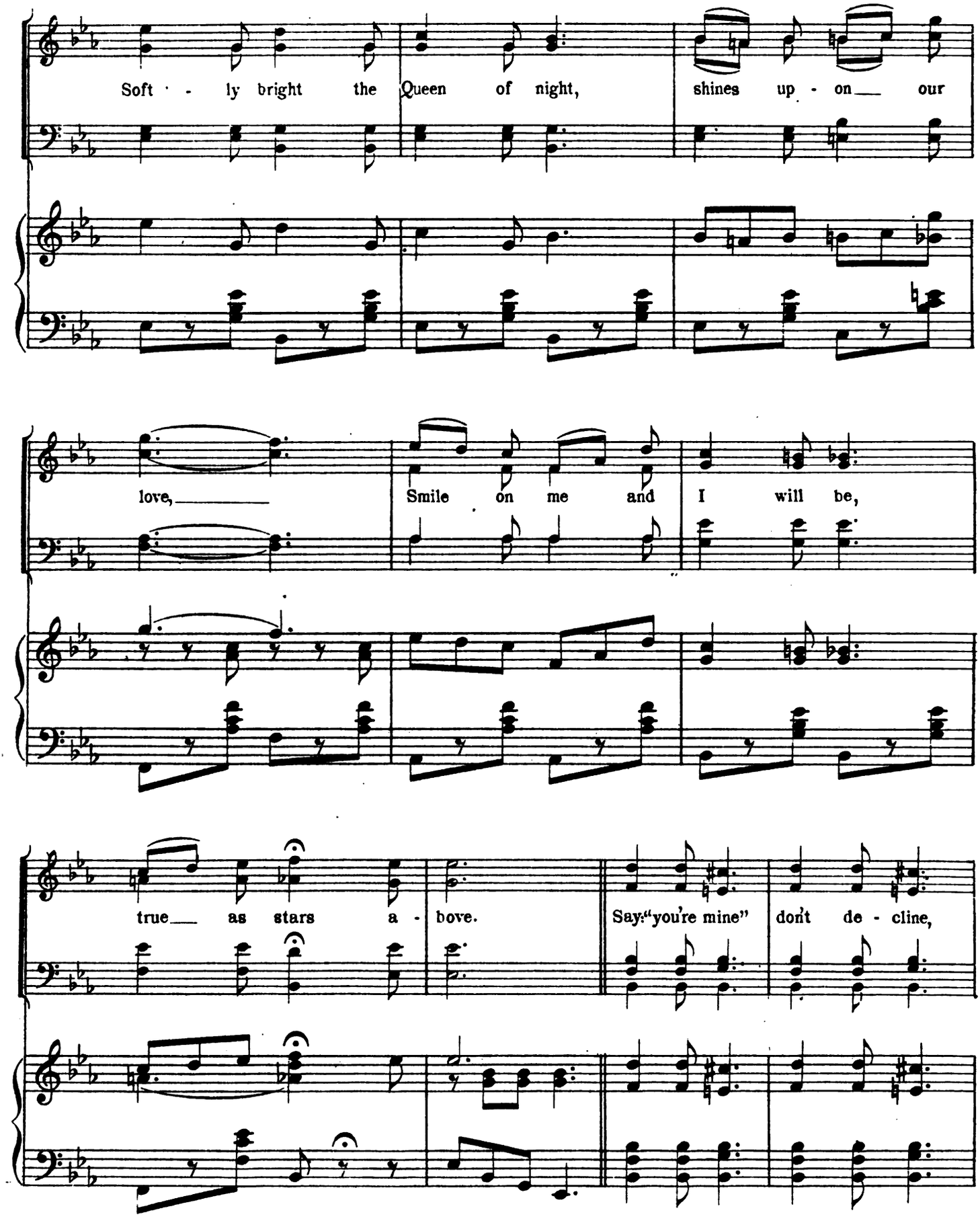
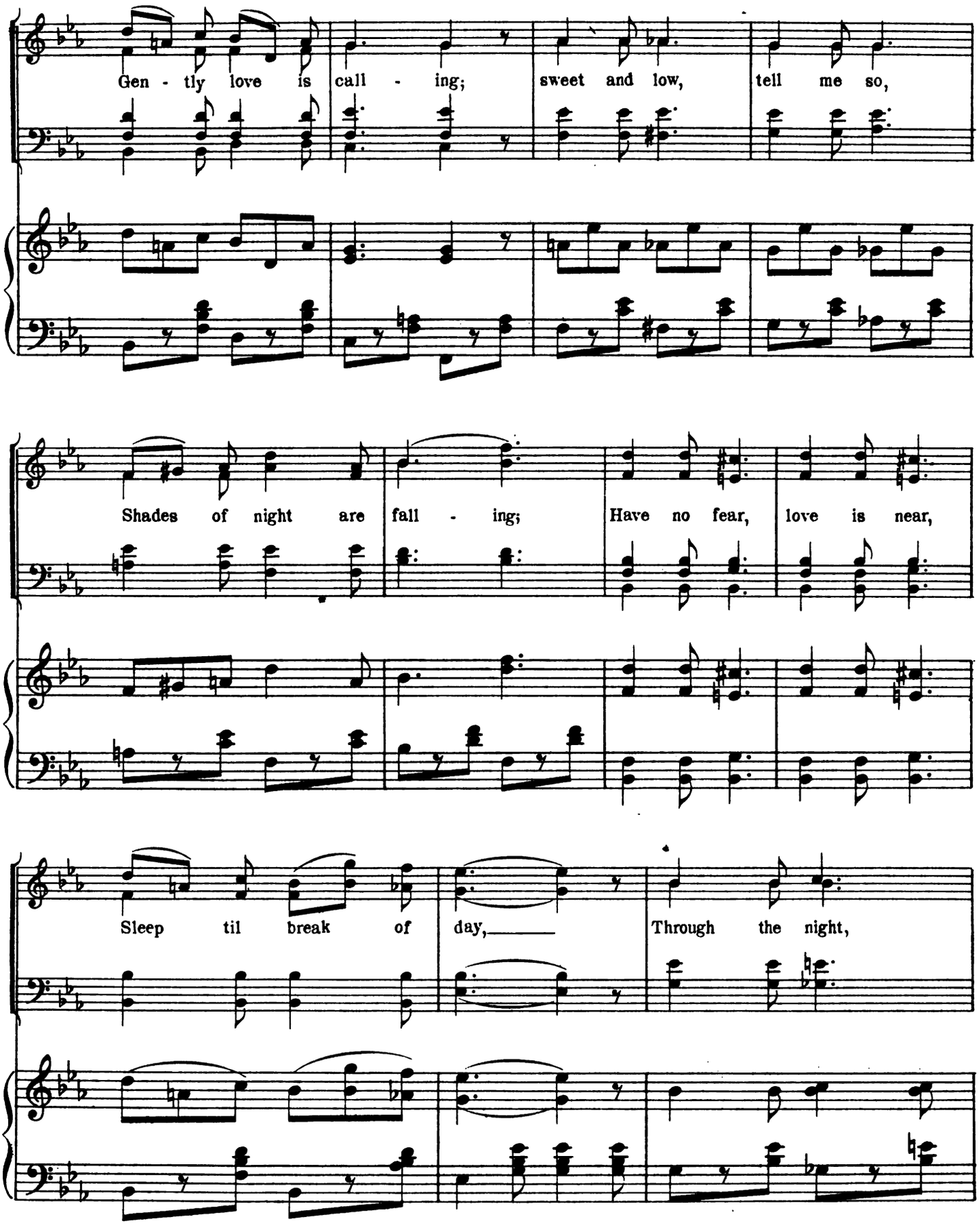
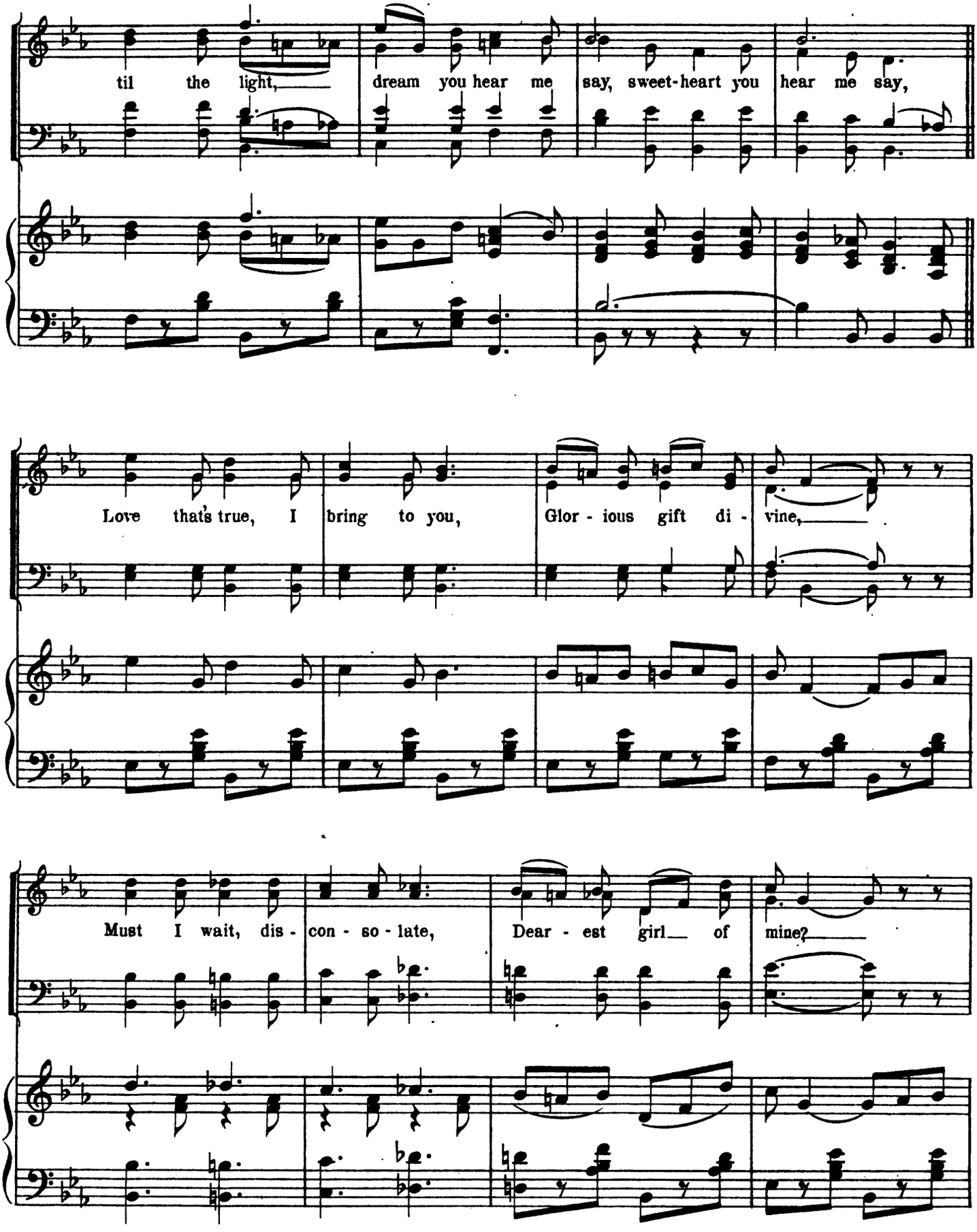
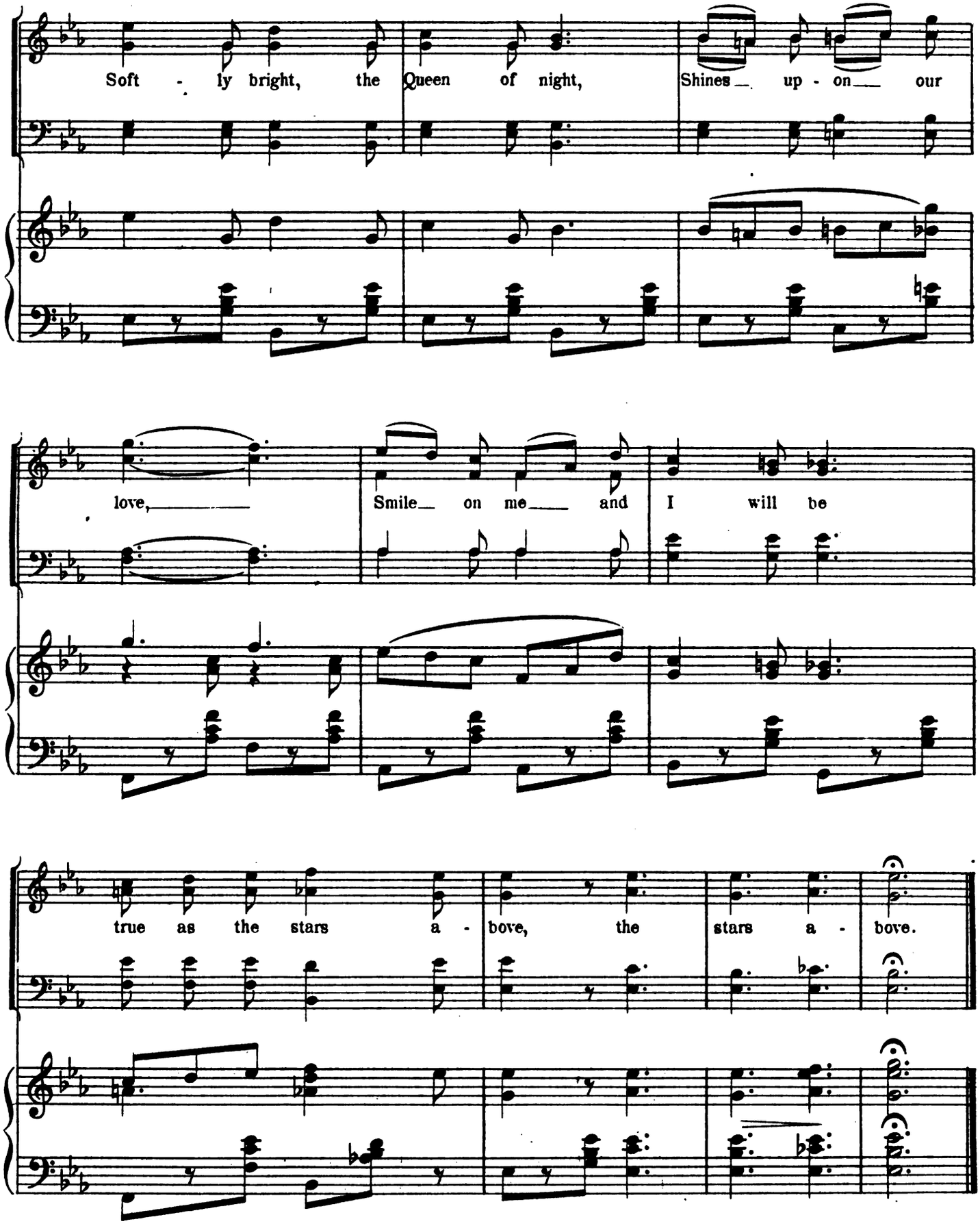

Soft - ly bright the Queen of night, shines up - on our
love, Smile on me and I will be,
true as stars a - bove. Say: "you're mine" don't de - cline,


Gen - tly love is call - ing; sweet and low, tell me so,
Shades of night are fall - ing; Have no fear, love is near,
Sleep til break of day, Through the night,


til the light, dream you hear me say, sweet-heart you hear me say,
Love that's true, I bring to you, Glor - ious gift di - vine,
Must I wait, dis - con - so - late, Dear - est girl of mine?

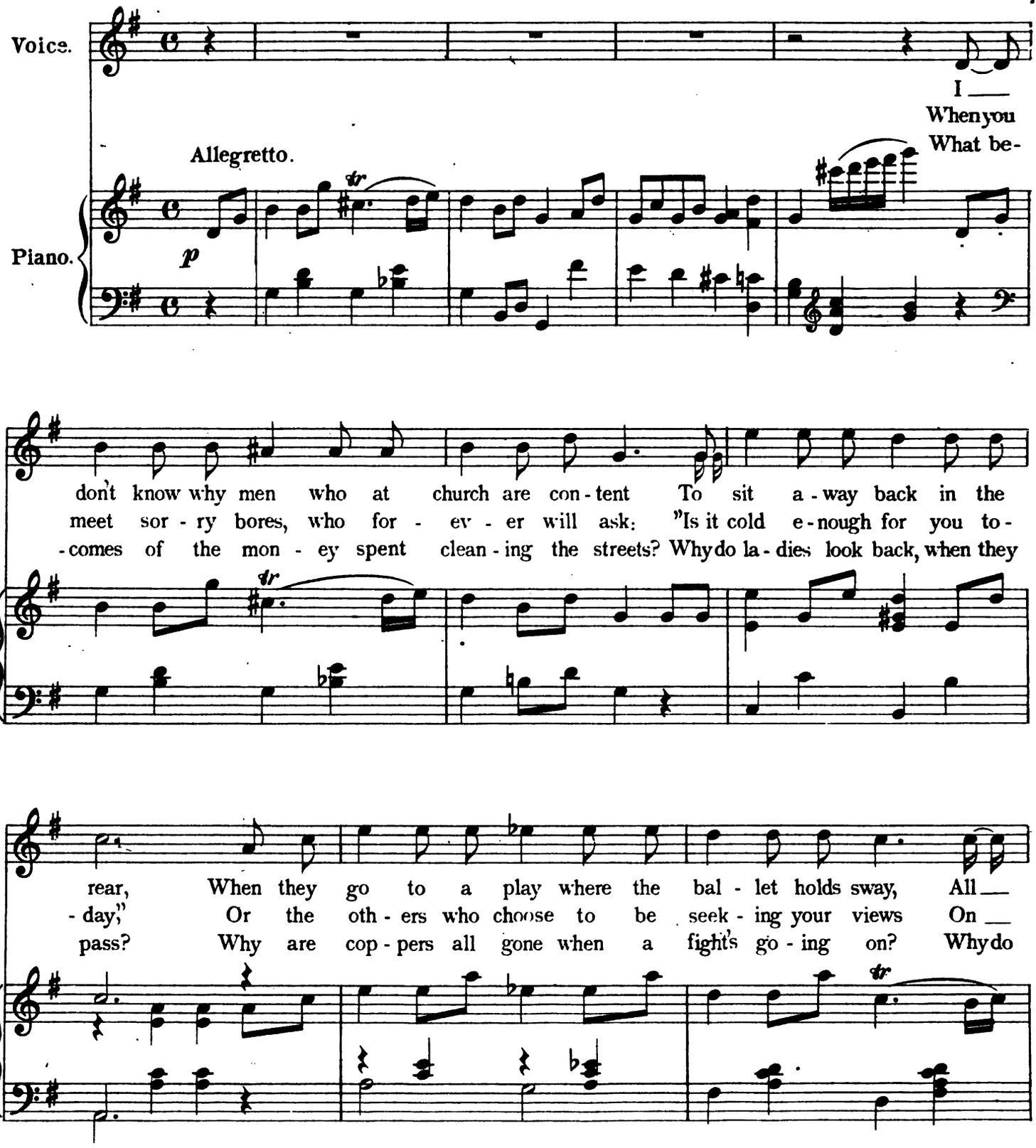

Soft - ly bright, the Queen of night, Shines up - on our
love, Smile on me and I will be
true as the stars a - bove, the stars a - bove.

Look in the Book and See!

No. 19.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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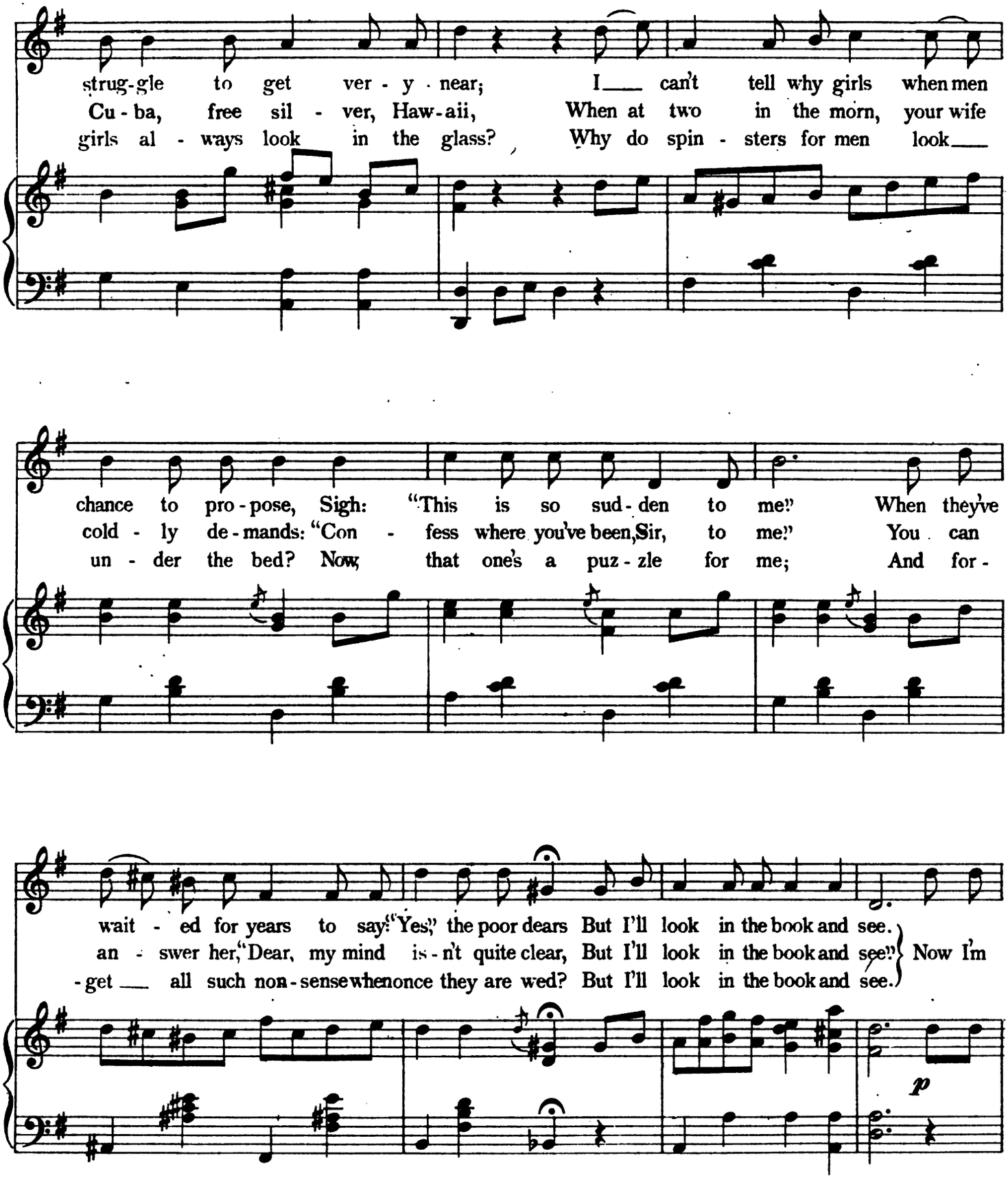
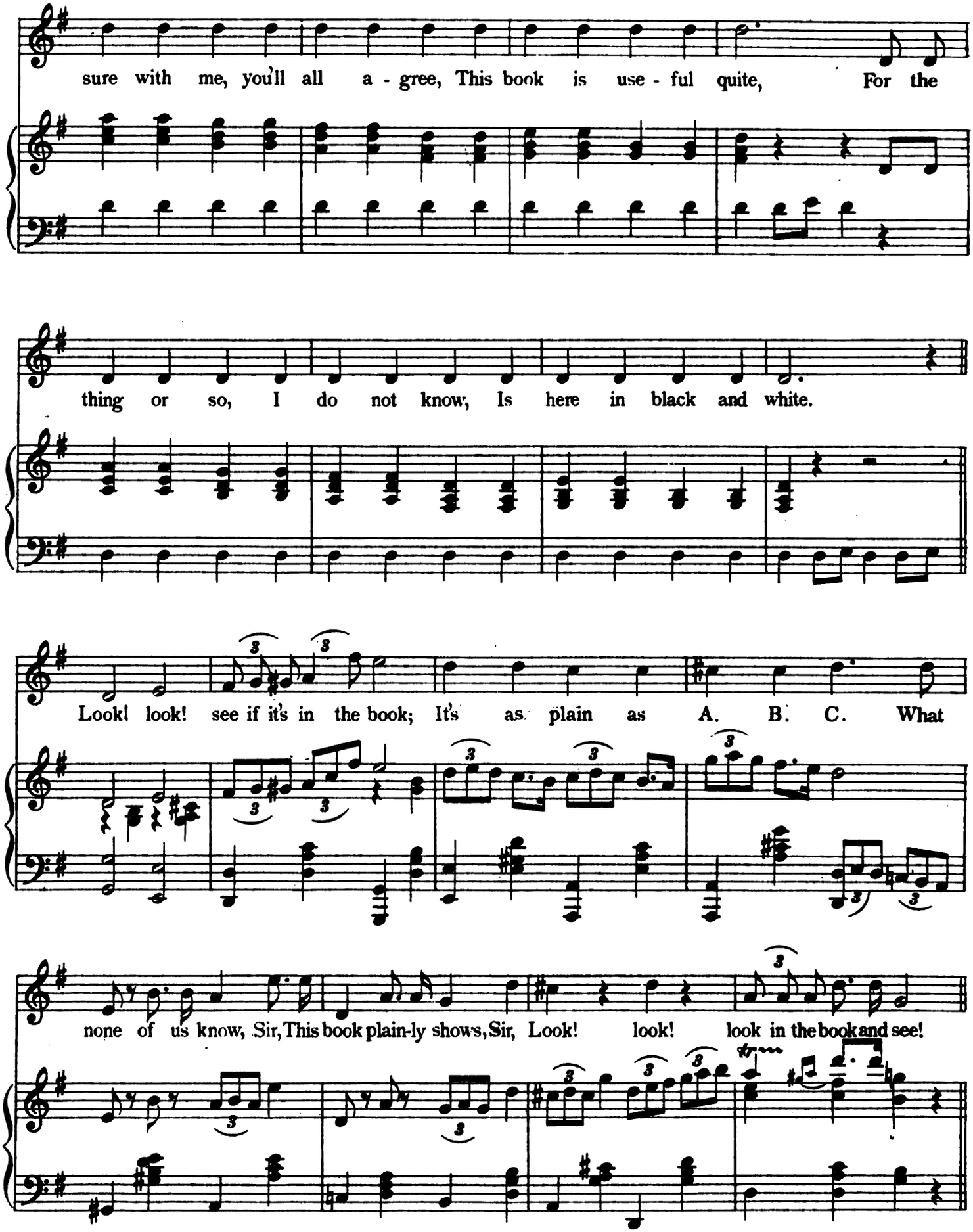
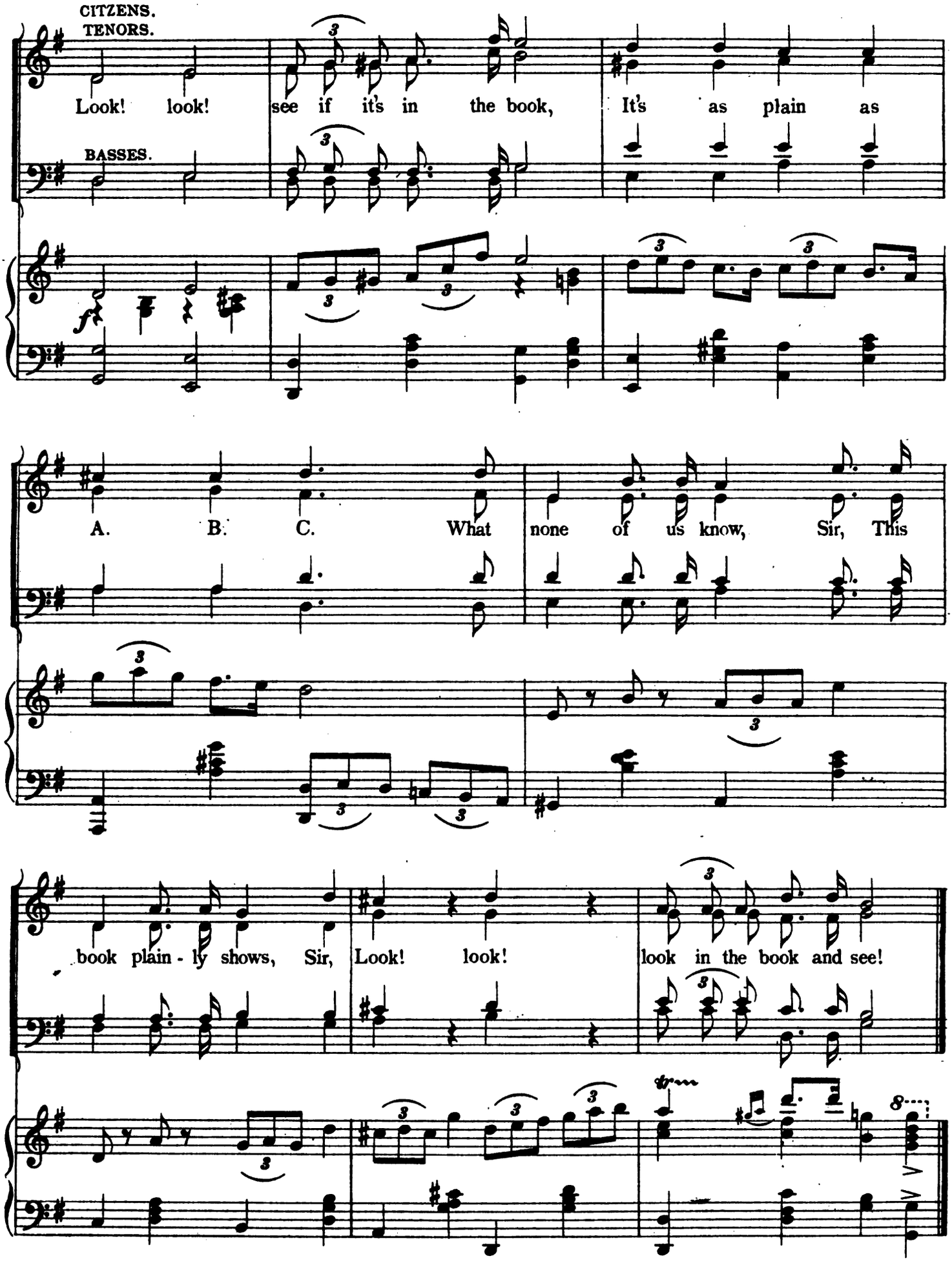

strug-gle to get ver - y · near; I___ can't tell why girls when men
Cu - ba, free sil - ver, Haw-aii, When at two in the morn, your wife
girls al - ways look in the glass? Why do spin - sters for men look___
chance to pro-pose, Sigh: "This is so sud-den to me!" When they've
cold - ly de-mands: "Con - fess where you've been, Sir, to me!" You can
un - der the bed? Now, that one's a puz - zle for me; And for -
wait - ed for years to say: "Yes," the poor dears But I'll look in the book and see.
an - swer her, "Dear, my mind is-n't quite clear, But I'll look in the book and see!" Now I'm
-get___ all such non-sense when once they are wed? But I'll look in the book and see.
p


sure with me, you'll all a - gree, This book is use - ful quite, For the
thing or so, I do not know, Is here in black and white.
Look! look! see if it's in the book; It's as plain as A. B. C. What
none of us know, Sir, This book plain-ly shows, Sir, Look! look! look in the book and see!


CITZENS.
TENORS.
Look! look! see if it's in the book, It's as plain as
BASSES.
A. B. C. What none of us know, Sir, This
book plain - ly shows, Sir, Look! look! look in the book and see!

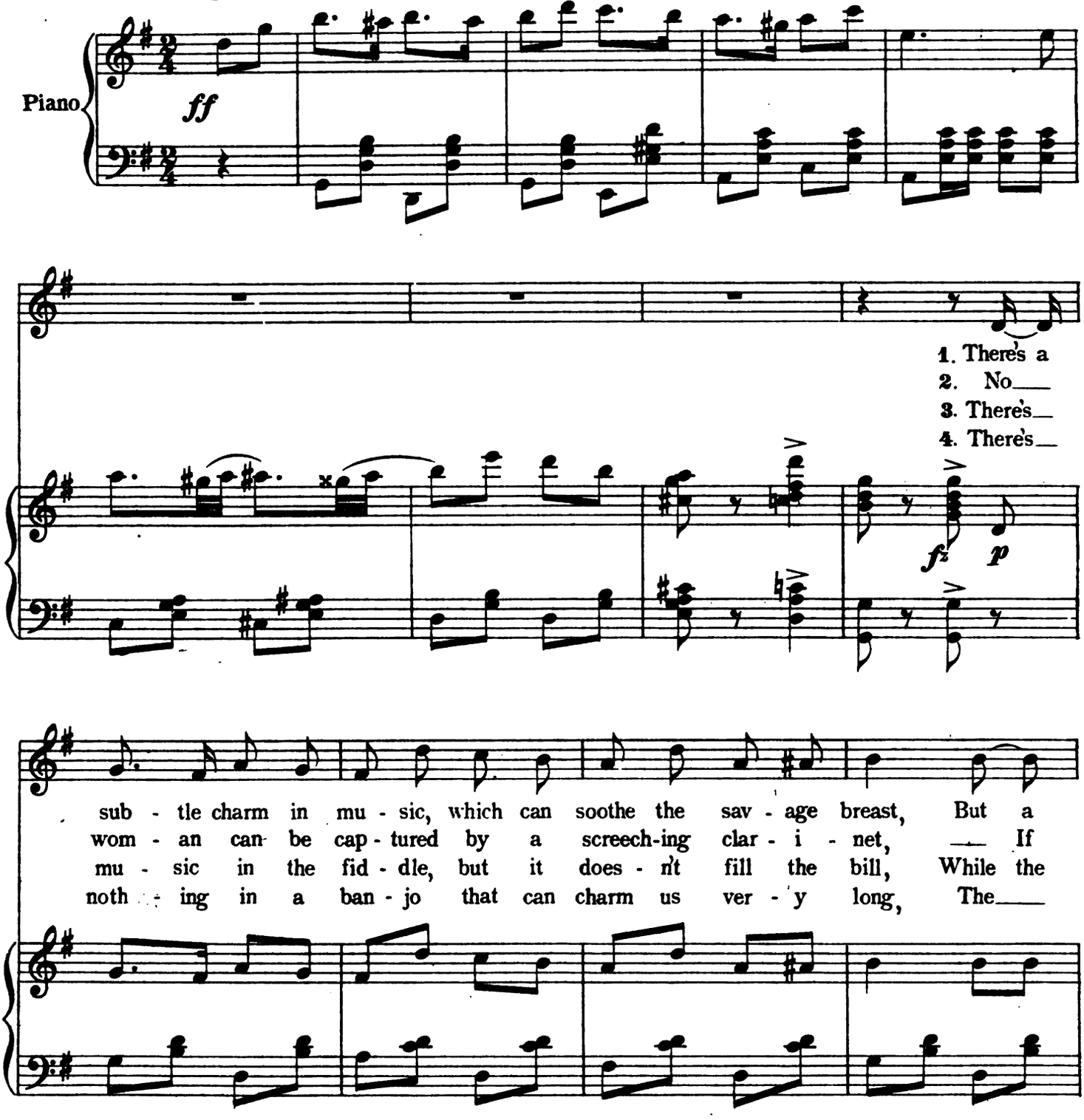
Pound the Drum.

No 20.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Marcia.



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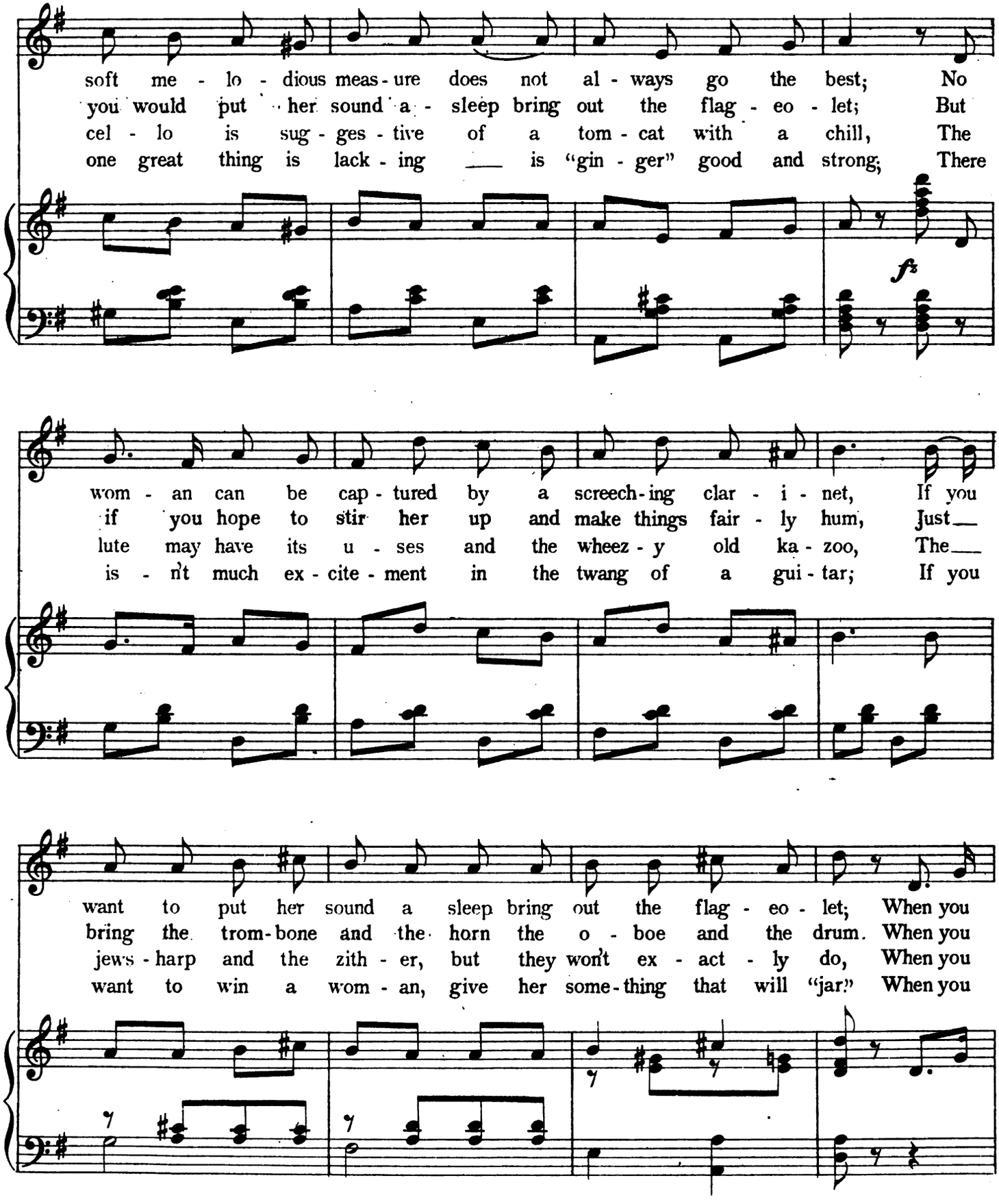
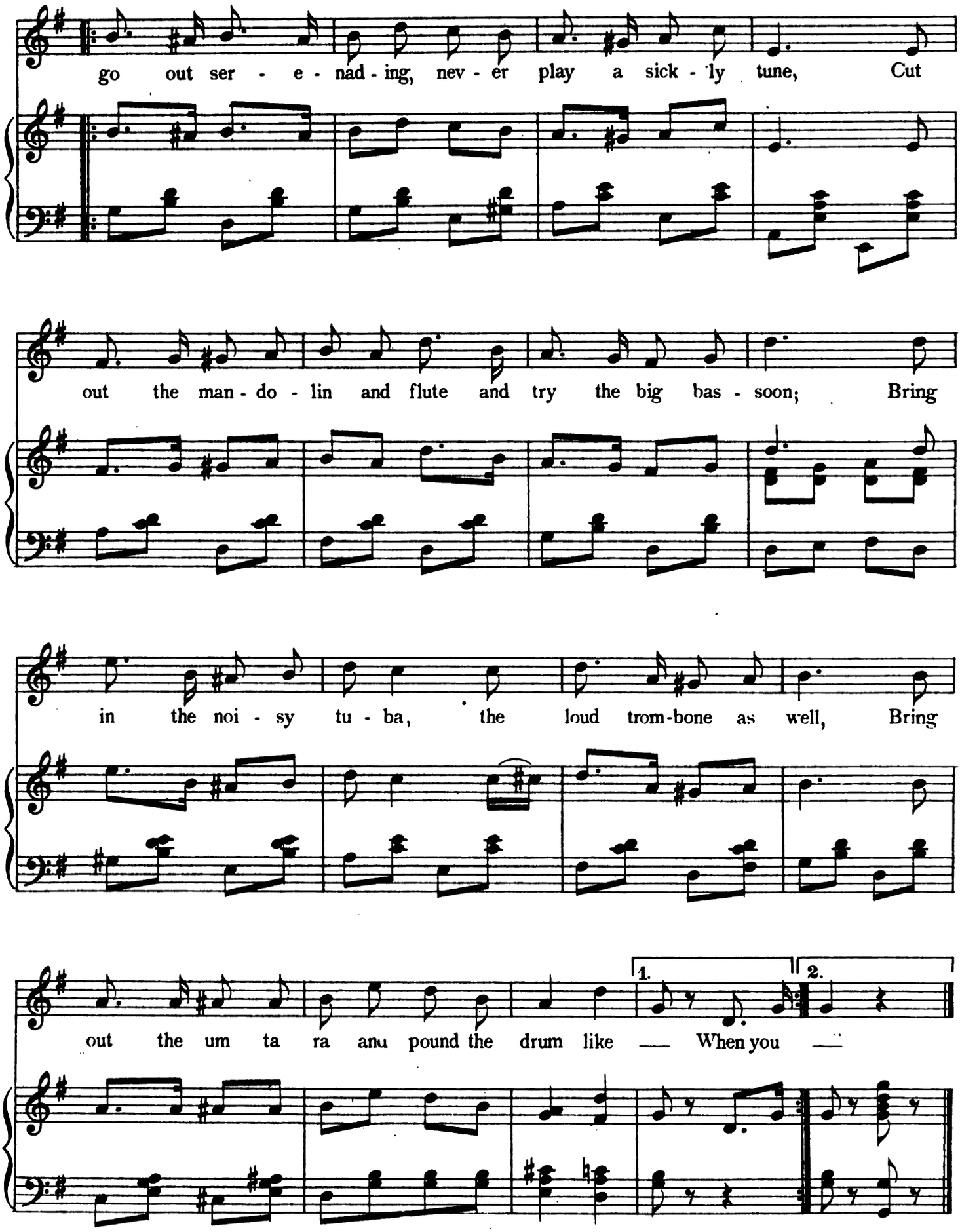


3888 Pound the drum.

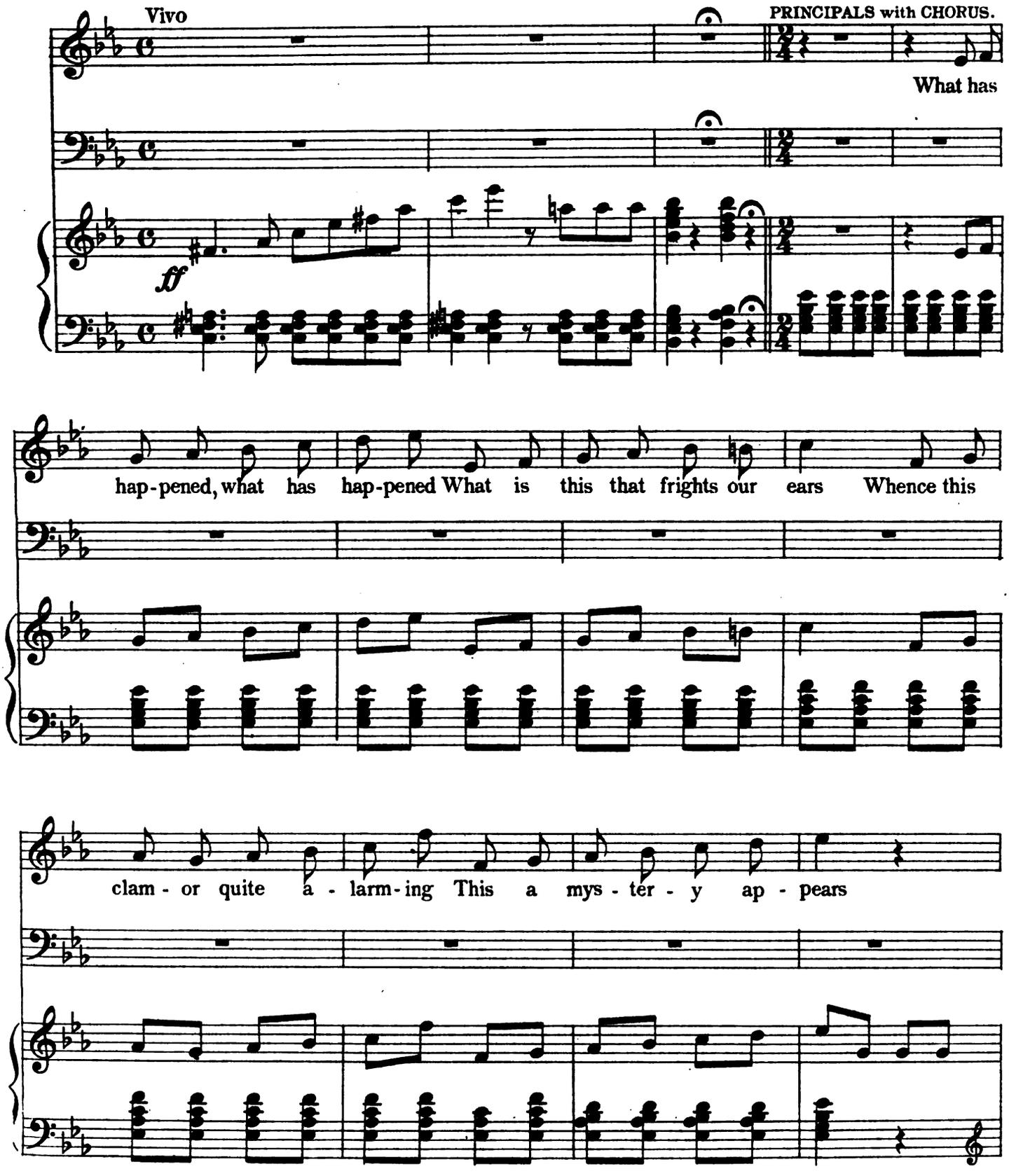


3888 Pound the drum.

Nº 21. Finale III.

Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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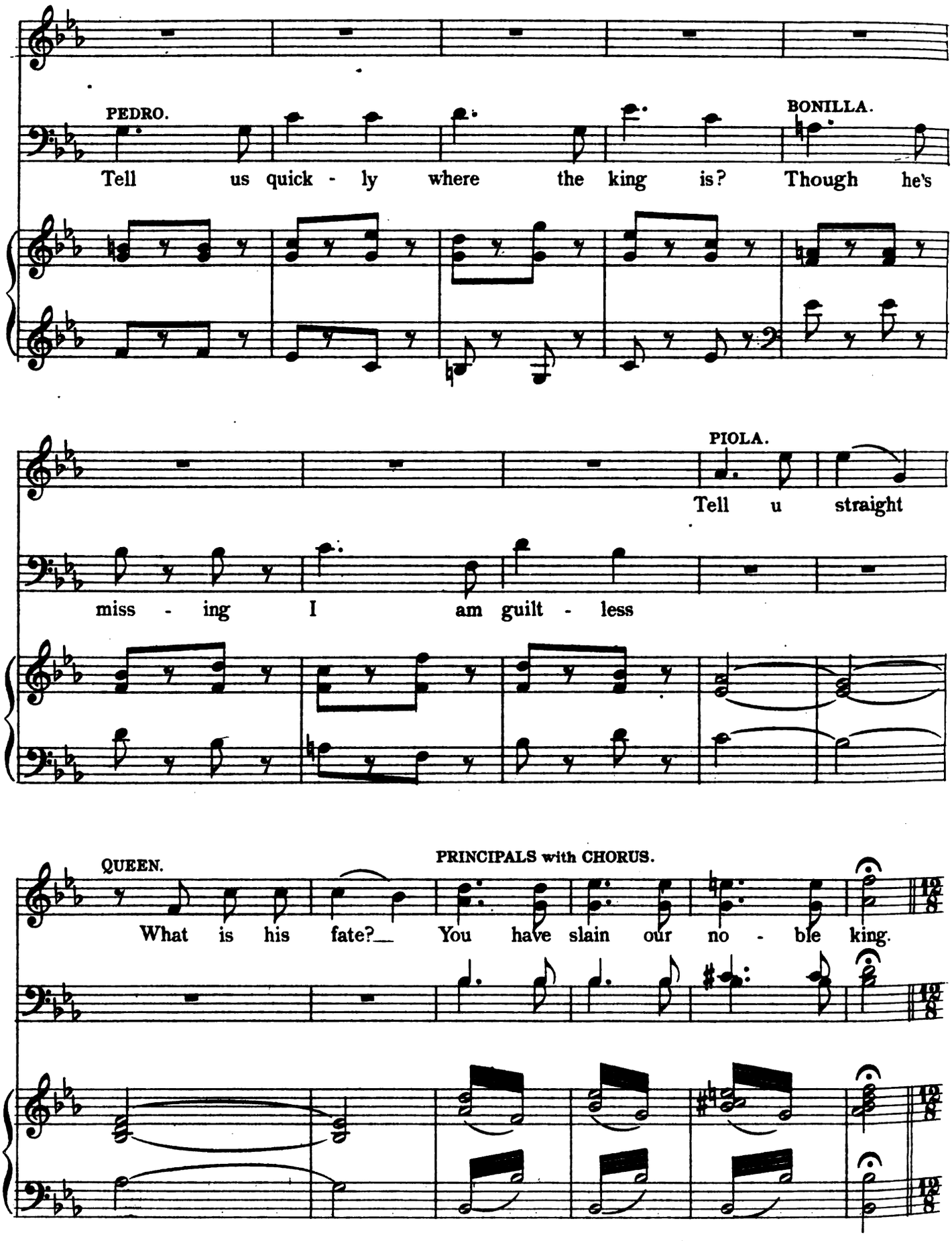
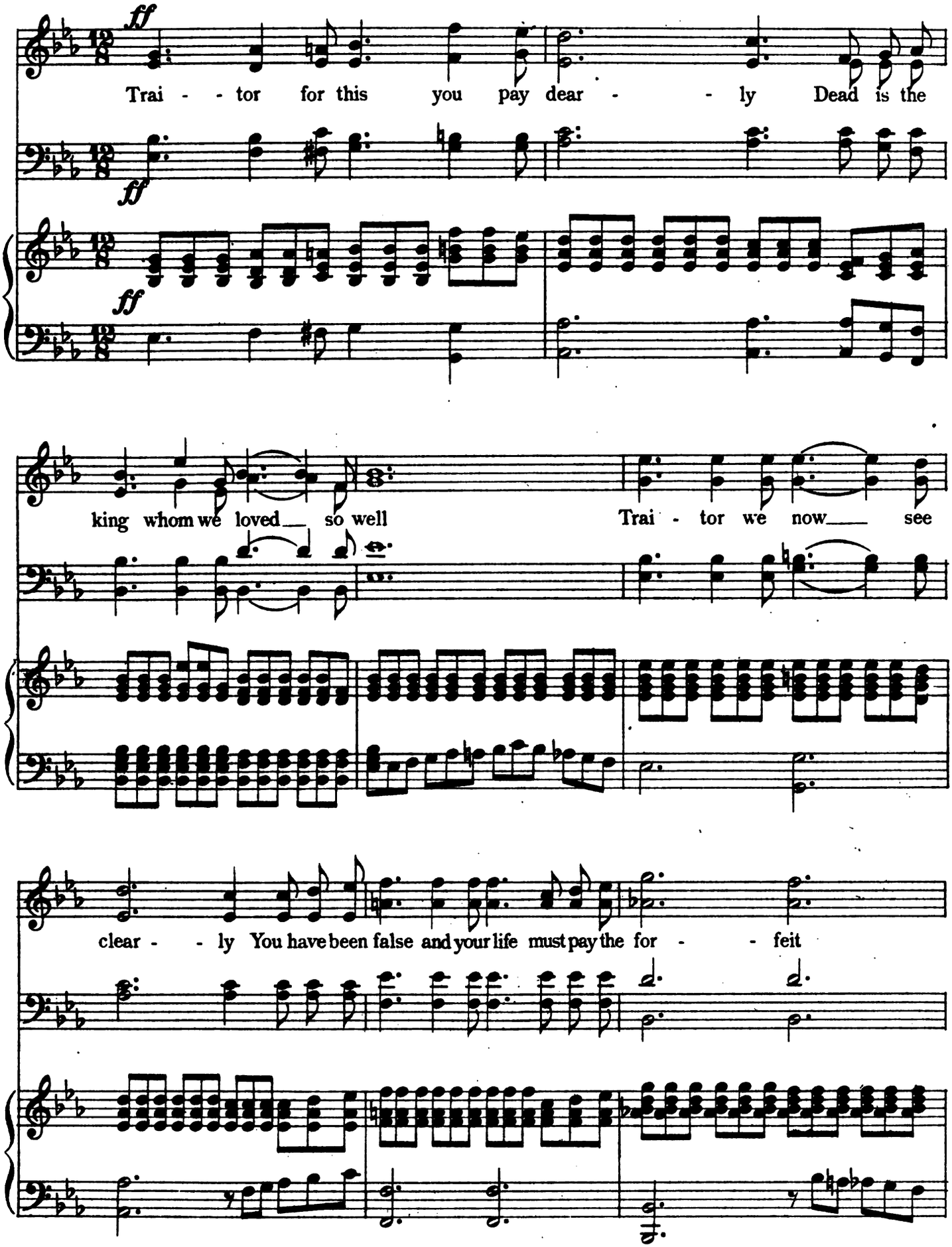
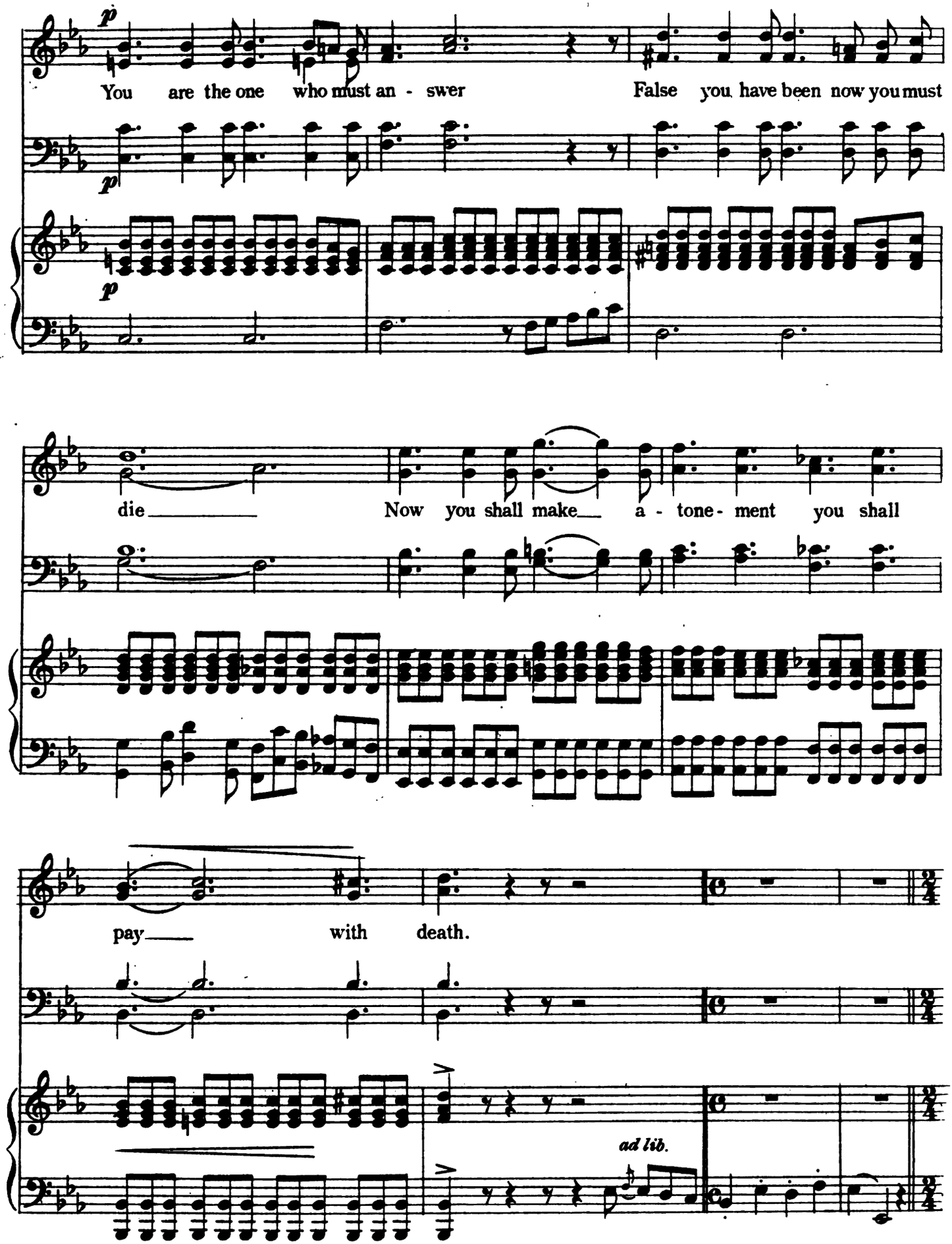
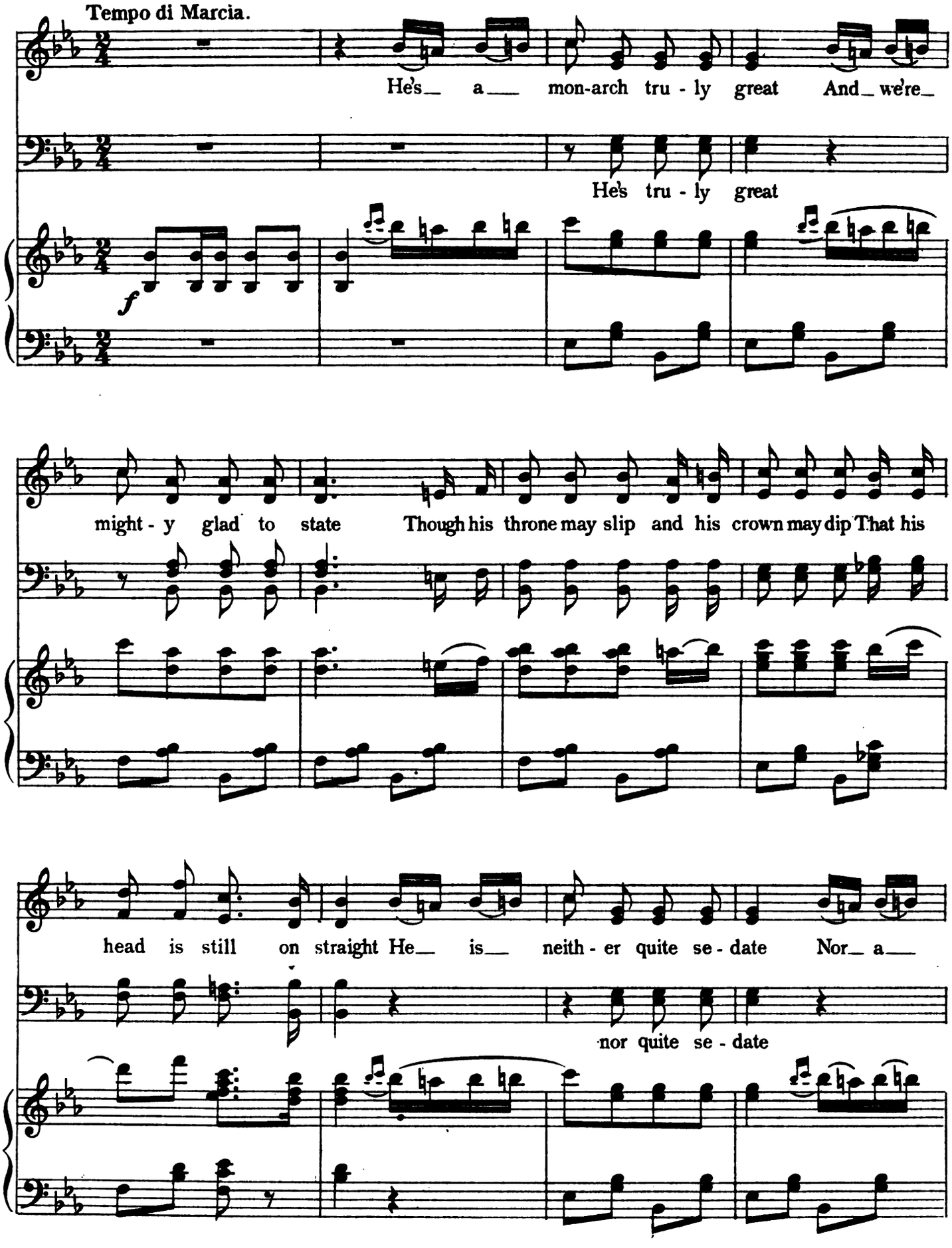
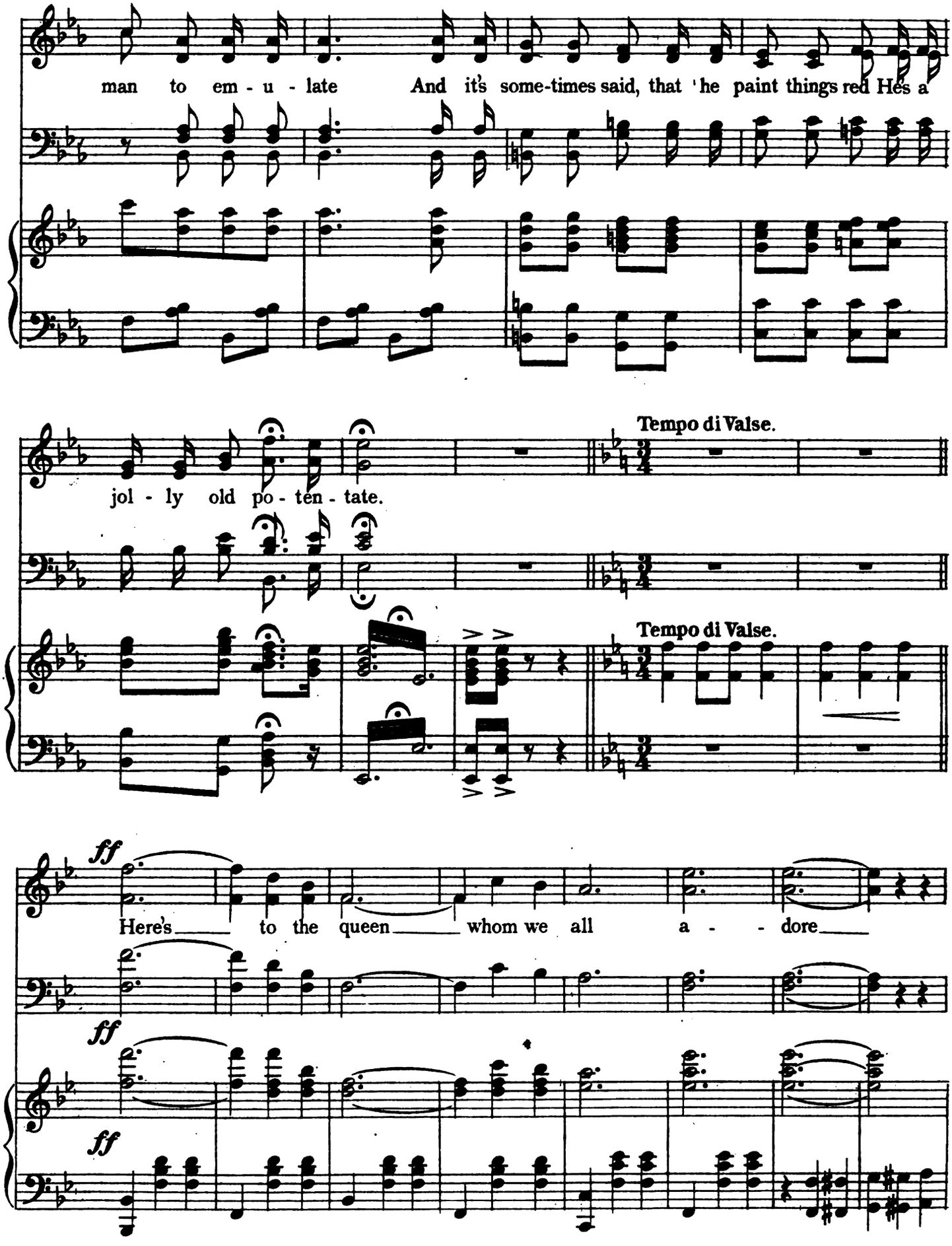
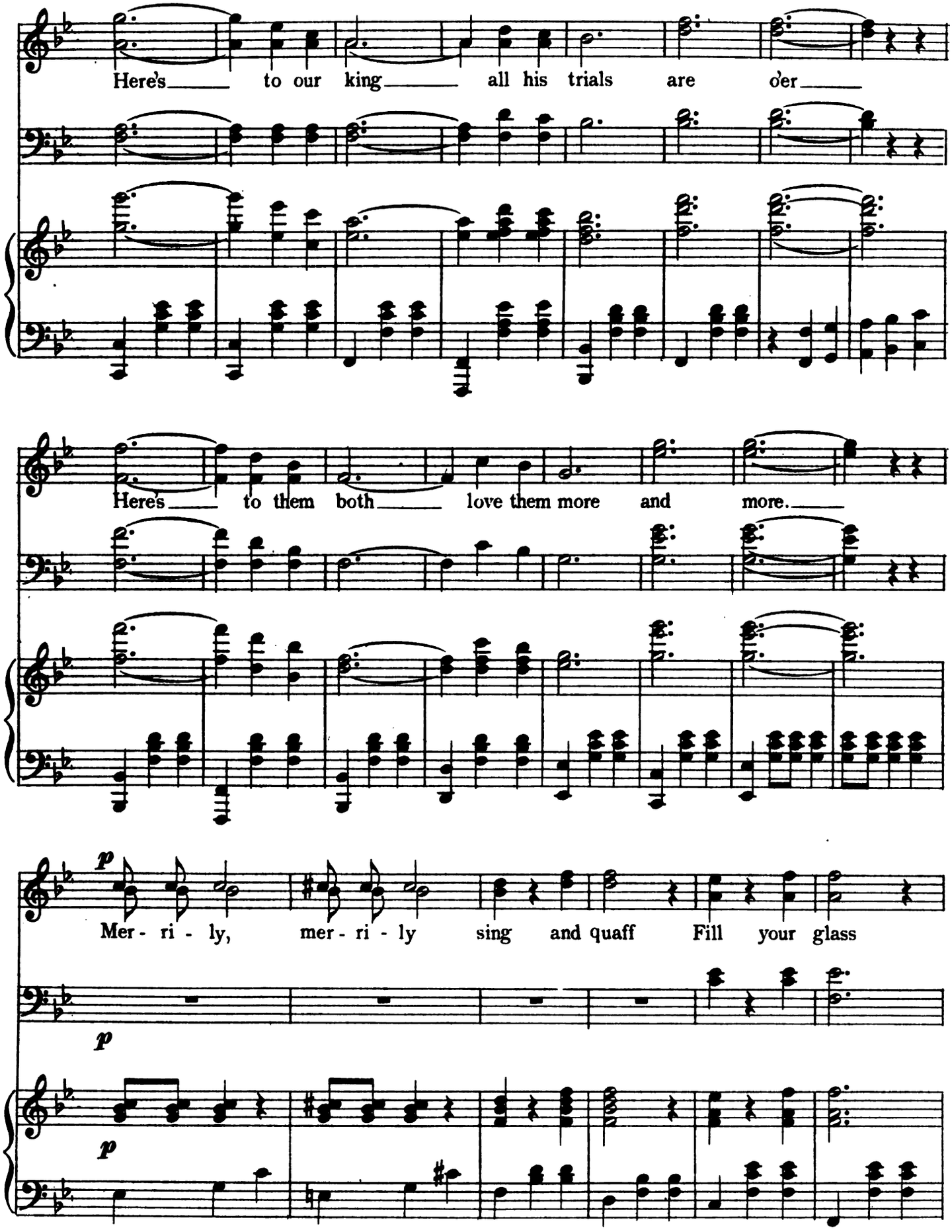

PEDRO.
Tell us quick - ly where the king is?
BONILLA.
Though he's
PIOLA.
Tell u straight
miss - ing I am guilt - less
QUEEN.
What is his fate?
PRINCIPALS with CHORUS.
You have slain our no - ble king.

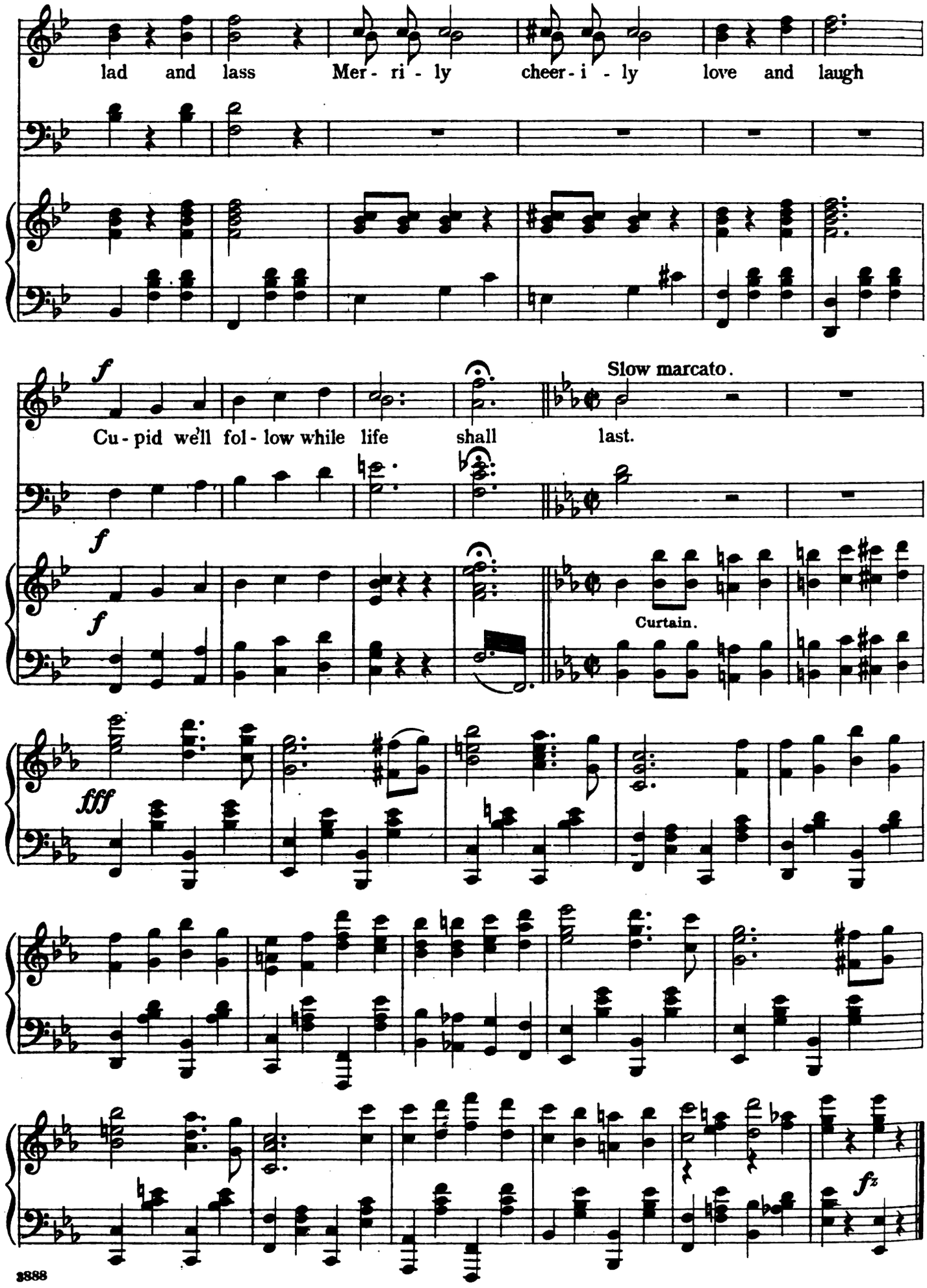

ff
Trai - - tor for this you pay dear - - ly Dead is the
king whom we loved so well Trai - tor we now see
clear - - ly You have been false and your life must pay the for - - feit


p
You are the one who must an - swer
False you have been now you must
die
Now you shall make a - tone - ment you shall
pay
with death.
ad lib.


Tempo di Marcia.
He's a mon-arch tru - ly great And we're
He's tru - ly great
f
might - y glad to state Though his throne may slip and his crown may dip That his
head is still on straight He is neith - er quite se - date Nor a
nor quite se - date


man to em - u - late And it's some-times said, that he paint things red He's a
jol - ly old po - ten - tate.
Tempo di Valse.
Tempo di Valse.
ff
Here's to the queen whom we all a - dore
ff
ff


Here's to our king all his trials are o'er
Here's to them both love them more and more.
p
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing and quaff Fill your glass
p
p


lad and lass Mer- ri - ly cheer- i - ly love and laugh
Cu- pid we'll fol- low while life shall last.
Slow marcato.
Curtain.

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